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TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

AMERICA INFESTED WITH GERMAN SPIES

THEY ARE "EVERYWHERE," says the New York *Tribune*. Only last week no less than ninety enemy aliens were arrested and interned, some of whom had in their possession plans and even finished parts of a new American invention described as "one of the most destructive agencies of war yet evolved by American genius." Berlin may even now know all about it. The Bernstorff revelations showed that Germany had an elaborate system here a few months ago for influencing our Congress, and, as the New York *Times* remarks, "if Germany was spending money to organize disloyalty within the United States when she was at peace with us, she most certainly did not become high-minded and stop it the moment she went to war with us." Startling tho it is to read Count von Bernstorff's involuntary confession that he used German gold to influence Congress, and to learn from the German Embassy's records that sums of money were paid to American journalists and listed under the head of "pure war-expenses," these disconcerting discoveries are important chiefly because by implication they throw light on the activities of pro-German and pacifist agencies which are still active here. "While Count von Bernstorff is no longer in this country, there are other societies here distributing German money," declares Senator Husting, of Wisconsin. Undoubtedly Germany "is still spending money, and for the same purpose," says *The Times:*

> "The thing needs no proof. She is paying every man who will accept pay for the same purpose for which, before the war began, she was paying every man who would accept pay, to handicap and weaken the arm of the American Government.
>
> "How are we to recognize the trail of her money? Before the war she was organizing strikes, blowing up factories, and purchasing the creation of a false public opinion against trading with the Allies. The outbreak of war somewhat altered her aims; there have been no purchased strikes lately and no dynamiting of factories. Her aim, which is always the same—the weakening of the Government's arm—can now be best attained by creating a false public opinion in favor of laying down our arms and consenting to peace before the objects of the war are attained. All her own moves from Berlin are now directed to that end, and when we find a movement in the United States which duplicates the moves from Berlin it is safe to assume that Germany is backing it in the same way in which she backed other movements, to quote von Bernstorff, '*on former occasions.*'
>
> "It makes no difference that some of the men who are engaged in this movement may be merely foolish or deluded and not in receipt of money from Wilhelmstrasse. There are others who are, and these dupes are merely their tools. One and all they are doing the work for which Germany pays, those who get the pay and those who do not. The ignorant zealot goes where the paid traitor sends him. That the ignorant zealot does not know the paid traitor is paid does not alter in the slightest the deadly effect of his action, the deadly effect calculated on and purposed by the German paymaster."

Nor are German plotters in this country handicapped by lack of opportunity, the New York *Tribune* reminds us:

> "Since the beginning of the war the Government has taken three steps only to reach the activities of enemy aliens.
>
> "The first was a proclamation forbidding enemy aliens to write marine insurance. But they still write any other kind.
>
> "The second was the barred-zone edict, requiring enemy aliens to register and receive permits to enter barred zones. But this important national ordinance is in default. It was left to be 'self-enforcing.'
>
> "The third was a censorship over cables. But this is nominal and ineffective.
>
> "The total failure of these three steps is demonstrated by the official reports just made to Congress.
>
> "Conditions are incredible. These enemy aliens, acting as spies and carriers of information, are everywhere.
>
> "They are going freely to and fro.
>
> "They are in the Army and Navy.
>
> "They occupy hundreds of observation posts.
>
> "They are in possession of hundreds of sources of information of military value.
>
> "They are in factories producing war-materials.
>
> "They are in all the drug and chemical laboratories."

"If you discharge the Germans," says Herman A. Metz, a manufacturer of drugs and chemicals, "you will close every chemical plant in the country."

How Count von Bernstorff sought to "influence" Congress on January 22, 1917, and "on former occasions," is partially revealed in the following message from the Count to the Berlin Foreign Office, which Secretary Lansing made public last week:

> "I request authority to pay out up to 50,000 (fifty thousand) dollars in order, as on former occasions, to influence Congress through the organization you know of, which can perhaps prevent war. I am beginning in the meantime to act accordingly. In the above circumstances a public official German declaration in favor of Ireland is highly desirable in order to gain the support of Irish influence here."

Secretary Lansing, Washington correspondents tell us, does

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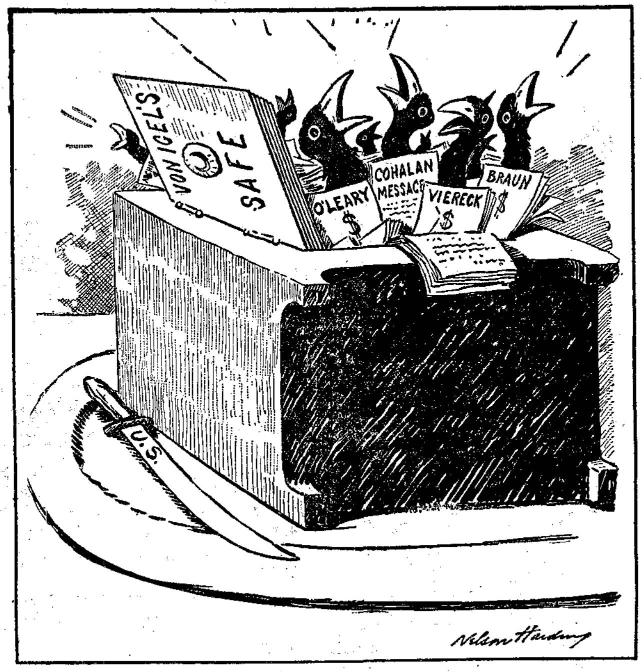
MARCUS BRAUN. GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK. JEREMIAH O'LEARY.

VERY MUCH IN THE PUBLIC EYE: SOME AMERICAN JOURNALISTS AND AN AMERICAN JUDGE

not know positively to what "organization" the Ambassador referred. He also says that the Government has no intention of casting suspicion on Congress or on any member of Congress. "Apparently," he explains, "it was the purpose to employ agencies to influence them, of which they would have no knowledge, and in case they were influenced would be entirely innocent." But some of the Congressmen themselves are not so unsuspecting. Thus Representative Howard, of Georgia, is quoted as saying that "some of the money was used directly, and I think I can pick out the men who got it; they look a whole lot more prosperous than they ever did before." And Representative Heflin has aroused indignation among his colleagues by suggesting that "if permitted I could name thirteen or fourteen men in the two bodies who have acted suspiciously." Some Congressmen are demanding that Mr. Heflin either make his charges definite or be expelled from the House. The general belief seems to be that the mysterious "organization" operated by bombarding the legislators with telegrams. Senator Wadsworth, of New York, says that "about the time Bernstorff sent that message I received four hundred telegrams in one day."



"WHEN THE PIE WAS OPENED THE BIRDS BEGAN TO SING."
—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle*.

"We may dismiss at once even the thought of bribery in the usual sense," thinks the New York *World*. But, it goes on to say:

> "There are Senators and Representatives in Washington whose zeal for Germany has not been surpassed even in the Reichstag. They were not bought with money, for it was cheaper to possess them in other ways. They surrendered cravenly to a propaganda of postage-stamps and telegraph-tolls at a cost to Germany perhaps of $3.75 on the average."

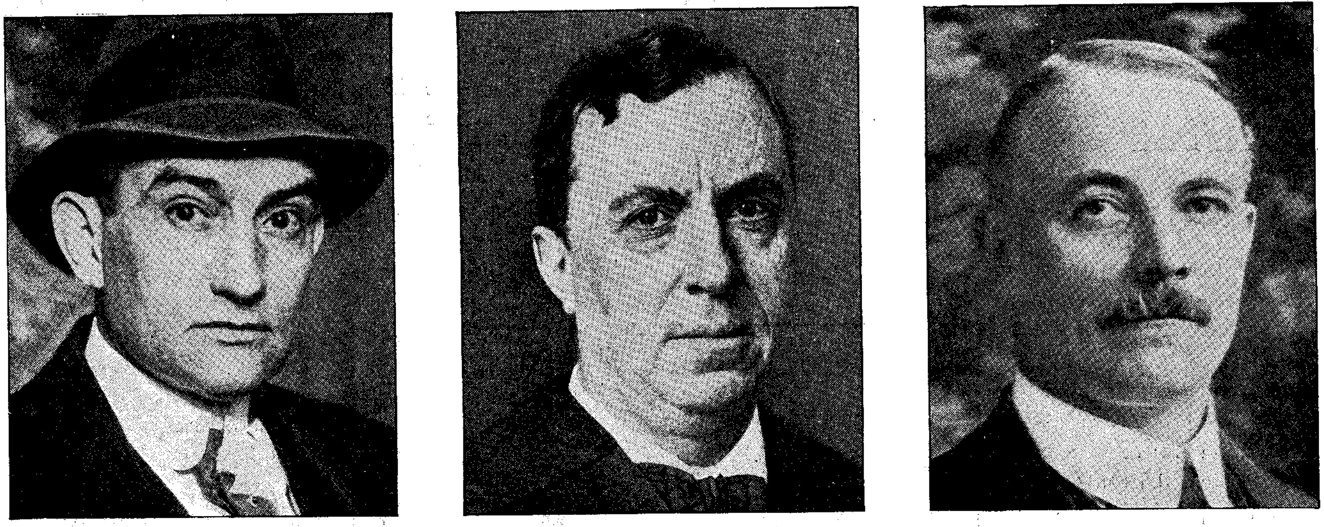
If Congressmen did not get the money that Berlin supplied, who did? our papers are asking. This revelation "gives us a good lead for inquiry into and effective prosecution of some of the traitorous societies that were doing Germany's work and getting paid for it," remarks the Boston *Transcript*, which thinks that "Bernstorff has certainly done all he can to make the name of 'peace at any price' advocates odious." "The time has come," the same paper adds, "for the Irish societies to say under what flag they stand—whether with the country of their people's refuge and of the pride of their youth who have sprung to arms in that country's defense, or whether with the Cohalans, Devoys, and O'Learys, with the Bernstorffs and von Papens, with the plotters against America's integrity and welfare, with the oppressors and murderers of the Belgian people." Washington dispatches tell of consternation in pacifist camps as a result of Secretary Lansing's disclosure; and a Chicago correspondent quotes J. F. Darling, at one time president of the American Embargo Conference which sought to shut off supplies from Germany's enemies, as saying:

> "I can now see that I was the 'camouflage' behind which the Kaiser's agents were working. The disclosures just made of the activities of Bernstorff bring the suspicion I have had for some time to a head, and I do not hesitate to denounce the uses to which the Embargo Conference was put."

And from the same city comes the statement of J. J. Tobias, head of "the Friends of Peace," that he had been offered $30,000 last July to procure an embargo on munitions and to influence sentiment in this country for peace with Germany.

The Bernstorff note was given to the press on September 21, and on the following day the Committee on Public Information made public another instalment of the documents found in the safe of Wolf von Igel when his New York quarters were raided by Secret Service agents, in April, 1916. These von Igel papers are alleged to show, among other things, according to a summary in the New York *Evening Post*—

> "That George Sylvester Viereck had correspondence with German officials in this country with regard to picric acid



JAMES F. J. ARCHIBALD. JUSTICE DANIEL F. COHALAN. EDWIN EMERSON.

WHO SEEM TO BE INVOLVED BY THE VON IGEL PAPERS IN THE MESHES OF GERMAN PROPAGANDA.

and explosive bombs; that Daniel F. Cohalan, Justice of the Supreme Court of New York, sent a communication to Berlin advising air-raids on England simultaneously with the Irish revolution; that Marcus Braun, president of the Fair Play Publishing Company, had received $5,500 in checks from Count von Bernstorff, the German Ambassador, and that J. Archibald received $5,000, and Edwin Emerson, $1,000, expenditures listed in the von Igel accounts under 'Pure War-Expenses.'"

Jeremiah O'Leary, of the American Truth Society, is mentioned in connection with anti-British propaganda. But public interest focuses with particular intensity upon a letter in cipher addrest to Count von Bernstorff, dated New York, April 7, 1916, and marked at the top "Very Secret." It reads:

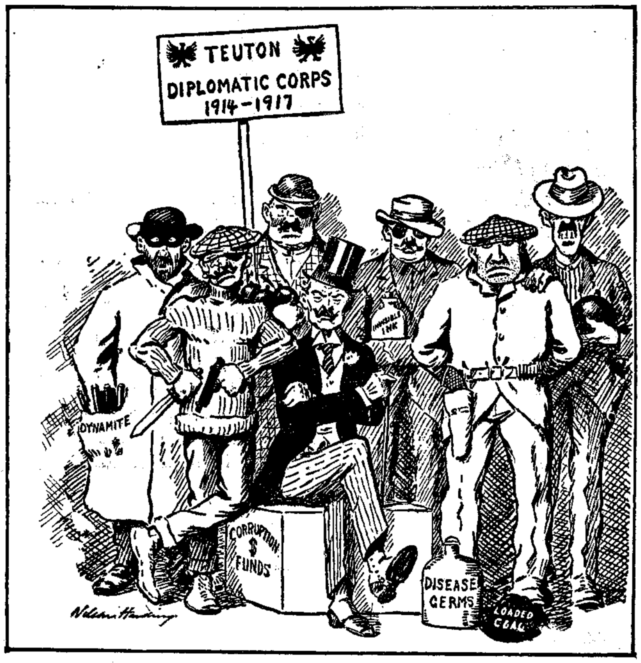
> "Judge Cohalan requests the transmission of the following remarks: 'The revolution in Ireland can only be successful if supported from Germany, otherwise England will be able to suppress it, even tho it be only after hard struggles. Therefore help is necessary. This should consist primarily of aerial attacks in England and a diversion of the Fleet simultaneously with Irish revolution. Then, if possible, a landing of troops, arms, and ammunition in Ireland, and possibly some officers from *Zeppelins*. This would enable the Irish ports to be closed against England and the establishment of stations for submarines on the Irish coast and the cutting off of the supplies of food for England. The services of the revolution may, therefore, decide the war.'
>
> "He asks that a telegram to this effect be sent to Berlin."

Justice Cohalan denies that he ever knew von Igel, or that he sent the message attributed to him, and intimates that he is the victim of a plot to discredit the Irish cause. Nevertheless a demand is voiced in the New York press that the legislature remove him from his place on the Supreme Court Bench of the State. Braun explains that stock in the Fair Play Publishing Company was sold to Bernstorff during Braun's absence in Europe in 1916. Viereck professes ignorance of the meaning of the communications about picric acid attributed to him, and Archibald declares that his purported signature to a receipt is a forgery. The statement of the Committee on Public Information ends with the following summary of what the von Igel papers revealed:

> "Here, in the form of letters, telegrams, notations, checks, receipts, ledgers, cash books, cipher codes, lists of spies, and other memoranda and records, were found indications—in some instances of the vaguest nature, in others of the most damning conclusiveness—that the German Imperial Government, through its representatives in a then friendly nation, was concerned with—
>
> "Violation of the laws of the United States.
>
> "Destruction of lives and property in merchant vessels on the high seas.
>
> "Irish revolutionary plots against Great Britain.
>
> "Fomenting ill-feeling against the United States in Mexico.
>
> "Subornation of American writers and lecturers.
>
> "Financing of propaganda.
>
> "Maintenance of a spy system under the guise of a commercial investigation bureau.
>
> "Subsidizing of a bureau for the purpose of stirring up labor troubles in munition-plants.
>
> "The bomb industry and other related activities."

Commenting on these revelations, the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* says:

> "The Americans who will be really affected are the writers, the lecturers, the journalists, the founders, and leaders of societies, even the soap-box orators, who have all loudly protested that their Germanism is really Americanism and that their inspiration has been patriotic and unselfish. The data found in Wolf von Igel's lair definitely put a quietus on some of these; indirectly it will silence many more.
>
> "For a brief season there will be an infliction of futile denials and painful explanations. The people will be neither convinced nor interested. What the nation demands is that treason, whether thinly veiled or quite unmasked, be stamped out. Stamped out it will be sooner or later. The present disclosures should be accepted as a humane hint of the ample material the Government has to act on whenever action may be deemed advisable."

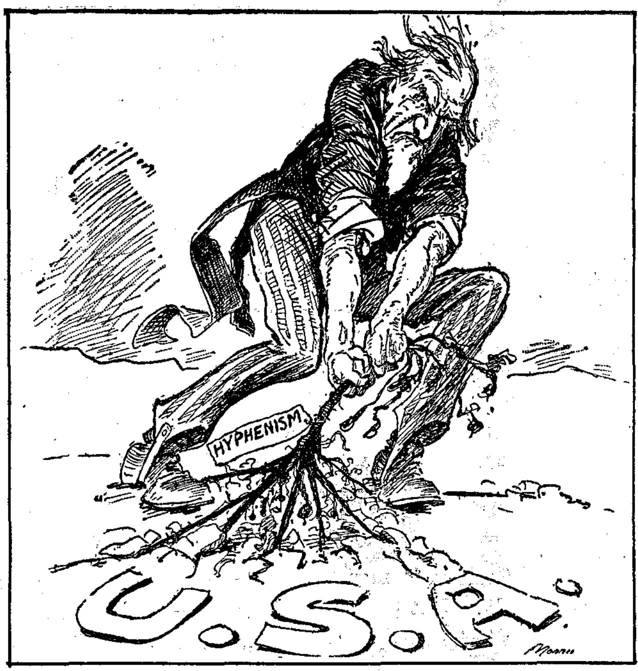


HOCH! HOCH! THE GANG'S ALL HOME!

—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle.*

MR. BURLESON TO RULE THE PRESS

A CURB ON FOREIGN-LANGUAGE EDITORS, especially those who express themselves in the tongue of the enemy, has been strongly urged upon Congress, as noted in THE LITERARY DIGEST for September 22. But when a conference report on the Trading with the Enemy Bill was adopted with the King amendment, and also with what press dispatches called a "joker," making it applicable to all publications, not a few editorial observers became emphatic in protest against what they say is unlimited power provided for the Postmaster-General as censor. The amendment reads in part as follows: "Any print, newspaper, or publication in any foreign language which does not conform to the provisions of this section is hereby declared to be non-mailable, and it shall be unlawful for any person, firm, corporation, or association to transport, carry, or otherwise publish or distribute the same, or to transport, carry, or otherwise distribute any matter which is non-mailable by the provisions of the act relating to espionage, approved June 15, 1917."



OUT WITH IT—ROOT AND BRANCH.

—Morris in the New York *Evening Mail.*

The provision of the bill, aimed at the foreign-language newspapers alone apparently, states that once the law goes into effect and until the end of the war it "shall be unlawful for any person, firm, corporation, or association to print, publish, or circulate or cause to be printed, published, or circulated in any foreign language any news item, editorial, or other printed matter respecting the Government of the United States or of any nation engaged in the present war, its policies, international relations, the state or conduct of the war or any matter relating thereto." It is provided, however, that this section shall not apply when any publication in a foreign language, before being offered for mailing or other form of distribution, shall have filed in the form of an affidavit a true and complete translation of the article issued in a foreign tongue. If the publisher of matter put forth in any foreign language does not conform to this requirement, the matter becomes unmailable and not legally transportable in any form. The "joker" in the amendment, according to a Washington correspondent of the New York *Tribune,* is the phrase "any matter." Without it the amendment would have related solely to foreign-language publications, but with it control is implied over publications in English as well, and the *Tribune's* correspondent adds:

> "It was pointed out in the Senate that this part of the amendment gives the Postmaster-General authority and power to withdraw from any paper in the country the second-class mail privileges at his discretion and on his own interpretation of the Espionage Law, while as soon as the second-class mail privileges are withdrawn it becomes unlawful to distribute a publication by another means, and it is thus automatically put out of business."

Among adverse critics of the measure is the New York *Evening Sun,* which speaks of it as allowing to creep in "censorship in its most virulent form." The whole proceeding has savored of stealth from the outset, according to this journal, which reminds us that the amended bill was accepted by the Senate in spite of the protests of Senators Norris and Cummins, and adds that it went to the House, where it was "rushed through in the guise of a measure against foreign-language journals before opposition could make itself felt." The New York *Evening Post* thinks that the censorship plan of Congress "puts us squarely on a par with the Kaiser's Government," under which Harden's truth-telling journal is suppress, without resource, at the will of a bureaucrat.

But *The Evening Post* does approve of the censorship provisions affecting cable and mail communications with foreign countries, which provide that "whenever, during the war, the President shall deem that the public safety demands it, he may cause to be censored, under such rules and regulations as he may from time to time establish, communications by mail, cable, radio, or other means of transmission passing between the United States and any foreign country he may from time to time specify, or which may be carried by any vessel or other means of transportation touching at any port, place, or territory of the United States and bound to or from any foreign country." Such a precaution, according to *The Evening Post,* will finally end the constant leakage of news of our military and naval activities to Mexico and other Latin nations, and through them to Holland and Scandinavia, and eventually to Germany.

In a Washington dispatch to the New York *Tribune,* Postmaster-General Burleson is quoted as saying that he is "not going a step beyond what the law means, and it does not mean a political censorship." Such a thing is repugnant both to the President and himself, and he avers that any newspaper of any political opinion can say its word in legitimate criticism of the President, the Administration, the Army, the Navy, or the conduct of the war. But he points out:

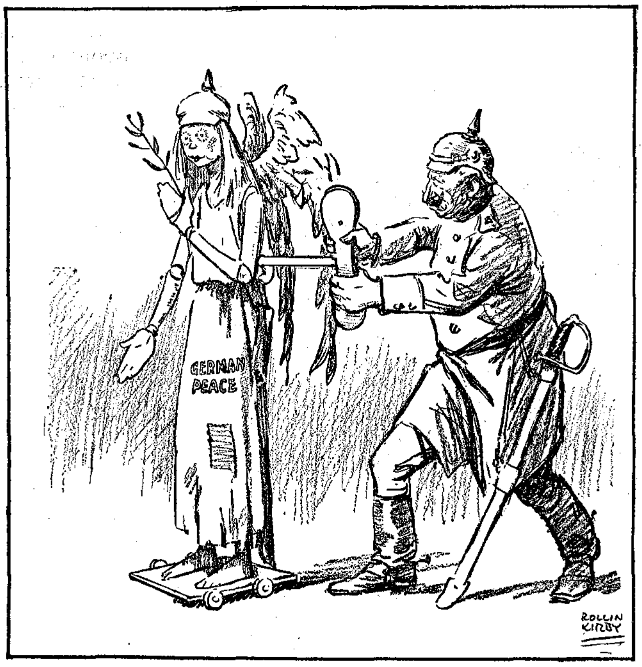
> "There is a limit. And that limit is reached when it begins to say that this Government got in the war wrong, that it is in it for wrong purposes, or anything that will impugn the motives of the Government for going into the war. They can not say that this Government is the tool of Wall Street or the munitions-makers. That kind of thing makes for insubordination in the Army and Navy and breeds a spirit of disloyalty through the country. It is a false statement, a lie, and it will not be permitted.
>
> "And nothing can be said inciting people to resist the laws. There can be no campaign against conscription and the Draft Law, nothing that will interfere with enlistments or the raising of an army. There can be nothing said to hamper and obstruct the Government in the prosecution of the war."

When the *Tribune* correspondent questioned the Postmaster-General as to whether the Socialist party and Socialist papers were not building practically their whole creed at the present time on "the charge that America went into the war at the behest of Wall Street and the munitions-manufacturers," and therefore it might become necessary to take up the Socialists from a special point of view, Mr. Burleson replied:

> "Nothing of the sort. We won't look at any man or any paper with the thought in our minds that he belongs to the Socialist or any other political party. The whole question is the limit he attempts to go to in his criticism. He can say anything he wants to within the limits I have marked out. But he can't overstep that limit one inch."

PEACE MOVES THAT MEAN MORE WAR

SOFT ANSWERS do not always turn away wrath, and the answers of Berlin and Vienna to the Pope are so soft, in fact, as to stir up more wrath in the Allied capitals than before. Even some of the Berlin editors seem to think they could have done better. Mere assertion of good motives on the part of the two Emperors reminds some of the guilty king who tried to pray but found that while his words flew up his thoughts remained below, and gave it up when he recollected that "words without thoughts to heaven never go." If anything, the tendency is to agree with the Indianapolis *News* that "the Kaiser has once again closed the door to peace." A somewhat striking exception is the belief of the editors and correspondents employed by Mr. Hearst that the Pope, President Wilson, William II., and Emperor Charles have now come to a complete and harmonious agreement on essentials, and that in consequence peace looms on the horizon.



WINDING IT UP AGAIN.

—Kirby in the New York *World*.

But the sword is mightier than the pen, some think, in the peace movement. In Belgium they see Field-Marshal Haig doing more to bring peace nearer than all the outgivings of the *Hochgeborene* and the *Geheimräthe.* In his two recent drives, while not gaining any wide stretch of territory, the British commander has proved that the new system of pill-box, shell-crater, and barbed-wire defense is as vain a thing for German safety as the elaborately constructed trench-lines which have been plowed flat by Allied artillery. And while the British drives really drive, the German counter-attacks seem to get nowhere, and as the Reichstag seethes with efforts to arrange peace, the Governments at London and Paris find their chief danger in popular feelings that they are not hitting the enemy hard enough, a contrast that may be significant. For the rest of this year's campaign, if we are to believe the press correspondents, the Allies intend to carry on a policy of attrition. Their own losses are now being kept to a minimum, while a reported German loss of 1,200 men killed per day has brought open expressions of alarm from Germans like Matthias Erzberger. In the meanwhile, British Admiralty reports show a greatly decreasing toll of *U*-boat sinkings, and the German hope of reducing England on the seas while holding out on land seems to Allied writers to be fast dwindling. A German general attached to the General Staff has admitted in a recently published pamphlet that "the general political and economic situation of the world works only in favor of our enemies. The German soldiers will be defrauded of the fruits of their victories." Mr. Arthur H. Pollen, in the New York *Tribune*, discovers in German peace cries the "fear of death." The Germans, he believes, now realize that they can not hold their own against the Allies in the West. He continues:

> "They are losing men far faster than the Allies are losing ships, and the effort to sink the ships has cost them the certainty of an American army in the field against them six months hence. It is that failure and its inevitable nemesis that are the *causæ causantes* of to-day's peace talk. Those who have so long seen, and thought, and spoken, and acted in the name of Germany have at last the vision of fear. It is not sicklied o'er with the pale cast of doubt. Its shape is not questionable at all. It is just the face of death—death not to Germany, perhaps, tho it may come to that if the thing goes too far, but of that single yet conglomerate brain and heart that have done the cruel, malign, devilishly sly, yet devilishly stupid things, that in the last three years have disgraced the name of Germany. They see the nemesis and wish to be quit of their felony at the lowest quotable composition. While they are still in Belgium, France, Roumania, and Servia they must make a final effort to treat stolen property as a thing its rightful owners must redeem."

While German diplomats write of peace, revelations of their own duplicity are adding to the ranks of their enemies, as Argentina hesitates on the brink of a war-declaration and other South-American nations move toward an open break with the Kaiser's Government. In Russia, true, things look brighter for Germany. The capture of Riga may do almost as much toward keeping up German spirits during the coming winter as the conquest of Roumania did a year ago. Yet, as an American surgeon who just returned from Russia reminds us, the Russian Army is still intact and will be able to keep more than a million Austro-German troops occupied on the long Eastern front. The reference in the German reply to the Pope to participation of Reichstag representatives in preparing the document has been held by German editors as a sign of German unity. The very vagueness of the reply has been justified as intended to give diplomats a free hand in the peace negotiations. It has also been assumed that the Government implicitly indorsed the Reichstag's no-conquest peace resolution. But the powerful National Liberal party has called that resolution a danger to Germany's future development, and has demanded the extension of German power both east and west, and a "sufficient" after-war indemnity.

Following up the general statements in the notes to the Vatican came a dispatch stating that Germany was willing to evacuate Belgium on certain conditions. These conditions, according to a press dispatch, coming by way of Bern and London, include German "economic privileges" in Belgium, especially at Antwerp, a Belgian agreement to administer Flemish and Walloon districts separately, and a Belgian guaranty to exclude "any such menace as that which threatened Germany in 1914." Less than a year ago, the New York *Times* notes, the then German Chancellor told Ambassador Gerard, who reports the conversation in his book, what guaranties would be demanded:

> "We must possibly have the forts of Liége and Namur. We must have other forts and garrisons throughout Belgium. We must have possession of the railroad lines. We must have possession of the ports and other means of communication. The Belgians will not be allowed to maintain an army, but we must be allowed to retain a large army in Belgium. We must have commercial control of Belgium."

These suggestions about Belgium get a cool reception in Allied centers. As the New York *Sun* correspondent in London sums up the opinion of British officials, "Germany can not offer anything like this at the present juncture and hope to get the slightest consideration."

When we turn to the Teuton replies to Pope Benedict's peace

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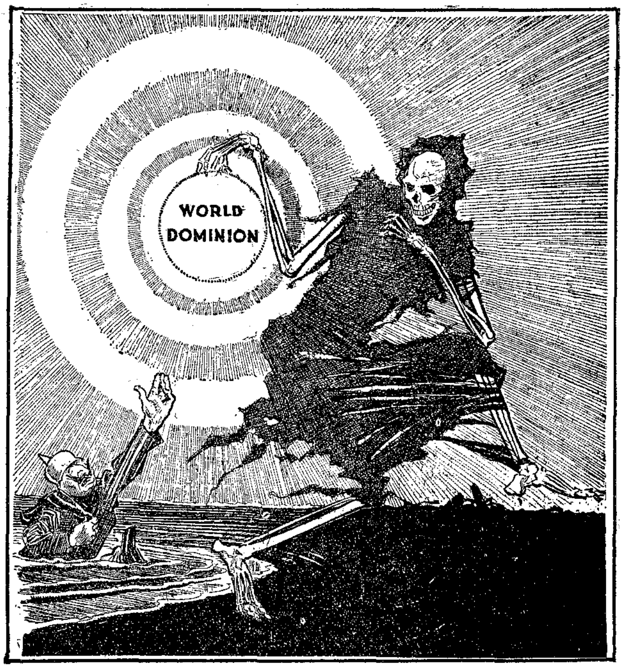
proposals, we find them quite lacking in any belligerent tone, in fact, the Sioux Falls *Press* holds it significant that the German note is the first peace document from Berlin "which does not contain insufferable boastings of German victory." The issues of the war are touched upon gently and euphemistically in both notes. There are no harsh words for anything or anybody. The Pope receives his full meed of praise, and there is something left over for the Emperors. Fully half of the Austrian note is given up to praise of the office and character of the Pontiff and to appreciation of his efforts toward peace. After a reference to his own earlier move to bring about peace, the Austrian Emperor tells the Pope that he has come to these conclusions:



THE WILL-O'-THE-WISP.
—Farr in the New York *Evening Telegram.*

> "We support your Holiness's view that the negotiations between the belligerents should and could lead to an understanding by which, with the creation of appropriate guaranties, armaments on land and sea, and in the air, might be reduced simultaneously, reciprocally, and gradually to a fixt limit, and whereby the high seas, which rightly belong to all the nations of the earth, may be freed from domination or paramountcy, and be opened equally for the use of all.
>
> "Fully conscious of the importance of the promotion of peace on the method proposed by your Holiness, namely, to submit international disputes to compulsory arbitration, we are also prepared to enter into negotiations regarding this proposal.
>
> "If, as we most heartily desire, agreements should be arrived at between the belligerents which would realize this sublime idea and thereby give security to the Austro-Hungarian monarchy for its unhampered future development, it can then not be difficult to find a satisfactory solution of the other questions which still remain to be settled between the belligerents in a spirit of justice and of a reasonable consideration of the conditions for existence of both parties."

The German note was signed by the Imperial Chancellor and addrest to the Papal Secretary of State. The Kaiser's appreciation of the Pope's efforts to hasten the end of hostilities is emphatically expreſt. The Pope, it is stated, could the more fully reckon on his Majesty's support, "seeing that the Kaiser, since taking over the Government, has regarded it as his principal and most sacred task to preserve the blessings of peace for the German people and the world." Turning to more recent history, the Chancellor tells how a "disastrous concatenation of events in the year 1914 absolutely broke off all hopeful course of development and transformed Europe into a bloody battle-arena," despite "his Majesty's efforts" to preserve peace.

The measures taken by the German Government, "in closest contact with representatives of the German people," for discussing and answering the questions raised by the Pope are declared to "prove how earnestly it desires, in accordance with his Holiness's desires and the peace resolution of the Reichstag on July 19, to find a practical basis for a just and lasting peace." The German Government is said to agree with Pope Benedict "that in the future the material power of arms must be superseded by the moral power of right." It is "also convinced that the sick body of human society can only be healed by fortifying its moral strength of right." And "from this would follow," according to the Pontiff's view, limitation of armaments and obligatory arbitration. In bringing these two things to pass, and establishing "the true freedom of the community and high seas," the Imperial German Government will, we are told, "support every proposal compatible with the vital interest of the German Empire and people."

Just as the devil quotes Holy Writ for his own purposes, so, comments the New York *Tribune*, "the German Emperor talks humanitarianism and international fraternity when such talk serves German ends." This editor recounts how the Kaiser enslaved Belgium and devastated northern France; how, "under his orders, German sailors became assassins and pirates," and how "he stood by while his unspeakable Turkish ally did his best to exterminate the helpless population of Armenia." And he asks:

> "Are all these crimes, in which he was either principal or accessory, to be covered over now by a few hypocritical sentences about the supersession of 'the material power of arms' by 'the moral power of right'? The Kaiser cynically misjudges the civilized world's capacity for righteous indignation when he lifts his blood-stained hand to heaven and poses as a convert to the ideas of international justice and international fraternity.
>
> "The outlaw and outcast is willing to be reinstated in a new society of nations, but only on his own terms, which include no sackcloth and ashes on his part for the infamies of the past. . . . . . .
>
> "There can be no joy on earth over the hardened sinner who repents merely in the hope of thereby holding on to ill-gotten gains."

It is pointed out by the Springfield *Republican* that "if Germany succeeds in its design of winning by diplomacy the German peace which it has failed to win by arms, disarmament and arbitration will also be German interests." For,

> "By such a peace Germany will have staked out its new empire and will need, as after 1870, a generation of peaceful industry and propagation of German *Kultur*. After the short and profitable war of 1870 it could well afford a big army; the case is different now, and every soldier who can be returned to industry will be clear gain. Arbitration Germany will have no reason to fear if it can establish the organization of Central Europe; to the iniquitous gains of war would follow a long period of perfectly legal exploitation."

The Massachusetts editor also observes that while the fine sentiments of the Teuton replies can fool only the gullible abroad, "yet, because the gullible are many it will be well for the Allies in their reply to Benedict XV. to restate their war-aims in a way which will leave no room for misunderstanding or for misrepresentation."

Mr. Hearst's New York *American*, differing with most Americans, finds the Teuton notes quite in accord with the principles which have been laid down by President Wilson, since, according to its interpretation,

> "Both accede to the President's proviso that militarism shall be abolished.
>
> "Both accede to the President's declaration that hereafter nations shall live whatever national life is satisfactory to them.
>
> "Both accept the substitution of international arbitration for the use of armed force.
>
> "And both impliedly and explicitly agree to the necessity of satisfactory guaranties of good faith.
>
> "The reciprocal demand that the freedom of the seas be guaranteed to all nations by a simultaneous limitation of naval armaments is one to which the United States can readily and willingly give assent."

LA FOLLETTE AS A FOE OF DEMOCRACY

As a champion of democracy Robert Marion La Follette fought his way to the United States Senate. To-day his expulsion from the Senate as a "sinister enemy of democracy," in Colonel Roosevelt's words, is being demanded even in the State in which he has so long been the supreme political figure. A thousand citizens of Washburn, Wis., ask the Senate to oust him. The League of Wisconsin Municipalities meets in Racine and likewise demands that the senior Senator of the State be expelled for his disloyal utterances. Even from old political adherents come denunciations of the Senator's present course and regrets that he has abandoned the cause of democracy to help armed autocracy. Outside the Badger State public men, mass-meetings, and editors have joined in these denunciations. The less strenuous of our ex-Presidents finds himself in one of his rare moments of agreement with Mr. Roosevelt, "in wishing that some way could be found to punish men like Senator La Follette on the ground that their activities are traitorous and their speech seditious." Mr. Charles Edward Russell, who has charged American pacifists with responsibility for the Russian disaster at Riga, says "La Follette is simply a big yellow streak." In the city of St. Paul and near-by Minneapolis the Wisconsin Senator's address before the Non-Partizan League Conference at St. Paul, on September 20, aroused the ire of newspapers, clergymen, public officials, and civic bodies.

Senator La Follette, who was introduced as "the man who fears nothing in heaven or hell and has been more lied about by the kept press of America than any other," said, in referring to the *Lusitania*, as reported in the press dispatches:

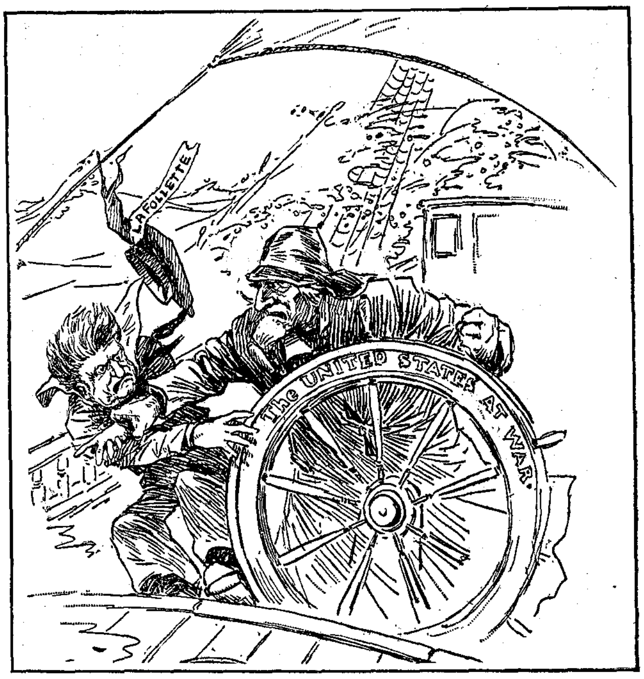
> "A passenger on a foreign ship carrying munitions is technically in foreign territory. I was not in favor of beginning this war. We had no grievance. The German Government had interfered with our rights to travel on the high seas—as passengers on munition-ships of Great Britain. On these grievances, which were insignificant, considering the rights and consequences involved, we went to war."

At this point the Senator, whose remarks had caused both applause and dissent, was interrupted by a man who cried, "You're yellow!" The adjective just suits the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, and we find the St. Paul and Minneapolis press in substantial agreement. The St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, under the caption, "Why Is La Follette at Large?" asks why Senator La Follette should be treated any differently from the soap-box orators who are being arrested in so many cities. The St. Paul *Dispatch* says that Senator La Follette, who "professes to be the friend of the common people as opposed to the wealthy plutocracy," has "smeared the banner of the common people with the blood of the victims of Kaiserism." The Minneapolis *Tribune* characterizes Senator La Follette as "a Wisconsin spewer of pro-Teuton sophistry who made a speech more disloyal, more treasonable, than the utterances that have landed lesser pro-Germans in prison and sent them into internment." The Duluth *Herald*, a little farther away in the same State, declares it to be "a shame to America, a shame to Wisconsin, that the Senate of the United States must harbor a defender of the child-murderers who sank the *Lusitania*."

The beginning of Colonel Roosevelt's service on the editorial staff of the Kansas City *Star*, and his appearance at Kansas City's Old Glory Week patriotic celebration, followed closely upon the La Follette speech. In his first war-editorial in *The Star* he denounced followers of La Follette and Stone. At a Kansas City luncheon he told his applauding friends: "If I were this minute a member of the United States Senate I would be ashamed to sit in that body until I found out some method of depriving Senator La Follette of his seat in that chamber, which he now disgraces by his presence there." And the Colonel continued:

> "Senator La Follette is at this moment loyally and efficiently serving one country—Germany. He is acting in such fashion as to make him one of the most potent enemies of this country and a most sinister enemy of democracy. He claims, and it is the emptiest claim, to stand for democracy. He is doing everything in his power to enthrone autocracy under the German flag throughout the world by the attitude he is now taking toward the war. He is showing himself the worst enemy that democracy has now alive."

Two days later in Chicago Colonel Roosevelt told a great crowd at the Stock Yards Pavilion that they should stand against men of the stamp of La Follette, exprest regret that it was impossible to send La Follette to the German lines, and said he wished "we could make him a gift to the Kaiser for use in his Reichstag. In the Senate he is a cause for shame and humiliation to every worthy American." After the Colonel spoke a resolution was adopted asserting that Senator La Follette's speeches were helpful to Germany, were making those who heard them less loyal, and that—


LA FOLLETTE
The UNITED STATES AT WAR.

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THE ENEMY ABOARD.

—Darling in the New York *Tribune.*

> "Therefore, this assemblage of loyal citizens of the United States, representing every element in the great melting-pot of American citizenship and patriotism, condemns Senator La Follette for his public utterances against the Government and the vigorous prosecution of this war and as an unfaithful and disloyal official, unworthy longer to represent the loyal and devoted citizens of America."

Senator La Follette, declares the Chicago *Tribune*, is injuring the good name of Wisconsin, which is a great commonwealth and "does not deserve La Follette." And assertions that the Senator is misrepresenting his own community come to us from both the larger and the smaller cities of Wisconsin. Wisconsin, the Eau Claire *Leader* asserts, "is making herself understood despite the handicap of La Follette in the Senate." Not only does Wisconsin repudiate "Senator La Follette's efforts to make it a State without a country," but "his shameless disloyalty" is, according to the Lacrosse (Wis.) *Leader-Press*, "resented more bitterly by his former counselors than by his old enemies. For them he has personally betrayed." The Senator has, we are told, "traded Wisconsin's American birthright for a mess of potsdamage," and "swapped leadership of the loyal masses for that of the treasonable malcontents." The Oshkosh (Wis.) *Northwestern*, fully recognizing that La Follette has done much to help the common man in Wisconsin and in the whole country, now sees clearly that "he is playing the part of a demagog aiming to head the antiwar element as a Presidential candidate," and declares:

"Wisconsin stands to-day as one of the most actively loyal of all the States in the Union, and every loyal Wisconsin man openly repudiates La Follette. Were the primaries to occur this year La Follette as a Senatorial candidate would be smothered out of sight by an exasperated and insulted constituency."

In Madison, the State capital, an old supporter of Senator La Follette, *The Wisconsin State Journal*, sees him increasing the hazards of our own soldiers and multiplying the danger of disaster to our country. As its editor writes:

"In refusing to recognize the physical facts that the frightful forces of autocracy are designing to wreck the democracies of the world and impose unbearable burdens and a galling taxation upon the backs of the American people, Senator La Follette is no longer helping the plain people of America to avoid a crushing future. Consciously or unconsciously, he is lending aid and comfort to the greatest and most cruel military despotism the world has ever known. His work to-day is helpful to autocracy and harmful to democracy, helpful to Germany, harmful to America. He completely reverses the labors of his life which, up to the time of this change, have endeared him to hundreds of thousands of American voters. . . . Because he has refused to squarely meet the greatest issue the American people have ever been called upon to face and which they are now bravely and resolutely facing, Senator La Follette ceases to be the people's leader in Wisconsin. Senator La Follette is rapidly obscuring in the black cloud of emphatic public disapproval one of the finest records and one of the most notable public careers in our national history."

In Green Bay, Wis., *The Press-Gazette*, an independent journal, calls for the expulsion of Mr. La Follette from the United States Senate, saying:

"Disloyalty has skulked under his mantle and dared to rear its head because of his encouragement. Wisconsin has all but lost its honorable name because of him. To-day he stands execrated by patriotic Americans everywhere. No frailties of human nature, no excesses of egotism, no faults of an inexplicable mind and heart can excuse what he has done. Mr. La Follette should not be permitted to lead misguided persons into disloyalty. . . . Only one relief can be had from La Follette, and that is to expel him in sorrow and pity from the Senate."

In Milwaukee, Senator La Follette's St. Paul speech is denounced by *The Sentinel* as "an insult to the intelligence and patriotism of his auditors" and as containing "not only outrageously false but also dangerous doctrine." But *The Free Press*, which has represented antiwar-sentiment, believes that the senior Senator from Wisconsin is being unfairly treated by the press, and says:

"Whatever policy a newspaper may entertain about the war-attitude of Senator La Follette, it owes its readers a truthful account of the meetings he addresses, a true report of the enthusiasm with which he is being received. To denounce him as a traitor, as a majority of the papers do, under suspicion of the Northcliffe brand, will not go far to satisfy the people, for such denunciation if taken seriously must apply not alone to the Senator, but to the thousands who applaud him. The general failure of American newspapers to give an honest report of La Follette's speeches, their contrary avidity to distort and suppress the facts, is a most decisive reflection upon their own Americanism, their ethics as well as their patriotism. It completely bears out the claim that a large part of the press can not be depended upon for truthful disinterested statement—the only kind of statement that will help America to win this war."

Speaking in Toledo, Ohio, on September 23, Senator La Follette defended his right to discuss the war in his own way. He said in part, as reported by *The News-Bee:*

"We have the right to discuss the carrying on of a war if it be for the object of dictating the government of a foreign country, or of forming commercial treaties, or of annexation. It is the citizen's duty to obey every law until it is repealed or declared unconstitutional, but he has the right to fight it in the courts or at the ballot-box.

"We may test the Draft Bill in the courts or start a campaign to-morrow for its repeal. Citizens should begin now to elect a Congress that will represent their views on the war-issue."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

TRUTH is more of a stranger than fiction.—*Boston Transcript.*

HOPE the new-born Republic of Russia won't turn out to be twins.—*Toledo Blade.*

NOBODY is exempted from fighting the enemies within.—*Christian Home and School* (Erie, Pa.).

GENERAL KORNILOFF is probably not so anxious for the restoration of the death-penalty as he was.—*Dallas News.*

JEREMIAH O'LEARY'S *Bull* is causing him as much trouble as Mrs. O'Leary's cow caused Chicago.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

"MEXICO to be normal again in six months." Is this report circulated by pessimists or optimists?—*New York Evening Post.*

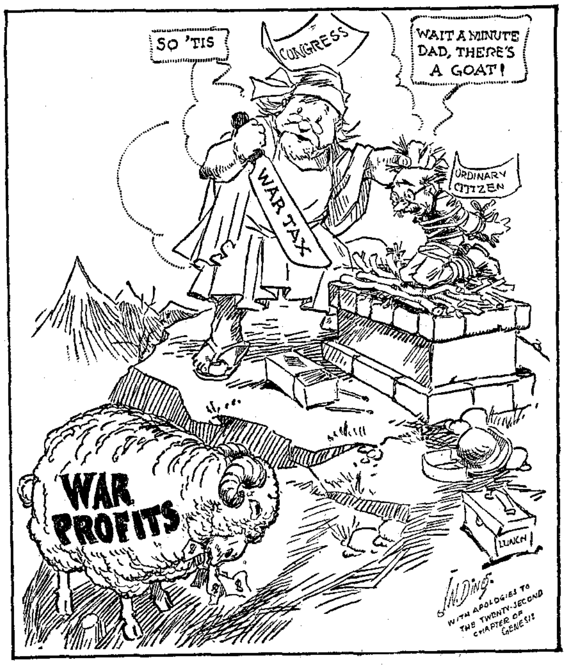
SOMEBODY has figured out that it cost Columbus only $7,000 to discover America. It will cost the Kaiser more.—*New York Sun.*

MOST dangerous of the Kaiser's allies in this country are those who protest that they are not and act as if they were. —*Chicago Daily News.*

To sum up Germany's answer: "Give us a legal title to what has been seized by force, and we will abide by the law." —*Springfield Republican.*

BERNSTORFF'S allusion to a bribery fund may help Latin-American republics to fathom the motives of some of the German defenders in their midst.—*Chicago Herald.*

TIMES certainly change. A German commander now offers a reward for an American soldier dead or alive, and only a few months ago von Bernstorff was offering $50,000 if we wouldn't send any. —*Chicago Herald.*


SO 'TIS
CONGRESS
WAIT A MINUTE DAD, THERE'S A GOAT!
WAR TAX
ORDINARY CITIZEN
WAR PROFITS
LUNCH
J.N. DING
WITH APOLOGIES TO THE TWENTY-SECOND CHAPTER OF GENESIS

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MODERN VERSION OF ABRAHAM, ISAAC, AND THE SACRIFICIAL RAM.

—Darling in the New York *Tribune.*

GERMANY regrets, but not as much as she is going to. — *Boston Transcript.*

IF "explanation" is all Sweden wants from Germany, she has gone to the world's experts.—*Wall Street Journal.*

WE have, as has been said officially, no quarrel with the German people; but if thirty or forty or more plots are exposed we are ever so likely to have one. This country can be pushed just so far.—*New York Tribune.*

WHAT did Sweden think was being sent to Berlin in her diplomatic code, the baseball scores?—*Boston Transcript.*

THE city hall has had and continues to have more exposures on every side than any building in Chicago.—*Chicago Herald.*

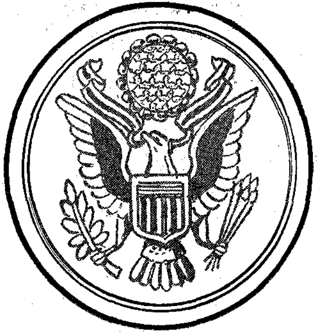
Is it a mere coincidence that the Kaiser so heartily approves of the pacifist movement here in America?—*Chicago Daily News.*

THE way in which von Bernstorff got German money for futile schemes shows there are plenty of easy marks in Germany.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

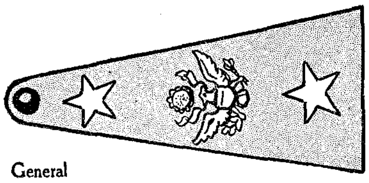
EVERY productive industry is on the battle-line to-day and every man who quits it without good cause is a military deserter.—*Chicago Herald.*

THE most conspicuous German offensive lately has been the offensive conduct of her foreign diplomatic officials.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

"BETWEEN Germany and the United States there could be only one choice for us."—*George Sylvester Viereck.*—Readers of the Viereck publications do not need two guesses as to what that choice was.—*New York Sun.*

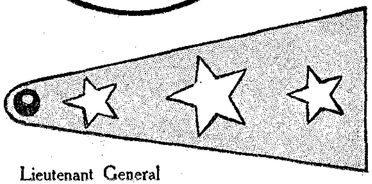


DISTINGUISHING MARKS of the U. S. ARMY

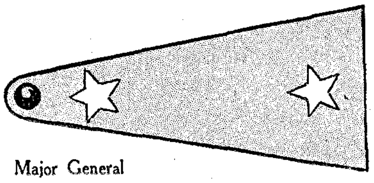


General

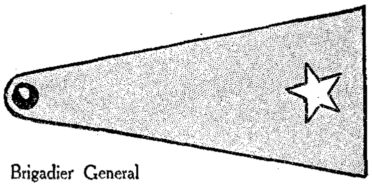
OFFICERS' SHOULDER STRAPS



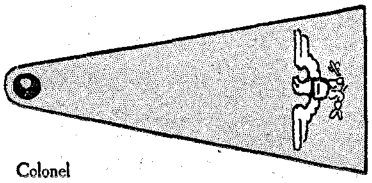
Lieutenant General



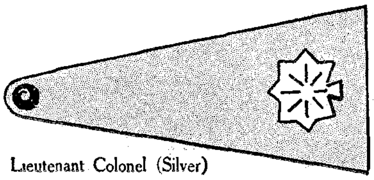
Major General



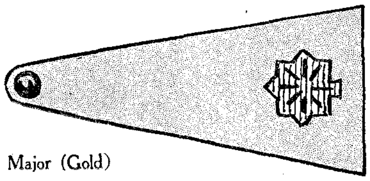
Brigadier General



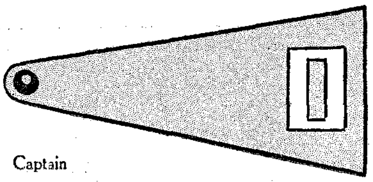
Colonel



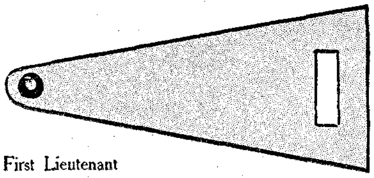
Lieutenant Colonel (Silver)



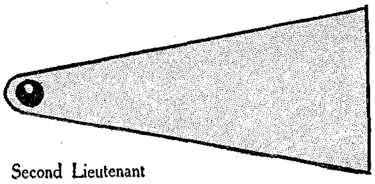
Major (Gold)



Captain

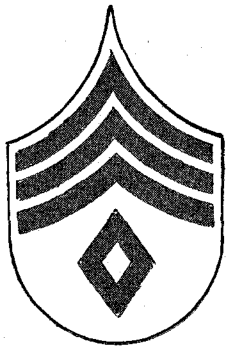


First Lieutenant

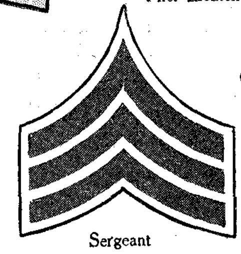


Second Lieutenant

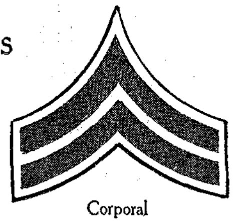
CHEVRONS



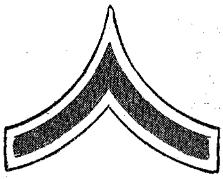
First Sergeant



Sergeant

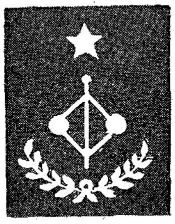


Corporal

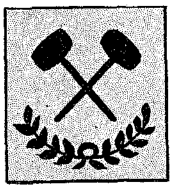


Lance Corporal

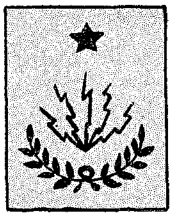
SPECIALTY MARKS



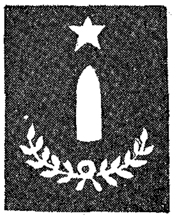
Engineer Coast Artillery



Chief Mechanic

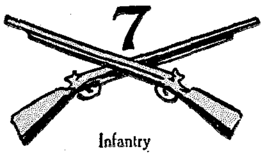


Master Electrician

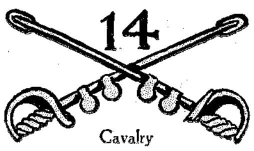


Master Gunner

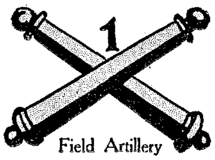
COLLAR DEVICES



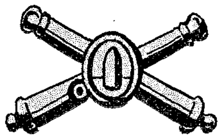
Infantry



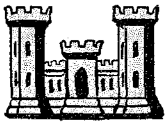
Cavalry



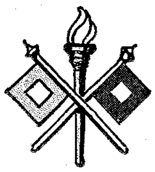
Field Artillery



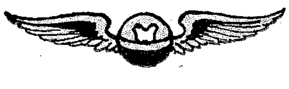
Coast Artillery



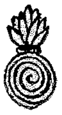
Engineers



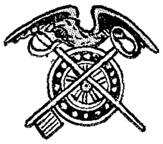
Signal Corps



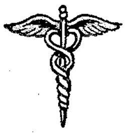
Aviation Corps



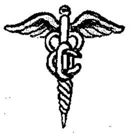
Ordnance Dept.



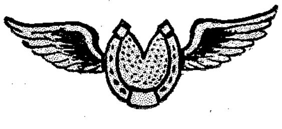
Quartermaster Corps



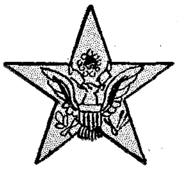
Medical



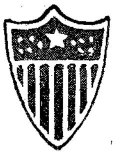
Dental



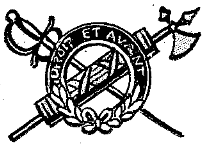
Veterinary Corps



General Staff



Adj. General's Dept.



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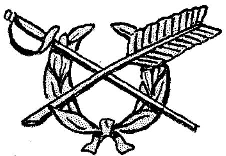

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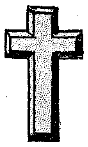


Chaplain

The branch of the Army in which an enlisted man serves is also revealed by the color of his hat-cord. A blue cord means infantry; yellow, cavalry; scarlet, artillery; maroon, medical corps; buff, quartermaster's corps; black piped with scarlet, ordnance; orange piped with white, signal corps; scarlet piped with white, engineers; black piped with white, army field clerks. An officer's leggings are of leather, an enlisted man's of canvas.

FOREIGN COMMENT

Photograph by International Film Service, New York.

RUSSIA'S PANIC-STRICKEN TROOPS IN FLIGHT FROM THE GERMANS.

PLAIN WORDS FOR RUSSIA

"ACT OR PERISH," is the choice given to Kerensky by that veteran Socialist, Gustave Hervé, in his brilliant organ, the Paris *Victoire*, and he roundly asserts that the *Bolsheviki* have gone to such lengths in Petrograd as to become "the enemies of liberty." Apostrophizing the Russian Premier, Gustave Hervé cries:

> "It is time to act, Kerensky.
>
> "It was not with speeches, however eloquent, that our Committee of Public Safety repressed insurrections like that at Cronstadt.
>
> "Kerensky, the peril of reaction at this moment does not come from the extreme Right, it comes from the extreme Left.
>
> "Kerensky, if your revolution hesitates to bring in the Cossacks, to knout and saber these *sabouteurs* and traitors to the national cause, to the Russian Army, and to the liberty of the people, in six months the Russian nation will go and fetch the Czar back from Siberia and bear him in triumphal procession from Moscow to Petrograd."

Gustave Hervé's advice would seem to be timely, for Kerensky's greatest effort to effect political unity by the Moscow Conference came to nothing, and the Russian papers frankly admit that the conference was an orgy of eloquence and nothing more. "The conference at Moscow is our last throw," said the *Novoye Vremya*, which feared it might turn out to be "a mere mass-meeting." This it would seem is exactly what happened. The Petrograd *Russkaya Volia* says:

> "The impression left by the conference is painful, for there was no question of telling the truth to the people, who know it only too well already, but the question was of rallying around this melancholy truth the minds and feelings of the country. But even this aim was not attained, for the assembly separated as disunited as ever."

The failure of the conference and the utter demoralization of the Russian Army have produced a most painful impression upon Russia's nearest Allies, France and Britain. How completely the Russian soldiers have thrown discipline and bravery to the winds we can see from the speech of the unfortunate General Korniloff at the Moscow Conference. According to the Petrograd *Ryetch* he said:

> "The old régime bequeathed to free Russia an army which, in spite of all the defects in its organization, was nevertheless animated with the fighting spirit and ready for sacrifices. A whole series of measures taken by people who were completely foreign to the spirit and the affairs of the Army transformed the latter into a collection of individual groups which have lost all sense of duty and only tremble for their personal safety.
>
> "If Russia wishes to be saved, the Army must be regenerated at any cost."

In a vivid account of the Russian rout in Galicia the London *Fortnightly Review* tells us that—

> "On the first day of the attack defection began to show itself in the ranks of the 11th Russian Army. Early in the morning the men of the 607th Mlynoff Regiment, refusing to fight, left their trenches voluntarily and retired out of the battle-line. Their example was caught up by other units. The 6th Grenadier Division deserted *en masse*, and, losing all sense of discipline, the 11th Army speedily became an undisciplined mob of armed men. 'Several detachments'—the quotation is from the Petrograd *communiqué* of July 20—'having received the command to support the units which were being attacked, held meetings to discuss the advisability of obeying orders, whereupon some of the regiments refused to obey the command of their officers. The efforts of the commanders and committees to arouse the men to the fulfilment of their duties were fruitless.' Hearing of the mutiny and of General Gutor's failure to check it, Mr. Kerensky, with great promptitude, removed him from his command and put General Korniloff in his place, but the rot had extended into all parts of the 11th Army."

The London *Saturday Review* protests against the habit of the Allied statesmen in persisting in viewing the Russian situation through rose-colored spectacles, and says the people should be told the truth:

> "The common cause has suffered the gravest damage throughout the war, because French and English Ministers have never felt able to tell the truth about that country, or to use plain words to its rulers. Their attitude from the beginning has oscillated between exaggerated expectation and nervous apprehension. They based the largest hopes on those uncounted millions of Russian bayonets and the crushing weight of the Eastern 'steam-roller.' But they were haunted by the constant dread that the machine might be brought to a standstill or set going in the wrong direction. They were always afraid that the Russian Government, torn by its conflicting factions, and honeycombed by intrigue and chicanery, might fail them at any moment. . . . . . .
>
> "We put up with everything, and went on paying and praising and submitting without protest for fear that otherwise Russia might 'let us down.' And in the end Russia has let us down abominably at the most critical stage of the war.
>
> "We could not have done worse, and in all probability should

have done much better, if we had taken a stronger and more straightforward line."

The peace formula of the *Soviet*, "No annexations, no indemnities," excites the liveliest wrath of *The Saturday Review:*

"Mr. Lloyd George transfers to the mob leaders, who have risen to power by a series of street-riots, the adulation formerly lavished on the wisdom and enlightenment of the luckless autocrat who has disappeared. In the faint hope of keeping the water-logged vessel on a straight course we are to affect approval of the views of the ranting demagogs and muddled idealists who think they can manage 170 millions of people suddenly cast adrift from all their bearings. We tell these fanatics that they are really the chosen apostles of the true democracy for which we have been waiting all the time; we affect to believe that their rabid communism and their revolt against order, property, and law are the genuine expression of liberal progress. When they demand a peace 'without annexations and indemnities,' we find our most influential spokesmen actually trying to convince them that this formula can be stretched to cover our own war-objects.

"A peace which does not give France Alsace and Lorraine, Italy the Trentino and Istria, which leaves Austria with Bosnia and Turkey with Armenia and Mesopotamia, a peace which restores the German colonies and fails to indemnify Belgium and France for the ravages they have sustained—such a peace would be disaster for the Allies and victory for the Central Powers."

Nor is the disquietude at the Russian situation confined to the English aristocratic Tories represented by *The Saturday Review*, for we find the ultra-Radical London *Truth* warning us not to accept the Russian extremists as democrats merely because they label themselves as such. *Truth* continues:

CHECKING RUSSIAN RUNAWAYS.

Exasperated by the cowardice and flight of their colleagues, many Russian soldiers have restored discipline in wavering units by the method shown in this picture.

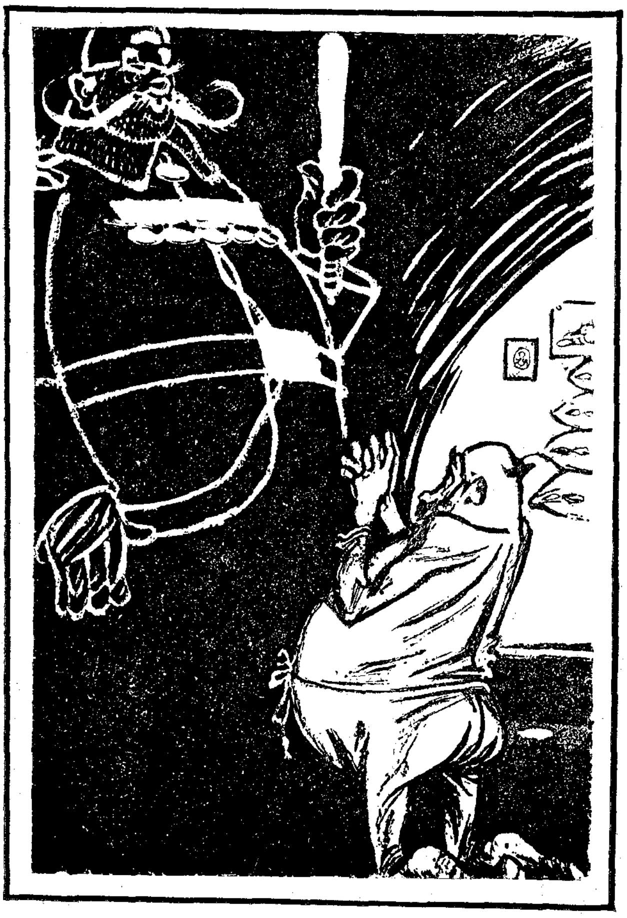
"In Russia, also, the extremists have been the enemies of liberty. Moscow shows that behind Miliukoff there is steadily developing the kind of counter-revolution which in France put Napoleon in power. Neither Kerensky nor Korniloff has yet displayed the genius of a Bonaparte, but the situation clearly favors dictatorship. The ruble has fallen from fifty cents to nineteen cents. The soldiers are shooting their officers, and Riga has been lost. Drink is again playing on the passions of the mob, and in Finland and the Ukraine disruption menaces the state. An independent Finland, overrun by German agents, would cut off Petrograd from Sweden and Great Britain."

Meanwhile the London *New Europe* would have none but honeyed words addrest to Russia:

"Freedom of political comment is a great asset at all times, but the commentators can not retain their freedom unless they use it with discretion. That is so axiomatic that we should not mention it but for the disloyal manner in which certain organs of the British press (chiefly in their dispatches from Petrograd) are now endeavoring to discredit the revolution by the most dishonorable means. Open support of reaction is now being given by certain British writers whose connection with important London newspapers gives their articles a wide circulation. Some of them are well-known critics of democracy even in England; others are thoughtless persons in search of purple copy; others, again, are old friends of Czardom. These latter gentlemen—traitors to the ideal of a New Europe—did all in their power, before the revolution, to discredit the Duma because, at that time, the Duma was the sole champion of liberalism. And since the revolution they have used all the weapons employed by the old régime to blacken the character of those who were honestly striving for the salvation of Russia: (*a*) by stirring up the old feud between Russian and Jew; (*b*) by calling every Russian Socialist a 'pro-German' or a Jew; (*c*) by shouting the war-cry, 'Victory first, reform afterward,' which is the time-honored device of every reactionary for postponing real democracy to the Greek calends. Such maneuvers give the Russian people the impression that there is a powerful body of British opinion ready to welcome the Czar back to the throne. It is to combat that notion that we draw attention to these libels on Russian leaders."

The *Kölnische Zeitung* offers Russia peace with the softest voice:

"As soon as the conviction becomes general in Russia that Germany is not interested in partitioning the Russian Empire, either by annexations or by setting up buffer states—that Germany, indeed, is much more anxious to reach an understanding with a strong Russia—it can not be imagined that the Russian democracy will any longer consent to be the tool of the Anglo-Saxon combination that hankers after world supremacy."



A RUSSIAN SATIRE ON THEMSELVES.

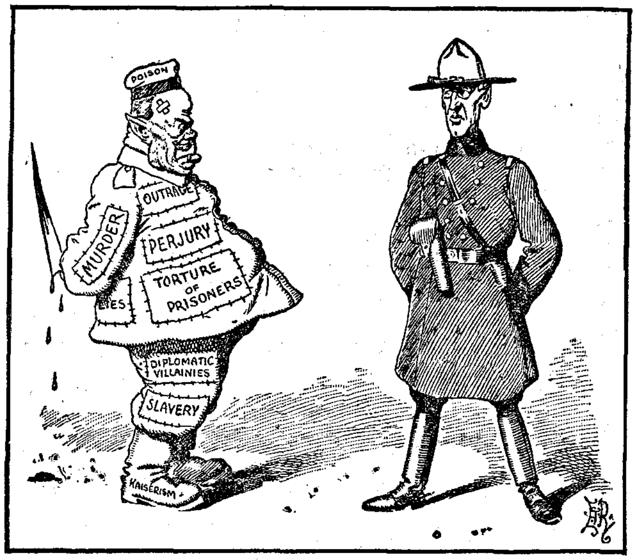
Average Russian Citizen (apostrophizing the former police)—"Oh, dear shade of the past! If you only knew how my soul yearns for your return to remove this sun of liberty, which is too strong for my poor skin."

—*Novy Satirikon* (Petrograd).

PEACE NO NEARER

THE POPE HAS FAILED in his efforts to bring about peace—such is the verdict of the world's press; and not only that, but both sides are agreed that peace is no nearer than before. This is particularly evident in the comments of both the Teutonic and the Allied press on the Austrian and German replies to the Pope's offer. For example, the Berlin *Kreuzzeitung*, the Essen *General Anzeiger*, and the Essen *Rheinisch-Westfälische Zeitung* agree that the Pope's proposals "have not brought us one day nearer peace," but they are careful to observe that the "fault" does not lie with Germany. Hence they are permitted to continue publication. The Pan-German organs are so certain of Teutonic strength and the far distance of peace that they wish the offer of the Vatican had been rejected flatly. Thus the Berlin *Neueste Nachrichten* writes:

> "We regret that the German Government did not prefer an open and forceful declination of the papal proposal to a conditional approval, basing the same on the fact that England and her vassals have not plainly proposed to conduct their future policy toward Germany in a spirit of justice and a desire for peace.
>
> "Aside from that, we can not possibly conceive of any adequate security for the efficacy of limited armament and courts of arbitration. On this point the whole papal proposal and the beautiful diplomatic job of our Chancellor come to naught. The German note will not bring us a day nearer to peace. The fault of this will not be with the German Government."



A BLIGHTED TROTH.

PRESIDENT WILSON—"Sakes alive! D'you think I'd advise any old world to hang its chances of peace on the word of a blighter like that?—only chance is to hang hi-m!!"

—*Evening Telegram* (London).

The semiofficial *Kölnische Zeitung* exults in Germanic strength and sees no sign of a "peace of renunciation," which, by the way, is the only peace we and our Allies are prepared to accept. The Rhenish organ says:

> "Germany and her allies stand so invincible in battle strength that no new Entente helper can break them. It is just as certain that they do not need to agree to any peace of renunciation. Peace by understanding is their watchword, and any attempt to interpret the reply as a sign of weakness must fail. Never in European history has so strong a Power so spoken."

The *Kölnische Volkszeitung* and the *Leipziger Neueste Nachrichten* agree that peace is far off and that this is due entirely to the "obstinacy" of the Entente. The Cologne paper remarks:

> "We can not count on a corresponding echo in the enemy countries. We know that our good sword and our naval weapon will still find much work before peace will and can penetrate the Entente Allies."

In London the view that we are no whit nearer peace is just as pointedly exprest. *The Globe* says:

> "It is clear that as far as the Pope's intervention is concerned we are no nearer peace than before. It is left to the intervention of Field-Marshal Haig to bring about the hastening of that much-desired event."

The general impression in the British capital is that peace indications from Germany will only be sincere when Belgium expressly figures in the Teutonic terms. This is the view of *The Westminster Gazette*, which says of the replies to the Pope, "it is clear that they do not take us far toward the goal where covenanted peace is possible"; while *The Pall Mall Gazette* observes:

> "A document which makes no mention either of Belgium or of other explicit objects for which the Allies are fighting can not divert them for a moment from their own measures for the restoration of peace and its future security. . . . Before the Kaiser's professions count for anything we must have fruits meet for repentance, and these are restitution, reparation, and guaranties."

In Rome itself the replies are not regarded as likely to bring peace nearer, and this aspect of the case is recognized by the Clerical press, whose desire is to take the rosiest view of the Pope's endeavor. Thus the Clerical *Corriere d'Italia* thinks that while Germany is winning there is no hope for peace, and points to Riga to clinch the argument. It observes:

> "It may be said that the Central Empires, particularly Germany, had recourse to a conceivable diplomatic precaution, which is common to contracting parties before the conclusion of agreements. Nevertheless, such precaution does not prevent the thought that the reticence of the German and Austrian replies is irreconcilable with the cause of peace, since the Entente nations long ago made known their war-aims.
>
> "The replies, tho reticent, contain two generic adhesions to the Pope's note regarding the only means of preventing new wars—that is, disarmament and arbitration. That no concrete proposals are made by the Central Powers in view of the initiation of a serious discussion of peace may be the consequence of the unfortunate event in the German conquest of Riga, which gave new encouragement to imperialistic tendencies, or at least to the design to obtain in the East what they can not have in the West."

MOBILIZING LONDON'S EAST-END RUSSIANS—Not only in their own country are some Russians a cause of concern to England, but even in London their compatriots have been hardly less troublesome. In the East End they have been rebelling at military service and have given a fair amount of work to the police, but we learn from a correspondent of the London *Daily Mail* that things are changing for the better, and now considerable numbers of the Russians are offering themselves for military service. Many also have declared their willingness to go back to Russia in spite of the fact that they are warned that it means practically "making a long journey with suicide at the end of it." This correspondent proceeds:

> "Meanwhile, the fiery element, fed by the agitators of the so-called Foreign Jews' Protection Committee, has been quenched by the timely intervention of the police, the detention of the leader Bezalel, and the quiet removal of other individuals. The revolutionary spirits and their friends of anarchic tendencies are lying low, and out of the ashes of the old disturbing element has arisen a new body of responsible and thoughtful men styling themselves 'The Committee for the Jewish Future.' Recently they issued their first manifesto. It was printed in Yiddish, in blue letters upon a huge white poster, and ran as follows:
>
> "'The convention between England and Russia regarding military service is now a fact.
>
> "'You have only two alternatives—to serve in Russia or to serve here in England. Therefore, we appeal to you to think carefully over what you are going to do. Do not allow yourselves to be misled by anybody, but make up your minds to serve there or here.
>
> "'If you are ready to go to Russia, go—and farewell! But go quietly, as it befits a citizen marching forward to fight for his country.'"

CHINA CALMLY AT WAR

BLISSFULLY IGNORANT that their country is in the fight to "make the world safe for democracy," the great mass of the Chinese people are pursuing the even tenor of their way. The Peking *Gazette* tells us with what apathy the average Chinaman regards the matter. It says:

"The belief is not yet dead in China that the question of war is an affair of the Government. If the people are assured of their safety and peace there is little difference to them whether China is at war or at peace with the world.

"The common people are, however, totally unconcerned regarding the question. They may occasionally be heard to express certain remarks on the subject, but such views are usually exprest with a view to satisfying the speakers themselves rather than to convince their hearers. Among the ignorant classes the question has been often asked if Germany will send any troops into China once China declares war on Germany; and if Germany can not send any troops just now, will she not do this at some future date?"

In a sarcastic paragraph the Peking paper hails the war as an admirable opportunity for China to rid herself of the Premier Tuan Chi-jui and his supporters, the Tu Chuns. It says:

"In certain circles the view is exprest that China will do more harm than good merely to declare and not actually to carry on war against the Central Powers. If China sincerely wishes to hasten peace and to improve her own international status and to uphold international law, the best way for her to realize these aims is for Tuan Chi-jui and the Tu Chuns to head a large army to Europe."

In Shanghai, however, China's declaration of war is regarded as a very serious matter and liable to produce an irrevocable division of the country. In *The North China Daily News* we find these views exprest:

"It is not unlikely that the act will precipitate that disastrous division of the country which is so full of menace to the independence and integrity of China as a condition of Far-Asian peace. The South is certain to refuse, on principle, to recognize the declaration, because it is the work of a government accounted to be illegal, besides being a measure which is in any event unconstitutional in that it violates the Provisional Constitution which prohibits a declaration of war without the approval of Parliament. . . . . . .

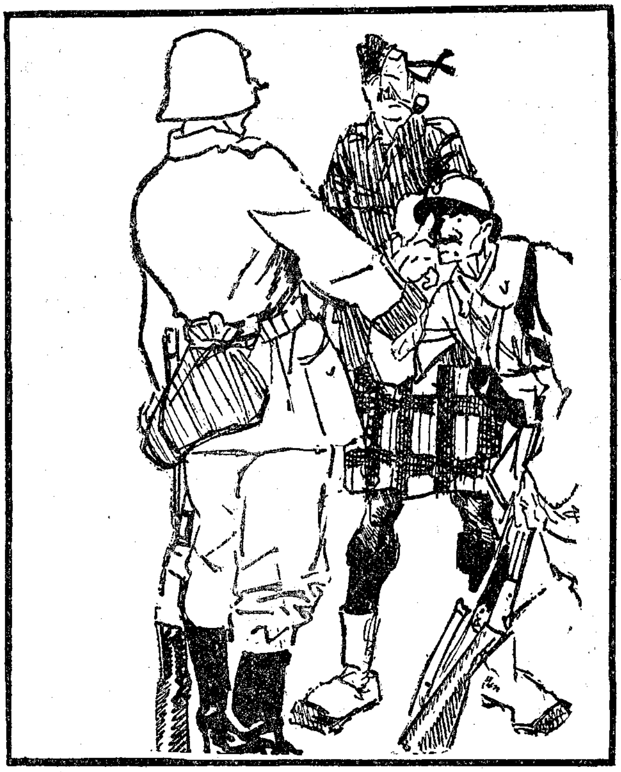
"In these circumstances the entry of China into the war must inevitably divide the country into a North at 'war' with Germany and a South in a state of non-belligerency with that Power."

In Japan, China's adhesion to the Allied cause is regarded as a matter of mere academic interest, and, despite China's offer to send a small army to France, a somewhat supercilious tone is adopted by the press. The views of the Tokyo *Jiji* are typical; it writes:

"It is clear that under prevailing conditions China can not mobilize a single soldier in the Allied cause, nor is it possible for her to put her Navy at the Allied service in the East or elsewhere, for most of the Navy is now in revolt against the Peking Government. What China can do for the Allies, therefore, will be to exercise strict control over enemy subjects in her own country, so that they can act in no way derogatory to the Allied interests."

GERMANY AWAKENING

THE FULSOME EULOGY OF HIMSELF, which formed nearly half of the Kaiser's reply to the Pope's peace offer, seems to have been intended for home-consumption. From the Swedish press we learn that there is a growing distrust of the All-Highest in Germany and a breaking down of the old political parties through war-weariness, and it is thought that the panegyric in the peace note was intended to restore the wavering confidence in the War-Lord. In what a state of flux is the German mind can be seen from a series of interviews with prominent Germans published in the Stockholm *Dagens Nyheter*. A prominent German scientist in Sweden on official business told this prominent Swedish organ that—



THEIR ANSWER.

"We stretch to you the hand of peace."

"No, you must raise both hands. Then you can have peace."

—*Simplicissimus* (Munich).

"The discord among the German people is increasing week by week. It is more irreconcilable in its principles and more resentful in its acrimony than at any time before the war—even if it is somewhat less noisy. Public opinion is divided in different directions, which do not altogether coincide with the grouping of the political parties.

"The question dominating everything else—which is peace and not war—has obviously called forth the shifting of the political frontiers. Furthest to the Right are the so-called Pan-Germans, the last remnants of the jubilant days when the war was greeted as a blessing. . . . But for every passing day, more and more single individuals go over to the other group, who face the truth bravely and only wish as soon as possible and at the cheapest possible price to slip out of the misery before it becomes still worse."

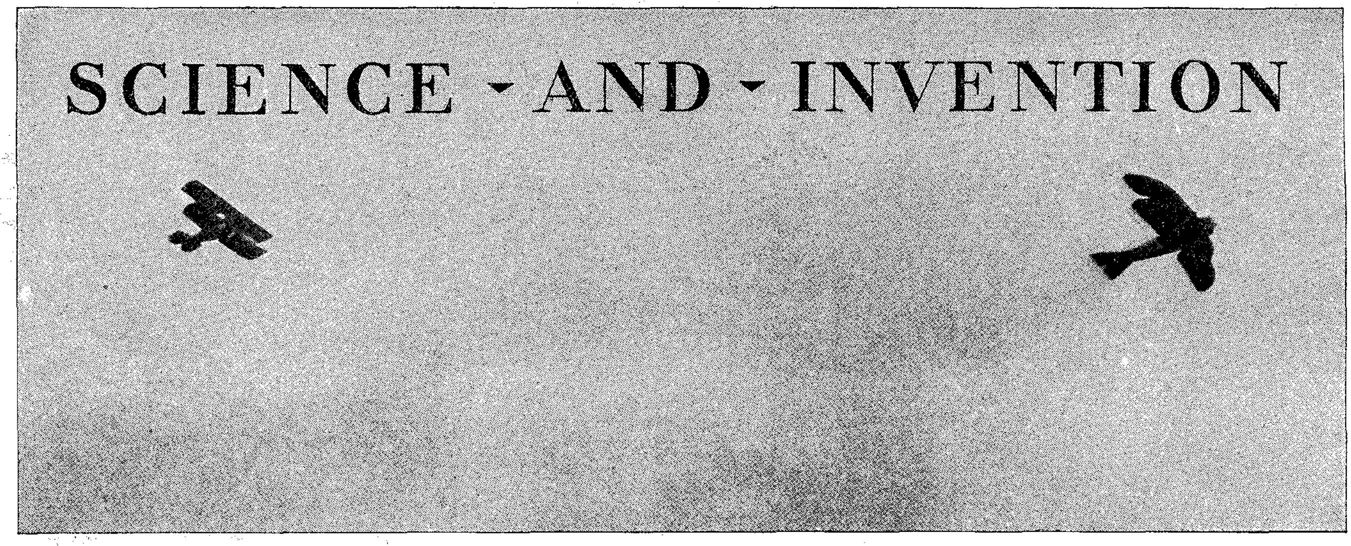
Even those chauvinists who formerly desired "simply a merchant's peace, sober, cynical, and cowardly," are changing their view and are coming to recognize the fact that the continuance of the war spells the future political and economic ruin of Germany and the vanishing of all hope of European domination. Even among the Pan-Germans, he adds:

"More than one highly placed man, who has advanced to this clearness of view, would be inclined to burst out: 'Leave Belgium and Servia, nay, even Alsace-Lorraine, promise to pay almost any sums; only put an end to it, and that soon.'"

Much more remarkable is the last article of the series, which records an interview with a former member of the Reichstag, who had voted for the great war-budget. When asked how he would consider the proposal that the "belligerents in common ought to contribute to the restoration of those parts of our continent which had been most damaged by the war," the German got very angry, beat the table with his fist, and shouted:

"I never dreamed of anything so mean! Are we Germans to receive from any other Power a penny of contribution to restore Belgium to whatever extent it is possible? Are we not to be left to offer reparation for what has been destroyed? Will any one in Europe dare to offer to help us with this? They must indeed regard us as a low lot! Oh, no; when such infamy has been done in the name of the German people, the nation itself will, in all humility, know how to wipe off the stain which has thereby been placed on its reputation and character. Alone will we do penance for this as for many other things. The world must allow us to win this moral victory, even if the other should slip out of our hands."

SCIENCE AND INVENTION



OUR PLANES MUST BE SWIFT ENOUGH TO DO THIS: FRENCH MACHINE CHASING A GERMAN.

A BRITISH EXPERT SAYS OUR PRESENT PLANES ARE SO SLOW THAT THE PILOTS WOULD BE "BUTCHER'S MEAT."

ARE AMERICAN WAR-AIRPLANES TOO SLOW?

"SIX MONTHS OUT OF DATE," five months ago, is the laconic criticism of one of our airplane specifications made by C. G. Grey, editor of *The Aeroplane*, a British aviation journal. The specifications are for a "military pursuit machine," which designation Mr. Grey says "would be distinctly humorous if it were not so tragic." A machine built on the proposed lines would have about as much chance of getting home, he thinks, when pursued by German machines as "a celluloid cat chased through hell by an asbestos dog." But Mr. Grey, whose picturesque language is evidence that he has been associating with certain persons from these United States, does not confine himself to epithets. He "comes down to brass tacks" by giving facts and figures; in short, he charges that our military pursuit aeroplane is planned to carry about half as much gasoline as it needs, to have a much smaller horsepower than it ought, about two-thirds the requisite speed, far too great a margin of run before it lifts into the air, and no air-speed indicator. A Frenchman who once saw a machine of this type, Mr. Grey says, just pointed at the pilot and murmured under his breath, "Butcher's meat!" If we are going to build such machines as this for swift pursuit he thinks that we had better give up the idea altogether, and confine ourselves to heavy, slow-going planes for dropping bombs. He writes:

> "It would be a real tragedy if the splendid human material which America can supply were to be wasted by being ineffectually equipped. We have seen during the past two years of the war considerably more than enough of mistakes in equipment in this country—especially in the flying services; and the best service one can do the cause of the Allies in general and America in particular is to endeavor to prevent our new Ally from making the mistakes which we have already made and put right."

One clause of the specification provides that the horizontal high speed of the machine, at an altitude of 10,000 feet, shall not be less than 102 miles per hour. Of which our critic says:

> "This, perhaps, bar one, is the most dangerous clause in the specification. . . . Any one who has met a German chaser of any of the later types in the 10,000-foot levels knows that he might as well get out and walk as to try to fight on a 100-mile-an-hour single-seater. The notion of calling a 100-mile-an-hour machine a 'pursuit airplane' would be distinctly humorous if it were not so tragic. 'Pursued hareplane' would be a better title for it.
>
> "As a matter of fact, if one can not raise a speed superior to that of the German chasers, it would be better to have as a fighting machine a good, big, fat, slow thing carrying four or five machine guns and only doing ninety miles an hour or so. Our own experience tells us that the big, slow machines afford better gun platforms than the light scouts, and that so long as a fight of half a dozen or so of them keeps its formation it can hammer its way through the German fighting machines. Anyhow, 100 miles an hour at 10,000 feet is perfectly useless for a single-seat fighter. I am merely stating a fact which is common knowledge in the services and ought to be known to all aeroplane designers all the world over. If General Squier obeys the traditional American injunction to 'hitch his wagon to a star,' he will talk to the American aircraft industry 150 miles an hour at 10,000 feet, and then he may in the end obtain something worth having."

Our "worst mistakes," it appears, are allowing the proposed machine thirteen minutes to climb to 10,000 feet and thirty minutes to reach 16,000. Says Mr. Grey:

> "A 10,000-foot climb in thirteen minutes is simply not worth considering in these days, even for a two-seater. For a single-seat 'pursuit airplane' it is merely ridiculous. And the machine which would take half an hour to get to 16,000 feet might just as well stay on the ground for all the use it would be in pursuing a German chaser. If General Squier will halve his times he will be somewhere near the mark. Six and a half minutes to 10,000 feet and fifteen minutes to 16,000 feet would be worth considering in a fully loaded single-seater, but with only two and one-half hours' fuel it would be nothing very exciting even now, judging by the best German machines. It is most important to remember the rule laid down by one of our British prophets, and quoted in this paper some six months ago: 'For the officer in charge of equipment there is no to-day. His to-day is six months ahead.' . . . 'Aeronautical Specification No. 1003' was six months out of date when it was published on May 1, 1917.
>
> "The demand that a machine shall not run more than 65 meters (say 70 yards) before getting off the ground is merely further evidence that the art of designing a machine for climbing is not understood by our esteemed Ally. I personally have seen one of our fast chasers lift clear of the ground within twenty feet of the place on which it was resting when the engine was started. The pilot never even raised the tail; she simply trailed her tail-skid a few yards and shot straight up like a helicopter. And if a single-seat fighter is to be fit to go up at a moment's warning and *strafe* unexpected enemy bombers or reconnaissance machines, that is how it has to be done. . . . . .
>
> "The great and most important point is that American designers, and American aviators, and American people interested in aviation, should not run away with the idea that 'Aeronautical Specification No. 1003' is anything at all like a 'military pursuit airplane' adapted to combat and pursue hostile aircraft. And it is equally important that European readers of the specification who, lacking the American fineness of perception, might take it seriously, should not be plunged into an abyss of disappointment by the idea that, after all they have read in the American press about America's Air Fleet, this is the kind of 'airplane' with which the United States Signal Corps —as the rulers of the American Aviation Service—hope to stop the war."

Quoting Mr. Orville Wright as stating that 10,000 airplanes would end the war within ten weeks by sweeping the heavens clear of German airplanes and putting out the eyes of their gunners, and that these machines could be built in our automobile factories, Mr. Grey ends his article by thus defining our main undertaking:

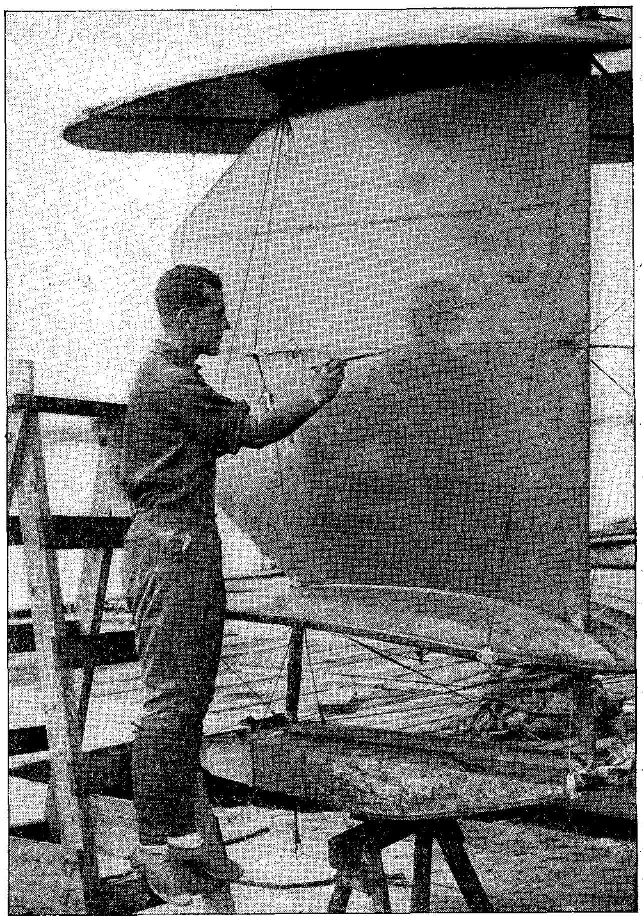
> "Doubtless Major Orville Wright is perfectly correct, on the assumption that America can build fighting machines capable of catching the Germans, but that capability still remains to be proved. One can not indorse this confidence in automobile plants. With a few brilliant exceptions, our 'automobile plants' in this country have been less successful as aeroplane producers, both as regards quantity and quality, than have firms who made entirely different articles before the war. Our very best aeroplanes are not made by automobile firms at all, but by pure aeroplane firms, and by people used to woodwork rather than motor-work, tho the genuine engineering firms have been very successful. Anyhow, Major Wright is wrong. America can achieve much better average results by building great big bombing machines, in which a few pounds added here and there by rough work do not matter, than she can achieve by trying to build the extremely highly developed fighting machines now used in Europe, in which every ounce is scraped off with sandpaper and a smooth file.
>
> "We expect, and shall see in time, great things from America in this war, but it is most highly to be desired that the American people shall not give way to that very English vice of undue optimism, which only leads to underestimating one's enemy, and so to utter disaster."

A DISEASE OF AIRPLANE-MAKERS

ALMOST EVERY INDUSTRY has one or more diseases from which those who engage in it must be carefully guarded. In early days operatives suffered and died from these "vocational diseases" by thousands; nowadays their study constitutes an important branch of medical education. It appears from an editorial in *American Medicine* (New York) that the manufacture of airplanes, perhaps our newest industry, is not exempt. What the writer calls "dope-poisoning," more strictly and professionally known as "toxic jaundice," is induced, we are told, by poisonous substances contained in the varnish with which the linen of the wings is made water-proof and air-proof. This business is so new that the study of safeguarding it has not made so much progress as in longer-established industries, but there is surely no reason why we should needlessly sacrifice skilled workers whose services are of value to their country. Says the paper named above:

> "In order to supply the vast flying squadron which is contemplated, the aeroplane industry of the United States is now placed under forced draft. As is natural in the expansion of an industry under the stress of emergency, overemphasis is placed upon the rapidity of construction and little thought is given to the hazards involved. Large numbers of men are to be employed under new and trying conditions, exposing them to occupational diseases, the nature of which has not been fully recognized in this country.
>
> "The hygienic dangers of the aeroplane industry have been investigated by the New York State Industrial Commission through its Division of Industrial Hygiene of the Bureau of Inspection. It is probably fortunate that the experience in England and Germany has pointed out the liability to illness and death in factories devoted to the manufacture of these flying mechanisms of offense and defense.
>
> "The wings of an aeroplane consist of Irish linen, stretched over mahogany or spruce framework; the interstices of the cloth are made impervious to water and air through repeated applications of a varnish which contains as its chief base either acetate or nitrate of cellulose mixed with a rapidly evaporating solvent. The mixture frequently termed 'dope-varnish' contains dangerous substances such as tetrachlor ethane, acetone, wood alcohol, or benzin. The tetrachlor ethane is most frequently responsible for the illness among aeroplane workers which presents itself with symptoms of nausea, vomiting, abdominal pains, jaundice, delirium, and leads to possible fatality."

In the operation of the "dope process" the greatest risk to health is incurred when the varnish, in order to gain time, is dried in rooms that are defective in two important features for the workers. In the first place, they are overheated, and, secondly, they lack adequate ventilation. Our medical authority urges it as a duty of physicians to take warning of the possibility of industrial disease in the manufacture of planes under war-pressure, and says that both employers and employees must be brought to realize the necessity of safeguarding the industry against a "morbidity and mortality in manufacture proportionately greater than that existing among the aviators soaring in clouds with the finished product." We read then:



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SAFE PLACE TO VARNISH PLANES—OUTDOORS.

Indoor varnishing exposes the worker to serious, and possibly fatal, disease from the injurious ingredients of the "dope-varnish."

> "The New York State Industrial Commission makes a series of recommendations which command consideration. They cover advice for a downward system of ventilation, and the drying of wings, ailerons, and rudders in rooms apart from the 'dope' rooms. The workers should have a fifteen-minute rest period in the morning and afternoon in the open air. All 'dope' workers should be provided with hot running water, soap, individual towels, and overalls, as well as well-ventilated lockers. Eating in the 'dope' room is to be forbidden, and at least an hour is to be allowed for lunch period. Active and frequent medical supervision is imperative in order to secure early diagnosis of the poisoning and to prevent the serious after-effects. All workers complaining of dizziness or sleepiness are to be removed from their employment for at least forty-eight hours.
>
> "If a flock of unfeathered eagles is essential for the success of the American forces it must be forthcoming in the quickest possible time. Haste, however, must not involve the sacrifice of the workers nor conduce to the incidental loss of health and output which must result from dope-poisoning. The medical problems of war are no less important among those providing the instrumentalities than among those making use of them."

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

WANTED: MEN, NOT ADVICE

THE FARMERS SAY they are much obliged for all the well-meant advice that is poured upon them from the pages of newspapers and magazines; but they are of opinion that if they could have all the men they want, they would take good care of crop-production without the aid of these well-intentioned mentors. "Fully half the farmers," says W. W. Reynolds in a leading article on "The Farmers' Side," in *The Rural New-Yorker* (New York, September 15), "understand their business as well as any other class in the world do theirs." It is rather harder to learn farming, he thinks, than any other occupation. Such being the case, he is amused by most of the printed advice that he reads. The trouble with the farmer at present, he says, is not inefficiency, but scarcity of labor. Our farms are worked to-day by middle-aged and old men. "Give us men!" cries this farmer, "and we will feed the world." They have, he says, the plant and the expert knowledge, and they are willing and able to pay for help. When will they get it? We read:

"I am a farmer and can go into any office, store, or factory, and make a better hand in the rut there than any man who never farmed can make on a farm. I can become proficient in any of them in a few years, while after 'making a hand' on a farm for fifty-two years, studying all the time, associating with men of my class whose books were open, owning, breeding, nursing, and feeding animals for forty years, studying the chemistry of soils, manures, and feeds, handling hundreds of implements and tools dexterously, I am 'only a farmer.' There is no element of boasting in this because I am personally acquainted with more than one hundred farmers more successful who do not need to make apologies in any society.

"Such being the facts, it has always been amusing to read nicely written articles by our advisers and critics, but they are too serious under the present distress. Herewith is a sample, out of a swivel chair, in a trade paper: 'When the editor sees farmers using two horses and a single-share plow, instead of a six-horse team with a gang-plow turning three furrows, he knows that ignorance is costing the country dearly.' Another, by Theodore H. Price in the *Outlook* of June 27, overlooks that plowing and planting are the smallest part of the work with a crop, and gives us a nicely written discussion of the tractor turning three furrows, and the absolute necessity of its adoption. With that combination, at my age, I can plant more than twelve men can care for and save at harvest, but where are the men? We have the gang-plow and the six horses all right, but nearly all the work done on our 200 acres of productive soil is done with a two- or three-horse team. Mr. Price is in error about a scarcity of horse-power on the farms, regardless of the number sent to Europe. There are idle work-horses on almost every farm, nearly every day in the year, and so many of them that there is absolutely no market for anything but shippers. There is too much motive power on the farms, because there is no extra help to save crops.

"A city man considers the plowing and planting of a whole farm, regardless of fertility or care of the yield, as efficiency. Does he know any manufacturer who partly finishes unlimited material as a preliminary for selling a small output? We have a six-horse farm, and would gladly work full capacity, but we work as it pays us best. I was fortunate in saving my one boy for a farmer, but if Uncle Sam drafts him, we have six horses to sell and some other things. A tractor would be about as much use to us for cultivating corn and harvesting as a flying-machine.

"Now do not think we are inefficient, nor that ours is an exceptional case. Very few farms, anywhere in Ohio, have any men on them under middle age, and much of the work is done by old men. When laborers can get $3 per day for puttering eight hours at public work, when a boy after he has finished school can get a 'position' behind a counter or on a traction-car, or get thirty-five cents an hour on roads or public utilities, or if he can find an auto to speed for some one, limited horse-power is sufficient on the farms. There are always a few misguided farmers who take advice, and the advisers who influenced the tearing up of too much soil can see 'calamity fields' enough to show the good they did.

"We have watched the factories, politics, etc., drain the farms of its brain and brawn until now there is little left but the imbeciles, and production is but 50 per cent. of capacity. Habit, self-interest, and patriotism all tantalize us now, but our hands are tied. Our lesson has been learned. Grain handled by incompetent help has rotted. I husked fifty-seven corn-shocks in one row last fall, each and every one down, and partly decayed, after I had made tens of thousands earlier in life, none of which fell. The men who cut and set them up had $5 per day for destruction, and I ask what inducement is there to plant more than we can save? The advice of idealists and men who think they understand farming will do no good. 'Give us men,' and we will feed the world at even lower prices than exist now. We want to do it and have the soil, the rolling-stock, and the know how, and are not afraid to pay the right kind of helpers. An observation for boys and young men: There will be no place in the world during the next generation where a family with the amount of land they themselves can handle will be so well fixt as on a farm. 'The farmer starves last.'"

STOVES FOR THE POCKET

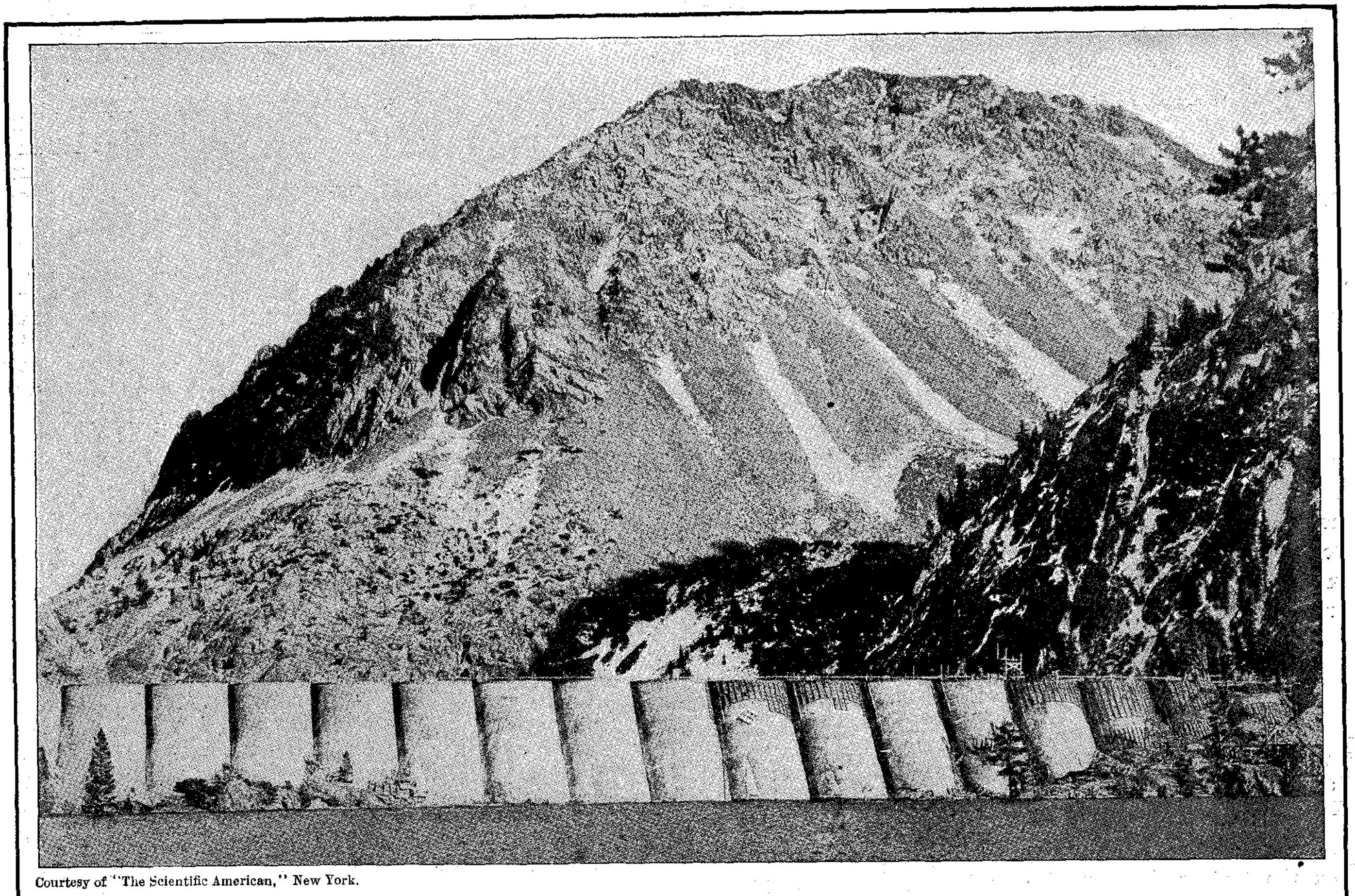
STOVES ARE CARRIED in one's pocket in Japan. In that country a small tin brazier, known as *kwairo*, and somewhat resembling a cigar-case, is used for personal heating purposes. N. Kawaguchi, who describes the device in *The Japan Magazine*, says that there is considerable rivalry in the invention of fuel—a very difficult matter, since it must not emit smoke or fumes. The fuel is in the form of a roll, like sausage, and will last for three hours, giving considerable warmth to the part of the body where it may be placed. We quote the writer's words from an abstract in *The Scientific American Supplement* (New York):

"One put inside the bosom of the kimono prevents a third-class train journey from feeling too chilly. Delicate pupils keep one in their clothes while at school in winter, and so equipped any one may sit comfortably in an unheated room. The aged and the cold-footed sleep with the *kwairo* at their feet. Cramps or colic can be easily soothed by placing one across the pit of the stomach. In the Russo-Japanese War many a benumbed soldier saved himself by placing one in his bosom. In the present war Russia ordered a large supply for her soldiers, and immense quantities have been shipped to that country."

The excellent fuel used in the pocket-stove, the writer goes on to say, was invented as long ago as 1882 by a man named Sokichi Yamazaki, of Tochigi, in the province of Shimotsuke. The leading tradesmen of the town formed a company for its manufacture, but the enterprise did not last, for it was left to workers in private houses to make the fuel, with the result that there was no uniformity of product either in the degree of good or bad. To remedy the situation, the aid of the Mayor was sought, and this official not only established a regulation manufacturing plant, but rendered his fellow citizens a double service by employing as workers widows and orphans of the Russo-Japanese War. Since that time the production of the fuel has been turned over to a trust and the developments and improvements in the industry have been marked. Incidentally our informant advises us that France imports it in large quantities, into which country it was introduced by French missionaries from Japan. We are also told that—

"The materials from which the pocket-stove fuel is made are hemp stalks, mulberry, the *kozu*, and the catalpa plants, and a kind of vegetable oil, as well as pulverized nut rinds and corn-cobs. But the best is made from hemp stalks from which the fiber has been taken. These are turned into charcoal. The method is simple. A big bundle of the hemp stalk is put in a hole in the ground like a furnace, lighted and smothered so as to smolder without air until carbon is produced. This is pounded in a mortar. . . . The farmers devote spare time to this occupation, and make an extra penny. The material thus produced is sent to town to be made into rolls for the pocket-stove. As the raw material from which the fuel is made can not be used for anything else, the profit is great, usually about 50 per cent. In the final composition a little saltpeter is used to facilitate combustion, and, also, the leaf of a tree resembling the maple is used to stick the powder together.

"Of the fuel there are two kinds, one used for the bosom-



Courtesy of "The Scientific American," New York.

LIKE A ROW OF HUGE ORGAN-PIPES: THE GEM LAKE DAM NEARING COMPLETION.

stove and the other for bed use. The former is soft and the latter hard. The fuel has to be put into the tiny stove very carefully, as any mistake or awkwardness spoils the attempt. The fuel is enclosed in a special kind of paper, without which it will not be successful. The hard fuel is most difficult to make. The powdered carbon has to be kneaded into a paste mixed with the leaf of the tree already mentioned, and then prest into a pipe, making it like a sausage. It has then to be dried in the sun in a suitable drying place."

A NEW TYPE OF DAM

THE "MULTIPLE-ARCH DAM," a recent type which looks from up-stream like a row of huge, slanting organ-pipes, is described by a writer in *The Scientific American* (New York, September 8). These dams are now much used, we are told, in Western hydroelectric work. Comparing them with more familiar types of dam, the writer reminds us that in the commonest type of all—seen in the small water-power and storage sites scattered over the countryside—a simple wall of masonry or concrete, in earlier days even of wood, is built across the waterway, restraining the water by its weight alone. In the large arched dam, the barrier takes the form of an arch lying on its side, convex face up-stream. Such a dam transmits a large part of its load to the buttresses and foundations, and does not depend wholly upon its weight. The writer goes on:

"There are cases, however, where a single arch would be impracticable because of expense or local conditions. In some of these cases the multiple-arch construction may be used. In fact, where a multiple-arch dam is suited to the requirements, it is often found more economical than a single-arch structure, so that within the range of sizes to which it is applicable this newer type is a formidable competitor. The principal limiting factor is the height. . . . . .

"A multiple-arch dam demands a good foundation. The buttresses support the dam, and they in turn must be properly maintained by the foundation of bed-rock or other suitable material. The settling of a single buttress may lead at once to settling and collapse on either side. When there is doubt as to the excellence of the foundation available, recourse is usually had to the earth-fill dam like that at Gatun, where between two parallel and widely separated ridges of rock an enormous mass of earth was washed into place by means of pipe-line dredges, somewhat in imitation of the terminal moraines which restrain the Great Lakes on the south. A further alternative where earth-filling is not accessible is the rock-fill dam.

"The object in using some such inclination as 50 degrees is partly to reduce the shearing stresses on the buttresses. . . . In actual construction it is convenient to build the buttresses first, then the arches. The latter are tied to the former by means of suitable steel members imbedded in the concrete. That is to say, when a buttress is built certain reenforcement is left projecting out from the general mass. If one arch should fall, there is reenforcement present in or on the buttress to resist the collapse of adjacent arches. . . . . . .

"Viewed from up-stream, a completed dam will present the appearance of a group of big parallel pipes extending out of the ground and inclining away from the observer. Not infrequently, as with all dams, there will be a road across the top.

"One of the power companies on the Pacific coast has multiple-arch dams on Rush Creek, Mono County, Cal. At Lower Gem Lake a dam 700 feet in length stretches across the cañon in seventeen arches of standard span 40 feet. At the extreme end of the dam two of the arches constitute the spillway section. From the lowest point in the foundation to the level of the crest is 112 feet.

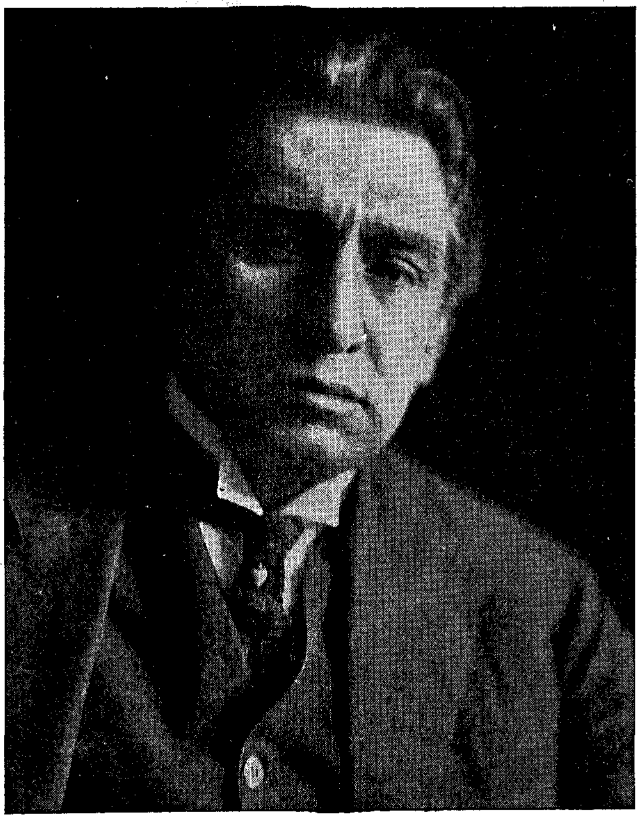
"In comparing the costs of a multiple-arch dam and a rock-fill structure the expense of transportation is a very important item. In the case of Gem Lake, the 8,537 cubic yards of concrete were placed by contract at $22 per cubic foot. This included the transportation, but not the steel reenforcement, paid for at the rate of $110 per ton, in place. It is calculated that a rock-fill dam would have had to be constructed for as low a figure as $2.15 per cubic yard in order to have put its cost upon an equal basis with that of the multiple-arch structure. This could hardly have been done at the location in question.

"The present instance is, however, an unfavorable one for the multiple-arch dam, because of the excessive transportation costs. Not only was it necessary to haul all freight as described to Agnew Lake, but after reaching this point the items for Gem Lake had still to pass across Agnew Lake by barge and over two tramways to their destination. Naturally where transportation is less difficult, and consequently less costly, the expense of construction may often be cut materially."

LETTERS - AND - ART

AMERICA ON THE METROPOLITAN OPERA STAGE

AMERICA WILL SING LOUDER at the Metropolitan opera next season than ever before. So the agitation that began at the close of last season is seen to bear fruit. On the distaff side of the house Mr. Gatti-Casazza's family shows plenty of concession to the demands for American singers. But on the other side the door has not been so widely opened. Among the men of this songless country there has been found but one of proper operatic timber for a newcomer, and the older members have reached almost a vanishing point in Riccardo Martin and Clarence Whitehall. A new American opera is promised in "Shanewis" ("The Robin Woman"), by the composer, Charles Wakefield Cadman, with a libretto by Nellie Richmond Eberhart. There is also on the *tapis* a ballet-pantomime descriptive of life in New Orleans, "The Dance of the Place Congo," with music by the American composer, Henry W. Gilbert. Besides these two novelties there is a Russian, a German, a French, and an Italian work among the newly promised. Indeed, the new program represents such variousness that the New York *Sun* is sure that the Metropolitan's master is confident that nothing in the nine years of his administration could begin to compare with the program that he has made for the next few months. The Boston *Transcript*, which, in this as in other canvassings of matters of the fine arts, remains one of the best New York papers, gives this survey of the New York opera situation:

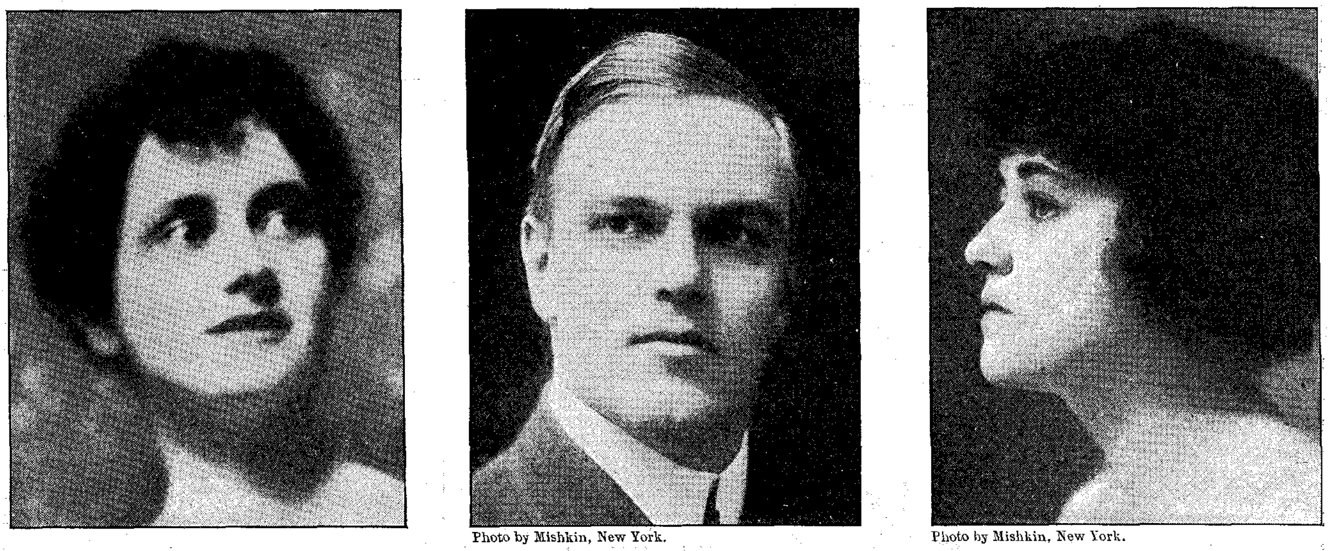


A CANDIDATE FOR METROPOLITAN HONORS.

Henry W. Gilbert, composer of a ballet-pantomime of New Orleans life that will be produced at the Opera this winter.

> "Neither the forces that Mr. Gatti has assembled for the autumn, winter, and spring at the Metropolitan Opera-House; nor the novel, revived, and standard pieces that he purposes to produce there; nor yet again a subscription approximating that of recent seasons and likely to exceed them suggests that the handicap of war sits heavy upon the resources or the public of his theater. From the listed singers of last winter, only Mmes. Homer and Gadski and Mr. Goritz have disappeared. Mme. Homer left the company of her own will, because she found unsatisfactory the new contract that Mr. Gatti proposed to her. Mme. Gadski's contract had similarly expired. It was not renewed partly from the director's desire to freshen the German contingent of the company and partly from irritations outside the theater provoked by the singer's partizanship, injudiciously exprest, for her own country in the present war. A like fate seems to have overtaken Mr. Goritz, of many years of service at the Metropolitan. Internal dissensions, likewise, cost the house Mr. Polacco among the conductors—a loss not easy to repair, especially in the older Italian operas that he handled with rare *finesse*, lightness, and sense of flowing yet pointed style.
>
> "Thus the company in the new season will enlist for familiar women-singers Mmes. Farrar, Hempel, Kurt, Barrientos, Alda, Garrison, Mason, Muzio, Braslau, Ober, and Matzenauer—for men-singers: Messrs. Caruso, Sembach, Urlus, Botta, Carpi, Martinelli, Amato, de Luca, Scotti, Weil, Whitehill, Braun, Didur, and Rothier; and for conductors and stage staff, Messrs. Bodanzky, Setti, and Siedle. The newcomers to the ranks of the singers are Mme. Florence Easton, who will succeed to many of Mme. Gadski's parts; Mme. Julia Claussen in the stead of Mme. Homer; Miss May Peterson, a light soprano; Mr. Hippolito Lazaro, a robust tenor in the full sense of the words; Mr. Thomas Chalmers, the barytone; Mr. José Mardones, the bass, and sundry young singers, for the most part American, for secondary and minor parts. Of the two new conductors, Mr. Moranzoni will take over the Italian operas formerly confided to Mr. Polacco; while the French will at last fall to a Parisian conductor, Mr. Monteux. Furthermore, Mr. Ordynski has been engaged as one of the stage managers of the house—in particular for the pending remounting of 'Faust' and 'Le Prophète.'
>
> "Of these newcomers, Mme. Easton, of English birth, Parisian training, and German practise, was highly reputed as a singing actress in Berlin, Hamburg, and Chicago, with a range of voice and of operatic characterization that make *Brünnhilde* and *Butterfly* alike possible for her. Mme. Claussen was an able singer of alto parts for several seasons in the Chicago Company. Miss Peterson, after a brief day at the Opéra-Comique, in Paris, passed creditably to the concert-room in America, whence she now returns to the opera-house. Mr. Lazaro, of Spanish birth and reputation, is a familiar voice of the records, if not yet of the stage, in America. For years Mr. Mardones's excellent voice and conscientious routine praised him at the Boston Opera-House; while for years, Mr. Chalmers has been making his way by the best of means as a singing actor. For the new conductors, Mr. Monteux proved his excellent abilities with the Russian Ballet last season, as he had with it many times in Paris; while Mr. Moranzoni first disclosed his talents and then steadily ripened them at the Boston Opera-House. Surely Mr. Rabinoff is not to be despised when his company contributes Messrs. Chalmers, Moranzoni, and had he been able to fulfil his plans, Mr. Lazaro, to the Metropolitan. Nor is the Chicago Company to be disdained when from it pass Mmes. Easton and Claussen. Betwixt and between newcomers and old 'stand-bys,' and the fixt and the intermittent members of the company, are Mme. Fremstad and Mr. McCormack. For a few performances, the public that resented her dismissal from the Metropolitan may see and hear in her present estate the singer and the actress whom absence and mischance have glamored for it, while the tenor's song will rejoice many an ear, tho his aspect in operatic dress and bearing amuses many an eye."

As Mr. Gatti has freshened the roster of the Metropolitan, so also he has freshened the repertory:



HELEN KANDERS.

Photo by Mishkin, New York.
THOMAS CHALMERS.

Photo by Mishkin, New York.
RUTH MILLER.

NEW AMERICAN SINGERS FOR THE METROPOLITAN OPERA.

"A few operas, often sung in recent seasons, like Mozart's 'Magic Flute,' Strauss's 'Der Rosenkavalier,' and Humperdinck's 'Hänsel und Gretel,' are to be put aside for a time, while Wagner's 'Tannhäuser,' Gluck's 'Orpheus,' and Montemezzi's 'L'Amore dei Tre Re,' are to be recalled to the footlights. Gounod's 'Faust,' long the stepchild of the Metropolitan, and Meyerbeer's 'Le Prophète,' with a showy part for Mr. Caruso, and the skating ballet skated on 'real' skates and 'real' ice, will be recast, restudied, remounted by Mr. Urban and Mr. Ordynski, and generally reanimated; while if time serves, Donizetti's 'Daughter of the Regiment' and Bellini's 'I Puritani' will be revived for the voices of Miss Hempel and Mme. Barrientos. Otherwise the 'standard repertory' remains the 'standard repertory'—with Mr. de Koven's 'Canterbury Pilgrims' and Zandonai's 'Francesca' of last season now set comfortably within it. The composers at least will applaud Mr. Gatti's confidence.

"With a Russian, a German, a French, an Italian, and two American items among the novel pieces, the director once more indicates his catholicity of view and choice. Probably, of these 'novelties,' Rimsky-Korsakov's singular opera, 'The Golden Cock,' will most pique the curiosity of the public. Calling Mr. Bolm to his aid, Mr. Gatti will produce the piece as the Russian Ballet produced it in London and Paris in the summer of 1914. To right and to left of the stage, on rising tiers of benches draped in neutral colors, will sit the singers as neutrally and uniformly clad. While they, motionless, sing the music of the old folk-tale that the opera traverses, dancers and mimes in the center of the stage will unfold the adventures of the silly old king, the wondrous bird of faerie, and the fair sultana it gave him for wife and took away—all against a background like the primitive picture-book of a Russian child. Light, too, is the fresh Parisian piece, 'Marouf, Soapmaker of Cairo,' a patchwork of episodes and personages from 'The Arabian Nights,' set to music by Henri Rabaud, of the more conservative French composers, and heard, seen, liked at the Opéra-Comique in the spring of 1914.

MAY PETERSON
as *Manon.*

FLORENCE EASTON
as *Madama Butterfly.*

THESE AMERICANS HAVE WON A METROPOLITAN STANDING.

"Since Mr. Caruso is pleased with his part in Mascagni's newest opera, 'Lodoletta,' with text drawn from Ouida's tale, 'Two Little Wooden Shoes,' and since the Argentine public much applauded him and it last summer, the piece will pass forthwith to the stage of the Metropolitan, tho it is doubtful whether Puccini's 'Le Rondini' ('The Swallows') will be heard there by reason of circumstances about which the prospectus of to-day is evasive. Perhaps they hark back to various Viennese rights to the opera. For the serious-minded with their music, Mr. Gatti promises Liszt's 'Legend of Saint Elizabeth,' barely known in American concert-rooms as an oratorio and yet unknown as the opera into which it was transformed at the fêtes in Budapest for the centenary of the birth of the composer. Finally, for the discharge of annual duty toward American composers, the Metropolitan will divide its resources and pains between Mr. Gilbert's ballet of old New Orleans, 'The Dance in Place Congo'—a brief but well-invented piece; and a short opera of Indian scene and personages, 'Shanewis,' to music by Mr. Charles Wakefield Cadman, a familiar name in experiment with the music of the aborigines and in the balladry of our minor concert-rooms."

The prospectus, that doubtless assumed the international question fully provided for, still is found to leave an opening for various writers to the press to protest against supporting such of our enemies as Frau Cosima Wagner through the payment of royalties. A letter to *The Tribune*, with initials that indicate William J. Guard, of the Metropolitan staff, disposes of this point:

> "No royalties are paid for the Wagner operas, as the copyrights have expired. Nor will the Metropolitan Opera Company pay any royalties during the coming season to Richard Strauss, as none of his works will be presented by the company. Surely there is no lack of recognition of American singers when the list of artists shows that nearly one-half of the names are those of Americans, whose merits will have due recognition from the management."

With the success of the short operatic season given this fall by the San Carlo Company comes a demand for cheaper prices for seats. The Metropolitan answers that it can not reduce its prices and pay its singers, tho it meets the popular demand in its Saturday night performances at popular prices.

Photo by Mishkin, New York.

CECIL ARDEN. MARIE CONDÉ. JULIA CLAUSSEN.

MORE NEW METROPOLITAN SONG-BIRDS FROM AMERICA.

THE WAR AND THE ENGLISH INTELLECTUALS

TO WELLS ALONE of England's literary leaders this war seems to belong; and even he may lose it if he isn't careful. Wells has owned the war in the peculiar sense that it hasn't forced him to divorce himself from his past as it has forced Chesterton, Galsworthy, Belloc, and, to some extent, Shaw. None of these latter writers was in harmony with British thought before the war, says Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe, of the Manchester *Guardian*, but, as he proves in *The Century* for October, the great conflict has whipt them all into line, and in the case at least of Galsworthy and Chesterton, almost unmade them beyond recognition. England at war, Mr. Ratcliffe points out, "has in the past always meant an educated public bitterly divided, with the intellectuals mostly in opposition. Even during the Napoleonic wars some of the greatest writers of the age were openly admiring of their country's arch-enemy." Mr. Ratcliffe leaves out the Cambridge group, headed by Bertrand Russell and Lowes Dickinson, who are non-resisters and pacifists, and declares that while Shaw and one or two not so well known here may have preserved "a remarkable balance of mind," nearly all the rest have "undergone a spiritual conversion." Take Galsworthy:

"He is a minority representative if ever there was one. He belongs as completely and inevitably to the few as Rudyard Kipling and Conan Doyle belong to the many. Such men as those are unimaginable in any other relation; they are incapable of intellectual or emotional isolation. Galsworthy, on the contrary, is detached in an extraordinary degree. . . . He is by nature a preacher, a reformer, an agitator. . . . In all England one could hardly find an eminent man of letters more completely endowed with the qualities that put a man among the dissidents. But the war, which leaves Rudyard Kipling and Henry Newbolt and Mrs. Humphry Ward exactly where they were before, has transformed John Galsworthy out of recognition. He lined himself up with the multitude of his countrymen; he can write expositions of the war-policy or exhortations to America which appear without incongruity in the popular prints. He performs, of course, his own particular piece of war-service with the inconspicuous devotion and responsibility of which the English writing-class has furnished many instances. But—and here is the odd contradiction—in his propagandist writing he reveals himself as a typical Englishman of the class to which in his novels and plays he has offered a merciless and persistent challenge."

The "rebel combination" of Belloc and Chesterton is even more curious. The former had not so much to reverse himself as to find opened to him "a unique professional opportunity" in fields where he had hitherto gone as an amateur. Knowing the theater of the war through having tramped over the region, and having been a student of warfare, medieval and modern, he has "supplied a bewildered world" in *Land and Water* (London) with "evidence of the inexhaustible Bellocian resources: a knowledge of strategy and tactics never confessedly at fault, a topographical acquaintance with all the fronts which no reader can withstand, and a hardihood in prophecy which, after the innumerable strainings and falsifications of three years, is as prolific and confident as in the first flush of that restraining optimism which bade us not to expect the entry of the Russian armies into Berlin before the Christmas of 1914! Verily, as Matthew Arnold delighted to affirm, 'Oxford is justified of all her children.'"

With Chesterton: on the accident of his younger brother's being called to the colors, this redoubtable free-lance was set in the editorial chair of *The New Witness* (London). There it is found that "the wit that was the most effective weapon wielded by any controversialist in England is blunted; the marvelous vitality and fecundity of thought and phrase which made him the most formidable of antagonists have in large measure disappeared." The explanation is said to be found in the fact that "the crash of Europe has carried him, unresisting, into the camp of the majority." We read:

"Long ago he was told that it was odd for a thoroughly typical Englishman, such as, by his own reiterated description, he was, to appear so singular in modern England. The simple truth is that to-day he has no choice. He is of his own people; he agrees with the multitude, and for a Chesterton there is no fun in that. The fight a man like Chesterton rejoices in is a fight with his own side. The British junker is his mortal enemy, but he can make little of him if he is compelled to join with the crowd in the attack upon Prussianism. His task in these days is to set in fresh lights the assumptions and arguments that are the present stock in trade of his old antagonists. He does it, but the price exacted is the sacrifice of the most joyous and brilliant free-lance of his generation."

If this is not "Gilbert Chesterton's war, still less is it Bernard Shaw's," for it "has brought to him a large measure of eclipse":

"One can not call him a pacifist, and only an imbecile would suspect him of being pro-German. He looks toward an ordered world from which, apparently, force is not to be eliminated. He believes in large aggregates, governmental and economic. He would rejoice over the painless extinction of every nationality, and the disappearance of every small state in Europe. In August, 1914, he affirmed that the war was the nemesis of foreign-office procedure, and England must go into it as the only reparation she could make to Europe. Three months later he published his considered judgment in 'Common Sense about the War,' a pamphlet which, whatever its perversity, insensitiveness, and inaccuracy, is sure of a place among the few pieces of polemical writing produced during these years that will live. It was far less widely read in England than in America. To the generality of the educated public its temper and method were detestable, and many of Shaw's old friends, who would have had no feeling against the same case differently presented, were pained by it beyond expression."

Shaw's day will recur, prophesies this writer, but just now, "amid the illusions of war-time there is little room for that piercing intelligence or for that merciless statement of fact which men and women agree to call paradox or cynicism." Finally:

"No commiseration of any kind is needed for H. G. Wells. This is his war, if anybody's. For years he had been enjoying its prospective terror and mechanical surprizes, always, no doubt, with the proviso that a war maintained by the chemists and mechanicians must be mercifully brief, issuing immediately in the new social order. The magazine reader, at all events, had learned to shape the future, and has watched the processes of the war with eyes trained to the Wellsian formula.

"To most literary people, as to all men of ordinary affairs, the war brought into being a new and bewildering world. To Mr. Wells, first of all, it brought a miraculous fulfilment of his own dreams. While everybody else had to make an entirely fresh start, he had merely to carry into actuality the lines laid down through years of fantastic invention."

DISLOYAL AUTHORS

AUTHORS PLAYED a prominent part in public discussion at the outset of the war; now one has gone to jail for six months in England, not for his views but for his acts. Mr. E. D. Morel, chairman of the Union for Democratic Control, and a sort of firebrand that Mr. Cecil Chesterton, before he was called to the colors, tried hard to quench, pleaded guilty to an effort to smuggle his pamphlets into neutral countries. One of the pamphlets contained these sentiments:

"What chiefly blocks the way to peace? The honest belief of our people that the enemy is solely responsible. . . . This belief justified in their eyes the support of the policy of the knock-out blow and penal tariffs after the war. If the people can understand it is a mistake they will no longer support this policy."

Mr. Morel acknowledged his guilt after having been so advised by his counsel, Mr. Comyns-Carr. The latter set before the court what he hoped to be an extenuating version of the offense involving a lady novelist, closely connected with the Balfour family, and a French writer, who has, during the war, been more neutral than the neutral nations. As the London *Times* presents the lawyer's plea:

"In the first place, he would point out that his client, under these regulations, had not the choice which a defendant generally had under the ordinary law of being tried by a jury. Referring to the letters on which the prosecution relied, counsel said it was clear from Miss Sidgwick's letter of August 17 (the one intercepted in the post and photographed) that there had been something in a previous letter from Miss Sidgwick relating to some communication with Mr. Romain Rolland, the distinguished French author, who appeared at the time to have been residing in Switzerland, altho the defendant was not aware of it. As he had said, Mr. Rolland was a very distinguished writer; Miss Sidgwick herself was a novelist who had attained considerable success; and the defendant, Mr. Morel, had had an eminent literary career, apart altogether from the political activities in which he had been engaged.

"On August 13 the defendant wrote to Miss Sidgwick: 'What you tell me about Romain Rolland interests me so much. He is a noble soul. Do you know which book he refers to— "Ten Years, &c.," or "The Truth of the War"? I sent him both. I wonder whether he ever got them.' It might be gathered from that letter that some previous communication contained a compliment forwarded by Miss Sidgwick from Mr. Rolland on the merits of some previous writings of Mr. Morel, and he (counsel) was instructed by the defendant to say that the principal object he had in his mind in expressing a desire to Miss Sidgwick that his pamphlets should be conveyed to Mr. Rolland was simply to acknowledge in that way, as authors often did, the compliment which had been paid to him by a writer whom he regarded as more distinguished than himself."

OUR WAR-SONGS AND CATCHWORDS

A SYMPATHETIC ENGLISH OBSERVER represents us as "struggling almost feverishly to produce phrases about the war." He gages us as feeling quite "out of the running" while we have no catchwords, and this is seen to hurt our national pride. "There is no country so well aware of its special gifts in speedy and pungent characterization," he says, admitting that our slang has "an epigrammatic touch." The fate we are found to dread is "to be left behind by those countries who, whatever their qualities, are not to be compared" with ours "in swiftness, in condensation, and description." In *The Daily Chronicle* (London) he reviews our efforts up to now, with "officialdom as well as the public and the newspapers all working hard." Thus:

"The most prominent recruiting appeal, pasted in huge letters on the hoardings, is as follows:

It's not the man who cheers,
But he who volunteers,
To whom all honor is due,
Get in line; get a gun.

"The newspapers are torturing themselves as to the pet name for the American soldiers. They want something approximating to the British 'Tommy.' Many suggestions have been made. One is that they should be called 'Teddies,' a reminiscent title which keeps in mind the services and ambitions of Colonel Roosevelt. Recently this has been supplanted by the name 'Sammies,' derived, of course, from the national figure, 'Uncle Sam.' Neither has made a hit, tho some of the papers are persevering with the latter. There was a little shock the other day when it was cabled that 'Sammy' in rural districts of England meant silly, stupid, even something pertaining to the village idiot. Strong-minded journals thrust the suggestion aside, however, and persisted with 'Sammies.' One ingenious correspondent has put forward the joint nickname 'Sammy-Ted,' but scorn has been poured on him.

"Not less strenuous than the search for names and phrases has been that for a popular song which shall equal our 'Tipperary' or 'Keep the Home Fires Burning.' Here, too, there has been no absolute success hitherto. Experiments are still going on in the theaters and music-halls. Perhaps the most popular to the present is 'Good-by, Broadway; Hello, France.' Recruiting automobile-vans with a dozen or more soldiers pull up at crowded centers like Times Square or Madison Square, and the lads in khaki roar out the chorus through megaphones to the people who gather round. The words run thus:

Good-by, Broadway; hello, France;
  We're ten million strong.
Good-by, sweethearts, wives, and mothers;
  It won't take us long.
Don't you worry while we're there;
  It's for you we're fighting, too,
So good-by, Broadway; hello, France,
We're going to square our debt to you.

"It goes with a swing and dash, and sounds a good deal better than it reads. Another one the recruiters sing is 'Where do we go from here?' The chorus is as follows:

Where do we go from here, boys,
Where do we go from here?
Anywhere from Harlem to a Jersey City pier.
When Pat would spy a pretty girl he'd whisper in her ear,
Oh, joy, oh, boy, where do we go from here?

"The peculiar excellence of this as a war-ditty, it will be observed, is, like that of 'Tipperary,' its complete irrelevance.

"What is entitled the 'official recruiting-song' has the following lines:

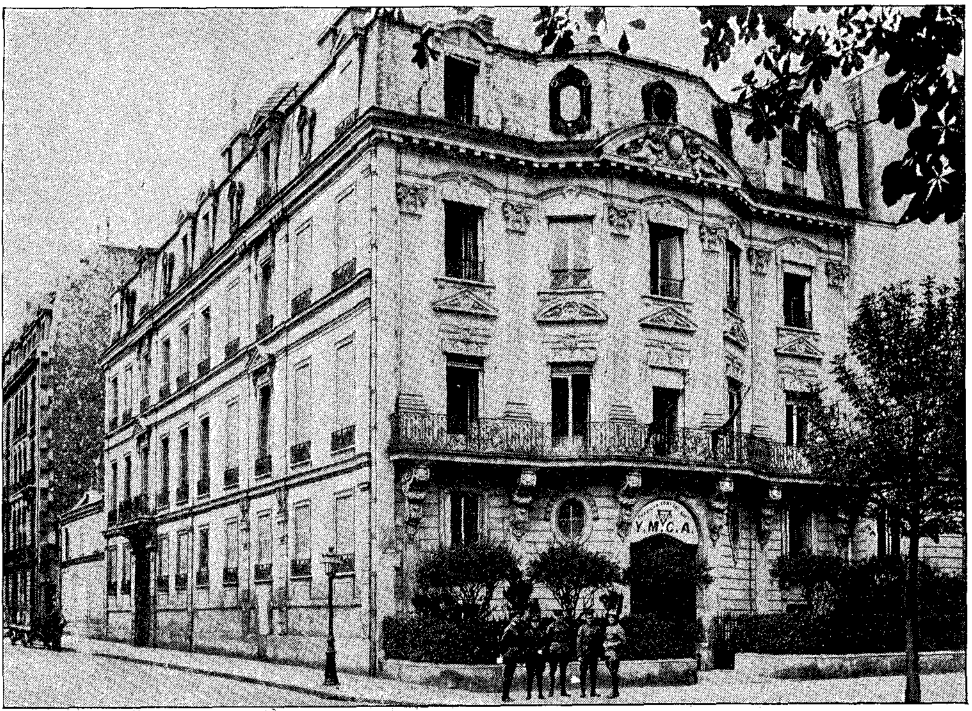
It's your country, it's my country;
With millions of real fighting men.
It's your duty and my duty
To speak with the sword, not the pen.
If Washington were living to-day,
With sword in hand he'd stand up and say:
'For your country, and my country,
I'll do it all over again.'

"It may not be very good poetry, but the sentiment is beyond dispute."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

THE Y. M. C. A. FOLLOWING THE FLAG

THIRTY-FIVE MILLIONS will be needed and asked for at once to support the war-work of the Y. M. C. A. up to July 1, 1918. This will cover the efforts of the Association in the camps and cantonments of this country as well as on the various fronts of Europe. The decision to raise this fund was reached by the National War-Council, held at the Bankers' Club on September 22d. So widely does the service extend that out of this fund will come support for the American workers with the armies in British East Africa, Egypt, Palestine, and Mesopotamia, and also, says the New York *Times*, for the Association secretaries who are serving in prison-camps in the Allied countries all the way from England to Turkestan. Never before, it is asserted, has the Y. M. C. A. engaged in such an extensive undertaking:



WHERE THE Y. M. C. A. IS HOUSED IN PARIS.

An old mansion once owned by Napoleon III. now the spiritual center of our troops in France.

"The proposed scope of war-work will place the Association in the position of administering not only to the troops of the United States, but also to millions of European soldiers of other lands. Not only has the Association received an enthusiastic invitation from the French military leaders to carry its activity to their front, but General Pershing also sent the council a statement by cable declaring that the greatest service America could render France at this time was to extend the work of the Association to the whole French Army. Similar messages were received from the Russian and Italian fronts. Maj.-Gen. Hugh L. Scott, member of the Root Commission in Russia, and Francis B. Sayre, son-in-law of President Wilson, who recently headed a commission of American and British Association workers in Italy, vigorously supported the recommendations for Y. M. C. A. work along both of these fronts."

By July of next year the Association will be employing the services of 4,234 men in addition to the 2,000 already engaged. Some of the commodities dealt in by the organization may be inferred by a report of the Material Bureau, which asserts that—

"More than four hundred equipments were purchased, each consisting of ninety separate items, comprising pianos, motion-picture outfits, phonographs, paste, pickaxes, post-cards, pens, pencils, paper, testaments, pyrenes, pails, etc. Warehouses have been established at six points. Shipment overseas has already been accomplished of goods valued at $175,000, and others are being arranged for."

The story of the work going on at home among the soldiers enumerates that—

"The Eastern Military Department has the Red Triangle work, serving over 200,000 at 118 military centers. More than eighty buildings have been erected to serve men in all branches of the service. About 40,000 men with the Atlantic Fleet are also being served.

"In the Northeastern Department at forty-four points the Y. M. C. A. work has been organized. The Southeastern Department is serving 400,000 men at thirty-six centers, but buildings are still overcrowded. Thousands are enrolled in educational groups and thousands more in religious meetings. The Central Department's 115 Y. M. C. A. war-work organizations are maintaining their program to hundreds of thousands of soldiers.

"In the Southern Department, in seventy-five Y. M. C. A. buildings, enlisted men are being served in a territory stretching over six States. Special emphasis is being placed on activities for the eight aviation camps. The Western Department reported Y. M. C. A. war-work at thirty-five centers, with new opportunities for service crowding at scores of places."

Tangible evidence of Y. M. C. A. work with Pershing's men may be seen in Paris, where a large headquarters has been opened in an old mansion once owned by Napoleon III., on the Avenue Montaigne. The organization is directed by a trained American Y. M. C. A. secretary, Mr. D. A. Davis, and was in working order to greet the first arrivals of the expeditionary force. Of the Paris headquarters the Boston *Transcript* prints this:

"Late in June a handsome private mansion at 31 Avenue Montaigne, just off the central point of the Avenue des Champs-Élysées, was leased for the duration of the war and a period of three months after its conclusion. It was immediately converted into an administrative headquarters of the Association and a clubhouse for Americans engaged in war-work of all kinds, including Americans with the British and Canadian forces, of whom there are approximately 40,000. Reading- and writing-rooms were opened, pool- and billiard-tables installed, and shower-baths provided. French classes have been started for officers and men and a large number have enrolled. Tennis-courts have been made available to men in the service, and early in July a baseball league was formed among the ambulance, aviation, and other units in the city.

"Arrangements have been made to provide sleeping quarters for three hundred men for the benefit of those who may come to the city on leave or are quartered here, preparatory to joining their units. . . . . . .

"The Paris headquarters were occupied until recently by Napoleon Magne, whose grandfather, Pierre Magne, France's celebrated Minister of Finance, received the mansion as a gift from Emperor Napoleon III. The house is furnished in the style of the second empire, the decorations and chimney-pieces being authentic. In the antechamber is a fine marble bust of Napoleon III., the gift of the Emperor to Pierre Magne.

"The officers of the Paris association are: President, James R. Barbour; vice-president, Dr. Edmund Gros; secretary, D. A. Davis, and treasurer, J. Ridgely Carter. Lewis A. Crossett is a special representative of the war-work council of the American Y. M. C. A., to supervise the financial work of the Association. . . . . . .

"Under a comprehensive plan outlined by the directors of the local branch, working in conjunction with military authorities, Association officials will follow the troops wherever they go: into the training-camps in America, on the largest troop-ships crossing the ocean, at ports of debarkation, into the French training-camps and advance bases, and even into the dugouts near the front trenches. Later, if the demand warrants, the Association plans to open attractive clubs for officers in the naval and military service. These will be located at ports of debarkation, advance bases, and in the urban centers where officers are likely to congregate. They will be operated independently of those provided for the men."

WHERE THE CHURCHES STAND

PACIFISTS, SLACKERS, AND PRO-GERMANS are not getting much comfort from the churches of the United States, Catholic or Protestant, says the St. Louis *Globe Democrat*, at the same time making a survey of some of the notable signs of the Church's whole-hearted self-committal to the job of fighting tyranny. The Mennonites and Quakers, while noted as preserving their traditional attitude of non-resistance, yet show their sympathy by "declining to accept converts who did not see the light until the Conscription Bill passed." In a general statement it is declared that "practically all churches that have denominational spokesmen, or that have had meetings of representatives since the war began, have upheld the righteousness of the war and given cordial pledges of loyalty." One of the most notable of these denominational acts is mentioned first:

"The action of the Board of Education of the Presbyterian Church in requesting all ministerial candidates to waive exemption from military service offered them by law as 'future ministers of the gospel' is characteristic. As the Board adds, the stand 'represents the spirit of loyalty on the part of the Presbyterian Church.' That Church has the proud preeminence of having been the first formally to congratulate George Washington as Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the united colonies in the Revolution and pledge its allegiance to the cause. It required an oath from its members to support the Union in the Civil War. It could not live up to its patriotic traditions if it lacked in zeal for the nation's cause in the present conflict.

"There are a few individual members of the larger churches who profess conscientious objections to all war. A St. Louis Methodist sought exemption on that score, but he could not commit his Church to such a policy. One of the favorite quotations of Methodists is the declaration of Abraham Lincoln that the denomination had sent more soldiers to the field, more nurses to the hospitals, and more prayers to Almighty God for the success of the Union cause than any other religious society. The Methodist Episcopal Church, with its usual promptness in statistics, announces that it already has 150,000 members wearing the uniform, and it is raising a fund of $250,000 for special religious work among them. The church papers feature stories of the number of clergymen's sons that have enlisted. Dr. E. C. Smith, one of the St. Louis Methodist pastors, has three sons who have answered the call. Americans have no doubt as to which is the Christian side of this war."

GERMANY'S SINS INDICTED BY A GERMAN

THE RESPONSIBILITY for the slaughter of Armenia is placed by a German writer squarely on the shoulders of a "criminal gang of Young Turks," abetted by the German authorities. This writer, like the author of "J'Accuse," is sickened by the deeds of his country's Government. The charge is made by Dr. Harry Stürmer, a former war-correspondent and officer in the German Army. Extracts from his book, "Two War-Years in Constantinople," published recently in Bern, are printed in the New York *Evening Post*, which observes by way of explanation: "It was the certain evidence of the German Government's responsibility for these Armenian atrocities which led Dr. Stürmer eventually to turn against Germany and to write the truth about what he knew and had seen while in Constantinople." It is the Turkish Government again, and not the Turkish people, which is charged with carrying out the atrocities. Eighty per cent. of the common people are, by some, acquitted of holding any sympathy with these acts, and many of the Armenians still living, orphans principally, exist on Turkish charity. Dr. Stürmer writes:

TEA FOR OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS IN THE PARIS Y. M. C. A.

If they can stand the price, which the bills seen hanging show a cost somewhat above home tariffs. Ice cream, for example, $1.00.

"The Turkish Government . . . had condemned the whole Armenian people, not only that part which lived in Armenia, but also that part inhabiting the 'Diaspora,' in Anatolia and in the capital. That meant several hundred thousand more. But the pretext used in the six Armenian *vilayets*, 'evacuation of the war-zone,' would not serve for a population living hundreds of kilometers from the front. Therefore, other means were used. A general conspiracy was discovered among the Armenians throughout the Empire. The Government could accomplish its ends only by such a cynical falsehood, and so attain to the extermination of the entire Armenian race.

"Carefully deceiving the general public of the whole world, the Turkish Government invented, in fact, ordered, local plots to be invented, and forged proof to be supplied, so that it might quietly go on with its program of extermination covering a number of months. A series of official articles was published in the newspapers of the Young Turk Committee's control stating that all Armenians were dangerous conspirators, who had intended with arms and bombs, and with English and Russian gold in their pockets, to massacre all the Turks on the day the English Fleet forced the Dardanelles; their avowed object was to shake off the Ottoman yoke.

"I wish particularly to state in this connection that I know all the arguments that the Turkish Government could bring to bear against the Armenians; enough was written on this subject by official and unofficial publications, such, for instance, as the transactions of the Society of *Turkenkenner*. I have investigated all the material available, even at the very beginning of my stay in Turkey, when I was still a Turcophil. . . . Not till much later were my sympathies aroused through personal acquaintanceship with and appreciation for the race's high intellectual qualities.

"Here I can only give my judgment of all this argument pro and con, according to my best knowledge and conscience; my conclusion is that, aside from the first act of murder *en masse* in Armenia proper, the deportation, with intention to exterminate additional hundreds of thousands of Armenians in the capital and the interior, constitutes the basest, most cynical, most deceitful, most criminal deed of race fanaticism to be found in the history of man; a deed due to the consciousness, on the part of its perpetrators, that they were inferior in industry and culture to this non-Turkish element, due to a desire to equalize the inequality by brute force. . . . It was a deed perpetrated with the cowardly consent of the German Government, in full possession of all the facts."

Dr. Stürmer gives an inside picture of the manner, with the key to the method, employed in ridding Turkey of its most thrifty people:

"I myself, with my own eyes, have often seen the first link forged in that terrible chain of crime. I had hardly returned from my first Dardanelles trip when the persecutions in Constantinople and Anatolia broke loose simultaneously. They furnished the most striking street scenes of the war, continuing, with short interruptions, until shortly before I left. In Anatolia, in Brusa, and Adabazar are well-cultivated Armenian farms, which must have been a thorn in the flesh of a Government bearing the inscription of 'forcible nationalization' on its banners. Here the household goods of respectable families were thrown out on the streets and sold for a song, because the poor creatures had often not even an hour in which to settle up their affairs before the waiting policeman took them away. Here the house-furnishings, which could not be sold on account of a hasty departure, fell, without any payment, to savage *Mohadjirs* (Mohammedan immigrants). These *Mohadjirs* frequently broke out into open violence. They had been armed to the teeth by the 'Committee' (of Union and Progress). These disturbances were then attributed to 'Armenian plots.' Those were the days when mothers in the depths of despair drowned their children because they couldn't bear to see the poor little things perish on that dreary march into the interior.

"How often have I not had to look at that typical picture of a little troop of Armenians marching through the capital, escorted by two policemen, savage and dull of countenance, clothed in ragged, dark-gray uniforms. Behind this group walked a policeman who could read and write, with a notebook in his hand. Now and then he would beckon to some one among the bystanders and coolly include him in the procession in case the newcomer's papers showed him to be an Armenian. Then he would go forward to deliver his daily cargo of Armenians at the *Caracol* in Galata Serai, the principal police-station of Pera (the European quarter).

"The way in which the arrests and deportations were made definitely gives the lie to the Government's attempted justification through indignant allegation of a great conspiracy. On the contrary, the deportations of Armenians, conducted in the most cold-blooded manner, covered a period of many months, almost a year and a half. The deportations only began to slow down at the time the Armenian Patriarch was banished, in the summer of 1916, an act which gave a death-blow to the race's cultural existence; when, later, in December, 1916, all the men who had secured military exemption through payment of an exemption tax—and most of the Armenians prominent in commerce were of this number—nevertheless found themselves called to the colors, then, finally, the end of the persecution was in sight. What is to be said about this 'justifiable, spontaneous indignation' which, for instance, deported one of two brothers, Armenian laborers, this week and the other two weeks later? And what of the system that settled the quota of deportable Armenians to be furnished by each quarter of the city daily at a certain figure, at two hundred, a thousand, as the case may be? I was assured that this was the way things were arranged by Turks in close touch with the police officials who knew how the machinery of deportation worked.

"In general, the observation was made that the number of daily deportations increased whenever the Turks were wrought up by a new defeat at the hands of the Russians; on the other hand, when the fall of Erzerum, of Trebizond, and Erzingan gave the Government serious food for thought and the country's rulers began to reflect that the hand of a retributory Nemesis might be coming down on them, then the deportations fell off noticeably.

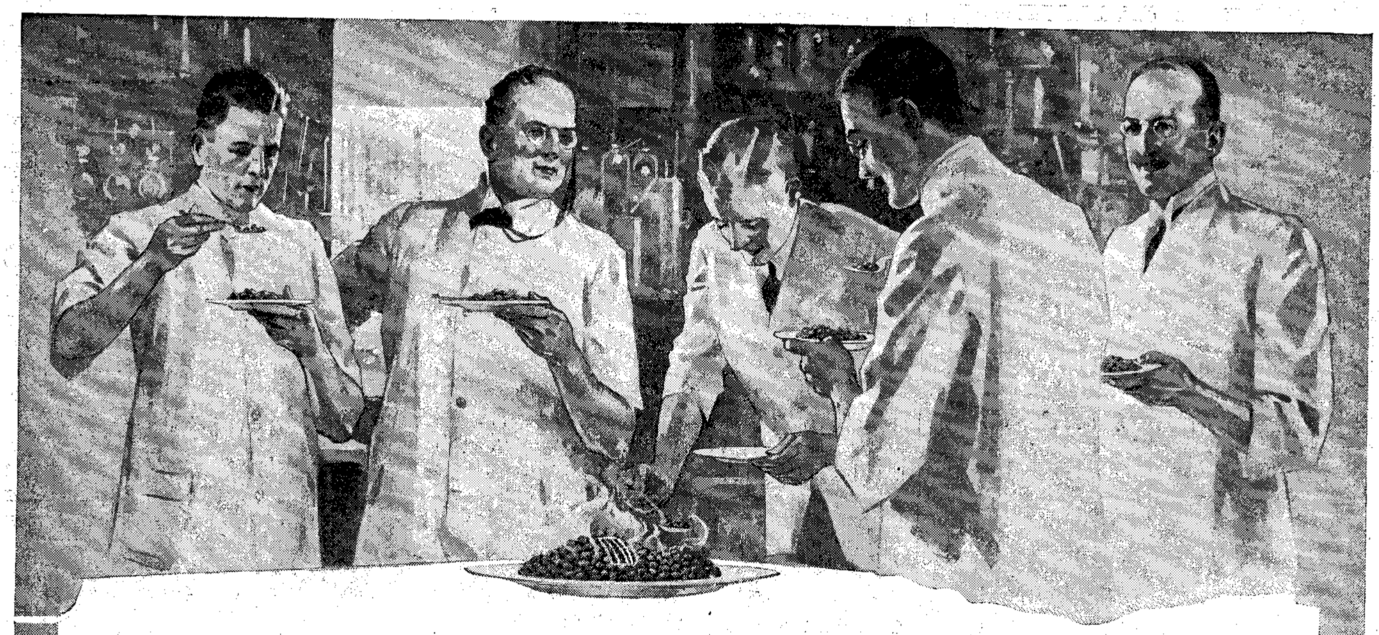
"And now for the method of transportation. Every day, toward evening, the unhappy creatures were gathered at the police-stations, and then the trolley company would furnish several cars, into which the women and children were crowded. The men and boys had to walk down to Galata, carrying a few blankets and the most indispensable of their belongings packed in bundles. This procession was made up not only of poor people. It was recruited from all classes, from trades-people and hucksters to the best families. This thing might happen to any Armenian at any hour; I personally know of cases where men of good education, belonging to long-established and prominent families, engineers, doctors, and lawyers, were taken in this unspeakable manner at twilight out of Pera, and had to lie throughout a freezing night on the platform of the station at Haidar-Pasha, and then were sent by the Anatolian Railroad to the interior. Naturally they had to pay for their own railroad tickets. Once in the interior they perished of typhus, or, in exceptional cases, after having survived this terrible disease, broken in body and spirit, were allowed to return after endless representations to the Government that they were 'harmless.'"

Always, it is said, in deportation, the women were separated from the men. A special case of a disrupted family will be found in the personal narrative of an Armenian lad now in this country printed in the department of "Personal Glimpses." Dr. Stürmer proceeds:

"By destruction of all family ties, it was calculated that the kernel of the race's strength would be destroyed. In this way disappeared a large part of the race. . . . . . .

"While Anatolia was thus emptied of all those elements which hitherto had signified progress, while brutal *Mohadjirs*—hordes of vagabond Mohammedan immigrants—seized this prey of deserted villages and cities and blooming acres, the stream of unfortunates, on their way to a distant goal, gradually melted away, leaving behind the corpses of women and children, of old men and boys, as memorials. The few who managed to reach the place of 'settlement,' that is to say, the concentration-camp infested with fever, surrounded by hostile Bedouins and Kurds, camps offering only starvation as an inducement to settlement, these few faced a slow but much more frightful death.

"Sometimes matters did not move quickly enough for the Government; in the fall of 1916 occurred a well-authenticated case—authenticated by German officials of the Bagdad Railway—when several thousand Armenians, sent to this stretch of railroad as laborers, simply disappeared without leaving a trace behind ['*spurlos verschwunden*' are the words the author uses, similar to those of Count Luxburg]. It is to be assumed that they were simply taken into the desert and massacred. Official book is being kept of the sins of Talaat's Government—in spite of the censorship, and the watch kept on the border. This book is being kept by the American Embassy as well as in the neutral and Entente countries. And when peace negotiations begin this criminal gang of Young Turks will be relentlessly charged with the balance against them in court where all the civilized nations will sit as judges."



The Modern Method—Scientific Cookery

Formula No. 856

The Sauce Which We Bake With Van Camp's

HERE is one example of the new-day scientific cookery, as applied in the Van Camp kitchens.

Compare it with the best you know in chef-baked Pork and Beans. See what can be done under expert methods, by men who are college trained.

No Guesswork

The beans are grown on special soils, which are very rare. The beans are analyzed before we start to cook. We know exactly what we have to deal with.

They are boiled in water freed from minerals, because ordinary water makes beans harder to digest. They are baked in steam ovens, because hours of fierce heat can thus be applied without crisping.

As a result, this difficult food is made easy to digest. The beans are made mealy—the food cells are broken. Yet the beans remain whole and inviting, without a fibre crisped.

The ablest chefs in the finest hotels would find such a dish impossible.

That Famous Sauce

The sauce in Van Camp's is the marvel of millions. The formula for it is the final result of 856 tests. That is, our experts made 856 blends to attain this zest and flavor.

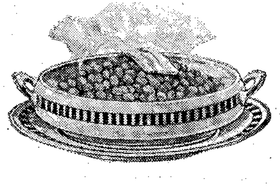
Now it never varies. That perfect formula, in every minute detail, is forever followed.

The sauce is baked with the beans, so it permeates every atom.

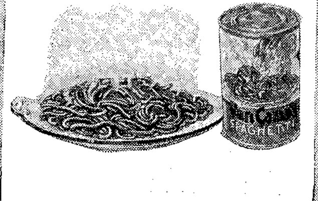
Compare Van Camp's with the best other beans you know. Note how they differ in texture and in flavor. Then you will know what scientific cookery means to you and yours.

Order a test meal now.

VAN CAMP'S
PORK & BEANS BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE
Also Baked Without the Sauce
THREE SIZES
Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis

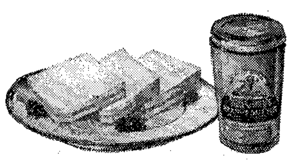


Van Camp's
Pork and Beans
It will change your whole conception of this ever-welcome dish.

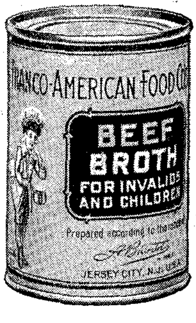


Van Camp's
Spaghetti
Italian style — but our experts spent three years perfecting that Italian style.

Van Camp's
Soups
18 kinds—each the result of countless blends. No chef-made soup was ever half so good.



Van Camp's
Peanut Butter
A perfect blend of Spanish and Virginia peanuts, with every touch of bitterness removed.


FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD CO.
BEEF BROTH FOR INVALIDS AND CHILDREN
JERSEY CITY, N.J.

First "aides" to the physician

Spurring the digestive glands

The strong meat extractives in Franco-American Broths excite appetite and stimulate the secretion of the digestive fluids. This service is valuable not only to invalids but also to normal children—appreciated equally by doctor, nurse, and mother.

Franco-American Broths

(*Sterilized*)

for Invalids and Children

The exclusive high quality and purity of these broths are due to the patient search we make for the finest, richest meats and the sanitary, scientific care in their preparation, cooking, clarification, and sealing. These broths are absolutely safe because they are sealed in air-tight cans, secure from all outside contact until used. Their convenience also appeals strongly to the medical profession and to mothers. They are eagerly relished by those who take them.

Beef Chicken Mutton

May be taken hot or cold
Require no preparation
Sold by leading grocers

15 cents the can

HEALTH IN PURE SOUP

Makers of
FRANCO-AMERICAN SOUPS

CURRENT POETRY

One of the most beloved of all poems inspired by the Great War (if we may judge by the number of times it has been quoted) is Miss Winifred M. Letts's beautiful lament, "The Spires of Oxford." Since it has already appeared in these columns, we will not now quote it from the volume (published by E. P. Dutton) to which it gives a name. We reprint only one of Miss Letts's war-poems—this genuinely realistic hospital study. In a few stanzas she obtains an effect of moving actuality which many poets have vainly sought in pages of laborious description.

SCREENS

(*In a Hospital*)

By W. M. Letts

They put the screens around his bed;
A crumpled heap I saw him lie,
White counterpane and rough dark head,
Those screens—they showed that he would die

They put the screens about his bed;
We might not play the gramophone,
And so we played at cards instead
And left him dying there alone.

The covers on the screen are red,
The counterpanes are white and clean;
He might have lived and loved and wed,
But now he's done for at nineteen.

An ounce or more of Turkish lead,
He got his wound at Suvla Bay;
They've brought the Union Jack to spread
Upon him when he goes away.

He'll want those three red screens no more,
Another man will get his bed;
We'll make the row we did before
But—Jove!—I'm sorry that he's dead.

There are many noble war-poems in Miss Letts's book, but the part of it which impresses us most is that containing poems personal in theme. Poets—like ordinary mortals—are more interested in individuals than in nations, and the world's immortal poems express a love that is not love of country. Miss Letts's chief claim—and a strong claim it is—upon the affections of those who care greatly for poetry is the group of poems called "*Ad Mortuum*." Therein we find high passion and poignant sorrow put into simple and lovely lines that are irresistibly appealing. We quote four poems of the sequence, knowing that most readers of them will make haste to read the rest.

DEAD

By W. M. Letts

In misty cerements they wrapt the word
My heart had feared so long: "dead . . . dead"
. . . I heard,
But marveled they could think the thing was true
Because death can not be for such as you.
So while they spoke kind words to suit my need
Of foolish idle things my heart took heed,
Your racket and a worn-out tennis-shoe,
Your pipe upon the mantel—then a bird

Upon the wind-tossed larch began to sing,
And I remembered how one day in Spring
You found the wren's nest in the wall and said,
"Hush! . . . listen! I can hear them quarreling . . . "
The tennis-court is marked, the wrens are fled,
But you are dead, belovèd, you are dead.

YOUR NAME

By W. M. Letts

When I can dare at last to speak your name
It shall not be with hushed and reverent speech
As if your spirit were beyond the reach
Of homely merry things, kind jest, or game.
Death shall not hide you in some jeweled shrine
Nor set you in marmoreal pomp apart,
You who still share the ingle of my heart
Participant in every thought of mine.

Your name, when I can dare to speak it, dear,
Shall still be linked with laughter and with joy.
No solemn panegyrist shall destroy
My image of you, gay, familiar,
As in old happy days, lest I discover
Too late I've won a saint and lost a lover.

HEART'S DESIRE

By W. M. Letts

My heart's desire was like a garden seen
On sudden through the opening of a door
In the gray streets of life, unguessed before
But now how magic in sun-smitten green:
Wide cedar-shaded lawns, the glow and sheen
Of borders decked with all a gardener's lore,
Long shaven hedges of old yew, hung o'er
With gossamer, wide paths to please a queen,

Whose happy silken skirts would brush the dew
From peonies and lupines white and blue.
Enchanted, there I lingered for a space,
Forgetful of the street, of tasks to do,
But when I would have entered that sweet place
The wind rose and the door slammed in my face.

IF LOVE OF MINE

By W. M. Letts

If love of mine could witch you back to earth
It would be when the bat is on the wing,
The lawn dew-drenched, the first stars glimmering,
The moon a golden slip of seven nights' birth.
If prayer of mine could bring you it would be
To this wraith-flowered jasmine-scented place
Where shadowy trees their branches interlace;
Fantoms we'd tread a land of fantasy.
If love could hold you I would bid you wait
Till the pearl sky is indigo and till
The Plow show silver lamps beyond the hill
And Aldebaran burns above the gate.
If love of mine could lure you back to me
From the rose gardens of eternity.

From a recent issue of the London *Spectator* we take a good-humored and colorful poem which reminds us, in its attractive sketching of life in rural England before the Great War, of Rupert Brooke's "Grantchester." We admire, but regret the modesty which causes this poet to conceal his identity.

AN AIRMAN'S DREAM

By "Miles"

When I am tired through and through,
And all the things I have to do
Seem little, senseless, brutal things,
My mind escapes on happier wings
To an old house, that is mine own,
Lichen-kissed and overgrown;
With gables here and gables there
And tapered chimneys anywhere;
With millstone hearths for burning logs
And kettles singing from the dogs;
With rough-hewn beams of darkened oak,
Fragrant with a taint of smoke;
With unexpected steps and nooks
And cases full of leather books—
Soft water-colors that I love;
And in the bedrooms, up above,

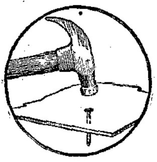
Doomed!
The Old Style Inflammable Roof Must Go

AMERICA'S annual fire loss, due to the use of inflammable roofing materials, is appalling. Not single fires but conflagrations make the total so vast. A small fire starts, and would be soon under control, but sparks are carried to adjacent roofs—innumerable fires start—and soon there is a conflagration beyond all control.

Sooner or later, as is apparent to every thoughtful person, these inflammable fire-trap roofs *must go*. In fact they are already going. Other roofing materials, in spite of their obvious defects, are fast coming into general use, largely because they eliminate or reduce the fire menace.

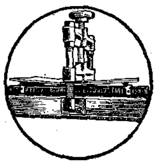
But, with the coming of Lastbestos Roof Tiles we have a material that *fulfills all requirements*. A Lastbestos Roof is built *once for all*. It never burns. Frost cannot crack it. It cannot rust nor decay. It never needs painting. Of course, it cannot leak. For Lastbestos Roof Tiles are compounded of two of nature's most permanent substances, asbestos and cement, united under tons of pressure into a perfect union.

Won't Crack Nor Split



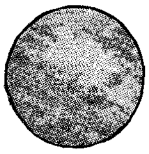
Because of the extreme toughness and non-brittle characteristics of Lastbestos you can drive nails through it without the sign of a crack or a split. The nail goes through clean and firm, the cohesive character of the material causing it to cling tightly in place.

Elasticity



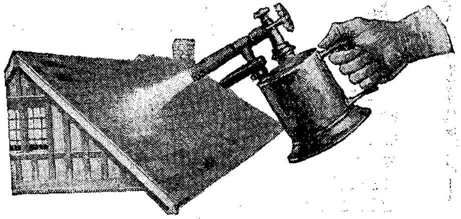
While Lastbestos is absolutely firm and unusually strong, it has sufficient elasticity to permit bending under pressure, and in this respect it might be compared to an exceptionally hard slab of rubber. This characteristic is most important in the winter time, when moisture is likely to collect underneath and freeze. The expansion caused by freezing has no ill effect on Lastbestos, since its resilience causes it to go back in place.

Solidity



This small photographic section of Lastbestos (magnified 80 times) shows the perfectly homogeneous and cohesive character of the material after being welded together by tons of pressure by our special machinery. This density and absolute solidity is positive insurance against scaling, checking, peeling, or general disintegration.

Lastbestos, being light in weight, effects a considerable economy in the roof framing. Its heat conductivity being low, it keeps a house warm in winter and cool in summer. In short, Lastbestos Roof Tiles have all the qualities demanded for the ideal roofing.



The Blow Torch Test

This is the test which definitely and scientifically determines whether a roofing is absolutely fireproof.

Lastbestos Roof Tiles are guaranteed to stand this test. You can place them in direct path of the *white-heat* flame from a blow torch without harming them in the least. For *safety's sake* the roof on your home—your garage, barn, store—should be able to stand the test.

Before you build, or rebuild a roof, it will pay you to investigate Lastbestos Roof Tile. Write at once for full information.

Lastbestos Roof Tile

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TRUS-CON LABORATORIES

The Trus-Con Laboratories

336 Trus-Con Building Detroit, Michigan

Kwik-lite
THE QUALITY FLASHLIGHT
Kwik-lite BATTERY

Self-Locking Switch

One of the exclusive features that make Kwiklite the QUALITY Flashlight. This patented switch prevents accidental contact and loss of current. Allows intermittent or continuous light, as desired. It also enables you to distinguish Kwiklite from the ordinary flashlight. Note the non-slip surface of the lower button which affords you a sure thumb grip.

Telescopic Construction

A decided improvement in flashlight cases. Another Kwiklite feature that sets it apart from the ordinary flashlight and protects you against substitution. The threaded joint not only materially strengthens the case but also permits easy renewal or inspection of the battery. The lower section easily slides into the upper part, automatically engaging the threads.

Seamless Battery

Kwiklite Battery cells are seamless. No soldering whatever. This and the specially compounded ingredients enable us to guarantee 25 per cent longer burning life than is possible from ordinary flashlight batteries. Standard size—they fit all makes of cases. They cost no more than the mediocre. Regardless of the make of flashlight, renew it with a Kwiklite Battery.

Different From Others

The three features shown above are points of construction that make Kwiklite far superior to the commonplace flashlight.

There are other reasons why you should prefer Kwiklite to any other. You will find them more beautiful in design and handsomer in appearance. The model shown is only one of 88 styles, including many unusual finishes not obtainable heretofore.

Sold by leading Hardware, Electrical, Drug and Sporting Goods Stores. Insist on Kwiklite; the cost is no more and your satisfaction is much greater.

Booklet 26 describes the complete line.

The Usona Manufacturing Co.
New York Toledo San Francisco

Large four-post beds, and lots of air,
Where I can lie without a care,
And hear the rustle of the leaves
And starlings fighting in the eaves.

Around the house a garden lies,
A many-colored paradise;
With sunlit lawns and stately trees,
Ever murmuring in the breeze;
With beds of flowers, not too tame,
All bright, and never twice the same.
And if the Lord is very good
And all things happen as they should,
There is a river gliding by,
Transparent as the summer's sky,
Cool to the touch, and very deep,
Quietly smiling in its sleep.
There large, well-educated trout
Scull themselves lazily round about;
And there a brook with cheerful noise
Comes chattering low its little joys,
Telling how, through Newton Wood,
It stole, sedate and very good,
But when it tumbled through the mill
It thumped the old wheel with a will;
How the pike beneath the bridge
Caught the chub of Sandy Ridge;
And so on, if I care to listen,
Till the evening dew-drops glisten.

Down the stream a mile or two
The fenlands come, where trees are few,
There sturdy, sad-eyed fenmen toil,
Tilling their heavy deep-brown soil;
A land where the gray heron breeds
And wild fowl paddle in the reeds;
A land of molten, golden reds,
Of ripening corn and osier-beds;
A land in which, where'er I go,
There is no man to say me no.

I'd have for my companions there
A boat, a gun, of dogs a pair,
Cocker spaniels, silver gray,
With tails a-wagging all the day.
And other things I'd have are these:
Large breakfasts and enormous teas,
Honey and home-made bread, still hot,
Fresh butter in an earthen pot,
And new-laid eggs, and clotted cream,
O Lord! to think it's all a dream.

This vivid bit of Browningesque narrative we clip from the "Line-O-Type" column of the Chicago *Daily Tribune.* Modest, indeed, is the poet who, having written so distinguished a poem, indicates his identity only by initials.

FILE THREE

By P. S. W.

["General Pershing stopt in his walk, turned sharply, and faced File Three."—*London Dispatch.*]

File Three stood motionless and pale,
Of nameless pedigree;
One of a hundred on detail—
But would I had been he!

In years a youth, but worn and old,
With face of ivory;
Upon his sleeve two strands of gold—
Oh, would I had been he!

The General passed down the line,
And walked right rapidly,
But saw those threads and knew the sign—
Ah, had I been File Three!

"Twice wounded? Tell me where you were,"
The man of stars asked he.
"Givenchy and Lavenze, sir"—
Oh, where was *I*, File Three!

Then crisply quoth the General:
"You are a man, File Three."
And Tommy's heart held carnival—
God! Would I had been he!

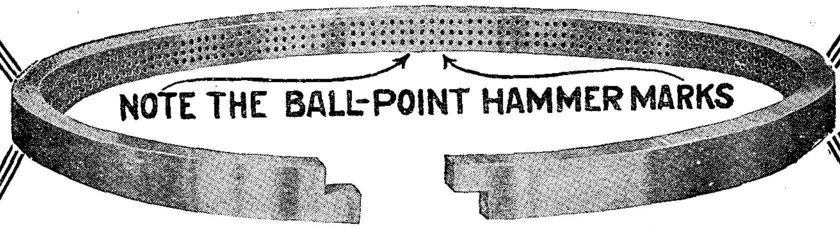
PERSONAL GLIMPSES

VENICE UNDER HELL'S HAILSTONES

"I HEARD a strange, unforgetable cry floating over the waters. It was a cry never heard before in all the world. It haunted me as it was taken up from housetop to housetop, until it traveled far off and became faint and then died out in ghostly silence." That cry has come to Venice with the war, writes a correspondent of the New York *Times*. "*Per l'aria! Buona guardia!*" It is a common cry of the night. Whenever there is a moon, the continual sentinels thus tell the people of Venice that the enemy's aircraft are not yet in sight. Venice, says this writer, is now the most difficult city of Europe to enter. Even Italians are not permitted to go and come at will. "Only about a dozen foreigners have ever been lucky enough to see a real air-raid on Venice," his host told him, adding nonchalantly, "If it is a good raid, it will be worth seeing." One of these fortunate foreigners was Emery Pottle, who, under the apt title, "A Venetian Night," tells in *The Touchstone* how war-time Venice meets her ordeal by fire. After a colorful picture of the city's daytime activities, pervaded by the forebodings of the midnight raider, he tells of the waiting hours of darkness until—

> Three o'clock. The full, serene responses of the struck bells in the Clock-Tower reproach the dismayed night. That anything—Time itself—could be so magnificently calm! Isn't He coming? The moon's turned down the sky-track. We yawn, and rattle our chairs, stretch our legs with a crackle of stiff joints. And then—
>
> The sea-blown air is all at once shrieking with alarums. Screaming steam-whistles, bellowing cannon, hysteric bells. Startled by the signal, we're on our feet for flight to shelter. We run like rats. Suddenly there's horrible silence. It is the minute of suspense. The raised baton before the crash and clangor of sounds. Over the salt morasses. He's on his way. They come one by one. One by one they circle the city, drop their bombs, scuttle off into the stars. . . . . . .
>
> The noise is lunatic—has a maniac shape! He is here at last. The first-comer. The anticipated dread of him is over. We're in for it now—in for it with reckless, adventurous, insolent, appalling curiosity.
>
> Romance gone shrieking mad. Voluptuous, soft airs blown to bits of hell. Venetian splendors. Infernal carnival of shrapnel and shell—iron and fire and blood. The enchanted city bristles with gun-bores—rifles, machine guns, anti-aircraft guns, cannon. The racket and roar and rumble are so terrific that they are almost comic. In the gasping pauses of cannonade one catches the imperturbable rhythm of that damnable 'plane circling the city. The bedlam redoubles. There is a heavier crash in the midst of it, a crash and a horrible gulp. The falling bomb! Another!—

American Hammered Piston Rings
What They Are and What They Will Do for Your Car and Truck


NOTE THE BALL-POINT HAMMER MARKS

(See that Ball Point Hammer Marks are in every Piston Ring you buy.)

AMERICAN HAMMERED PISTON RINGS are absolutely *Leak-Tight.*

American Hammered Piston Rings are *concentric* and made of one piece—that is, the same thickness at all parts of the circumference. This leaves no place for oil or carbon to accumulate in back of ring and the grooves in the piston can not be worn out of parallel.

American Hammered Piston Rings obtain their tension through a patented hammering process. This tension is permanent, because the compressed metal on the inside of the ring can not lose its tension no matter how hot the ring may get. *American Rings*, therefore, never have to be replaced on account of loss of compression.

American Hammered Piston Rings exert a uniform pressure at all points of the ring. This keeps the cylinders round, and the need for reboring them is eliminated.

American Hammered Piston Rings, because of their permanent tension and the powerful compression they create, increase the motor's power by 10 to 30% (actual tests).

American Hammered Piston Rings, being absolutely *Leak-Tight,* will save from 25 to 50% gasoline, and 50 to 75% oil (actual tests).

American Hammered Piston Rings, being *concentric,* fit the cylinder grooves evenly at all points and prevent the collection of carbon—this means no more carbon trouble.

American Hammered Piston Rings, being *Leak-Tight,* prevent oil from getting into the cylinder heads—this does away with smoking and avoids spark plug trouble.

American Hammered Piston Rings are guaranteed not to wear the cylinder walls. Every ring is tested for hardness of metal. If the metal proves too hard or too soft the ring is discarded. The metal in every *American Ring* is sufficiently hard not to wear rapidly, but not hard enough to wear the cylinder wall. It is cheaper to have the piston ring wear than the cylinder wall, as it costs less to buy piston rings than to have cylinders re-bored.

American Hammered Piston Rings, having proved themselves the best quality rings ever made, were adopted as exclusive standard equipment and are now being used and highly recommended by *Pierce-Arrow, Chalmers, White, Winton, Stearns, Lozier, Mercer, Kelly-Springfield, Stegeman, Wright-Martin, Aeromarine, Thomas Morse* and many other *aeroplane* and *motorboat* manufacturers.

American Hammered Piston Rings are made in all sizes to fit all motors and are sold by leading garages, repair shops and accessory dealers, with this guarantee —*full purchase price refunded if results are not entirely satisfactory.*

American Hammered Piston Rings—set of 12 for *Ford cars,* $7.50. Sets for Dodge, Buick, Hudson, Overland, Maxwell, Cadillac, Cole, Packard and other cars equally low in price.

American Hammered Piston Rings are a *necessity,* not a luxury—and will pay for themselves in a short time in savings on gasoline and oil alone.

Send for Our Instructive Booklet, "The Soul of the Motor." It is free for the asking.

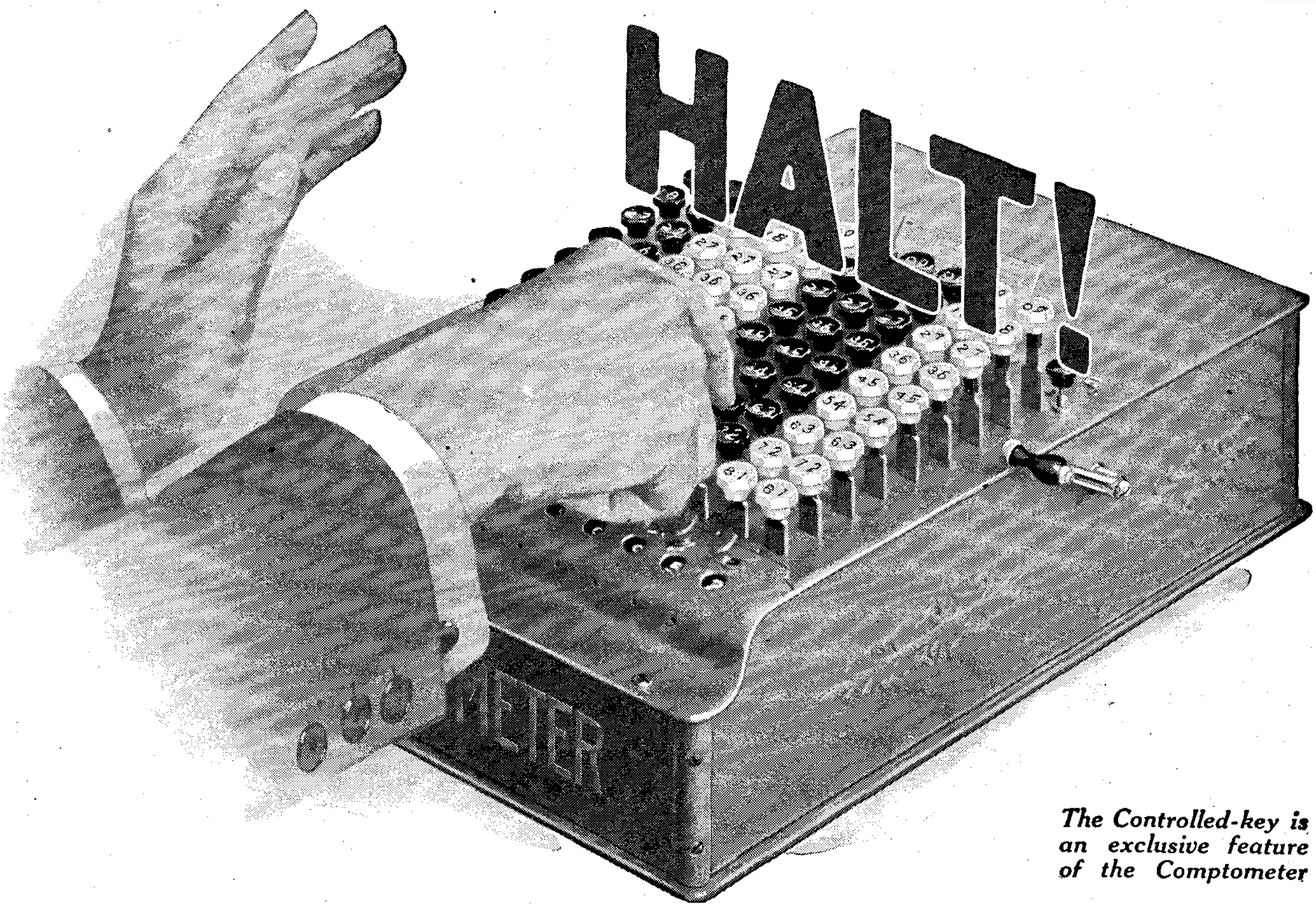
American Hammered Piston Rings They're Leak-Tight

American Piston Ring Co.
211 Halsey St., Newark, N. J.

NEW YORK 102 Chambers St.
PHILADELPHIA 675 N. Broad St.
CHICAGO 1919 Michigan Ave.
AUGUSTA, GA. Reliable Garage & Sales Co.
BALTIMORE 8 E. German St.
PITTSBURG Kauffman's Store
BROOKLYN 132 Stanhope St.

If the garage or accessory house you deal with can't supply you AMERICAN HAMMERED PISTON RINGS, write to our nearest distributor, giving the name and model of your car, and we'll tell you how many rings you need and what they will cost you.

Desirable Territory Still Open. Write for Details



The Controlled-key is an exclusive feature of the Comptometer

That's the challenge of the Controlled-key to a slighted key stroke

ETERNAL vigilance is the price of Figure Accuracy. Make that vigilance mechanical and positive and you make it sure and easy.

The Controlled-key does just that.

If you fumble a key—do not get it clear down—the Controlled-key automatically throws in the Emergency stop, locking the keyboard.

Should the fault occur, say half way down the column, you don't have to cancel and add it all over again. Simply complete the unfinished stroke, touch the release key and go on. But until that is done, not another figure can be added.

Figured conservatively, the *added* efficiency of the Controlled-key, shown in comparative tests made by Comptometer users on their regular work against machines without this feature, averages close to 8%.

The knowledge of security afforded by the Controlled-key enables an experienced operator to go at top speed—without the strain of constant watchfulness against slighted key strokes. The Controlled-key takes care of all that.

Under the protection of this safeguard, even the inexperienced operator has nothing to fear from a faulty key stroke.

The result is more and better work with less effort and expense.

How the Controlled-key takes up lost motion

A test between machines with and without the Controlled-key, on the adding and extending of 1750 payroll sheets, made under the direction of Mr. G. R. Lucas, Auditor, Jeffery Manufacturing Company, Columbus, Ohio, showed a clear saving of 8½% in favor of the Controlled-key.

In a similar test made by Mr. W. B. Evans, Chief Clerk, Corn Products Refining Company, Argo, Illinois, the *extra* efficiency of the Controlled-key was demonstrated to be 11.7%. Which means—assuming that the machine lasts only five years and salary of operator for that period is $60 a month, or $3600—a saving of $421.20.

The adding in the Pension Department of 17,500 pension checks in seven hours *without an error*—is the record of an operator safeguarded by the Controlled-key.

17% better results from the Controlled-key Comptometer than from the non-Controlled-key machine is the rating assigned by a Freight Accountant of the Union Pacific Railroad.

CONTROLLED-KEY

Comptometer

ADDING AND CALCULATING MACHINE

*Felt & Tarrant Manufacturing Co.
1731 N. Paulina St., Chicago*

> Lord God of Battle, is this war?—Another! What have they got? San Marco? The Palace? Santa Maria? That hospital of half-dead soldiers?
>
> Then the sick, jaw-set interval.
>
> Here he is now—the second! There's the throb, throb of his machine. At him, you guns! Venice shakes again and heaves and screams and sobs and curses. Out of it all, over it all, those solemn Clock-Tower bells richly striking the passing hour. The majesty, the majestic impassivity of Time's relentless disdain of these little gashed distorted moments we so pompously call historic.
>
> On the roofs, on the pavements, tap, tap, tap the flying *éclats* of the exploded shells.

Sordid enough is the picture of the people at the inn. Says Mr. Pottle:

> I'm at the door of my hotel, the little sagging Cavalletto—the shut, damp smell of it filters out as I enter. A very bored proprietor sits at the *concierge's* desk; he is in red undershirt and trousers and eyeglasses, and he has the contemptuous patience of all hotel proprietors inhumanly "kept up." "They're all in there," he gloomily says, with a discouraged hand toward the kitchen. One gathers the notion that he himself prefers death to such sheltered promiscuity. So they are in there—all of them. The proprietor's bedraggled, distraught, tearful wife—*enciente*, poor creature, her eyes blue-circled and her nose piteously blotched with rice powder; half-drest, half-hysterical maids between giggles and sobs; very nonchalant young lieutenants in rather less picturesque *negligée* than they fondly imagine; a fat colonel in a gruff state of frowsy dignity and *mustachios;* a trouserless young man in a mackintosh, whom no one seems able to account for.
>
> Here we are, huddled and squeezed and jostled under a bit of massive masonry waiting for destruction or bed. Mattresses are laid on the floor of the room above, presently moans the wife of the proprietor, with just a flicker of pride.
>
> "Oh!" scoffs the detestable colonel, "Mattresses! One bomb here! Why, *signora*, it would go through them like a soldo through water, *per Dio!*"
>
> It is more than we can bear, the imagination of it.
>
> "To die like rats then!" the unexplained young man mutters fiercely. The officers light jaunty cigarets. The maids whimper.
>
> I prefer, like the proprietor, a more, so to say, airy death. I abandon this culinary shelter and its society and start out again into the havoc beneath the insensate stars.

In sharp contrast to these mournful creatures is the nonchalant picturesque captain of whom the writer in *The Times* tells. The latter correspondent chanced to arrive in time for the longest raid that had occurred, and it was, he says, "a hashish dream . . . a cataclysm of exotic loveliness and nightmares, like a frenzy of absinthe." His host had advised him to "turn in early if he wanted to sleep." "How many raids had there been?" he asked. His host "couldn't remember exactly—thirty-four or thirty-five." Says the writer:

> I asked if it was compulsory that I arise from bed and come below. He replied that it was not; that the only compulsion in the matter was that at the moment of the alarm he should knock at my door and advise me to come down. If I wanted to stay up and perhaps get killed, why, of course, I might exercise my privilege. Just at midnight I glanced at my watch. About a fifth of a second after midnight the electricity went off, and, as the window shutters were closed tightly, according to order, I was in pitch-darkness.
>
> "Air-raid," I said to myself, and then lay back on the pillows to wait for the sound of the signal-gun. It came in a very few seconds. Before turning in I had had the forethought to place my clothes where I could get at them in the dark, and even as I fumbled about a knock came at the door, with the announcement that the thirty-fourth or thirty-fifth Austrian air-attack on Venice had begun.
>
> I pushed open the shutters to permit a ray of moonlight to aid my dressing. I glanced down at the sidewalk below my window. The few denizens of the Venetian night were scurrying along to the municipal shelters provided in such emergencies. Several gondolas coming from the direction of the Piazza of St. Mark were sliding under the arched bridges for shelter, their fares jumping to land and hugging the protection of walls and doorways.
>
> As I watched, hell's overture began. There were sharp flashes all along the shore-line from the direction of the Lido and a series of rapid explosions that made jagged patches of instantaneous light square in the path of the moon. It seemed as if the guns were aiming at the moon. So I watched that aerial body intently.
>
> Added to the roar of the breaking shrapnel came the sharp bark of machine guns across the canal almost opposite my window. I could see long, horizontal sheets of flames with unshaken reflections in the still waters. The flames came and went exactly like telegraphic signals and then disappeared, to be taken up again a little distance farther along the shore by another collection of machine guns.
>
> I turned back to the moon. A black line suddenly darted straight across it. I looked higher into the heavens, and then, directly overhead, I could make out the invading airplanes. But despite the brilliancy of night they were probably too high up. I remembered that black line darting across the path of the moon, so I fumbled in a suitcase for my glasses. Then I looked again. Another black line darted across, but this time I could see plainly that it was an airplane.
>
> I started back quickly, for something had crashed down on the sidewalk before me. In my interest or excitement, or both, I had forgotten the fact that shrapnel (even friendly shrapnel) when it goes up is bound to come down, and in that case becomes dangerous. I partially closed the shutters and peered out at the walk. Something else crashed and struck fire from the stones. I decided to go below. It was quite likely that some of that shrapnel might enter my window.
>
> Up to this point I had not yet heard the familiar sound of an exploding aero bomb, but while descending the stairway I got it even above the roar of the three-

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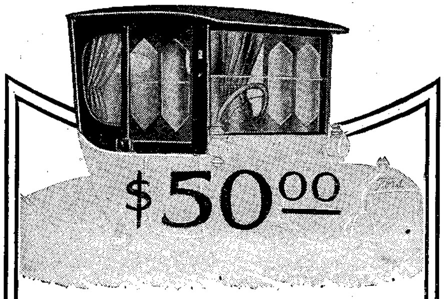

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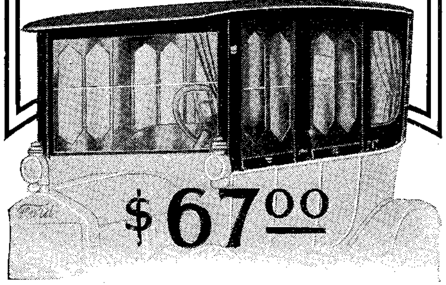

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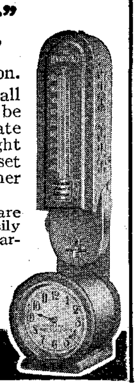


inch cannon and machine guns, which had now become an unending roll of thunder, with never a break in their awful monotony.

With no hesitation and, in fact, in some haste I edged my way to the smoke-room, which was directly bounded on two sides by canals, and, therefore, to my mind, very much more secure.

I tried to buy a cigar, but the bar-boy had gone to bed, which fact made me somewhat ashamed of my calculations on safety. The room was lighted with candles. There were plenty of comfortable leather chairs, so I sat down and listened to the infernal din outside.

An Italian naval captain strolled leisurely in and seated himself before a small table. I shall never forget that man, how he looked and the things he said. He was a magnificent specimen, quite tall, as Italian naval men frequently are. In fact, he was one of the finest looking men I had ever seen. He was drest in immaculate white drill, with the gold stars of his rank braided on the shoulders, giving him added distinction.

He nodded to me as he entered, then later turned and spoke in faultless English, saying that he took me to be an American. After that we had a conversation. He had been to the theater, he told me, and, even tho in a hurry to get back to his ship out near the Lido, he had waited after the first alarm for every one to go home or to shelters, "in order not to give a bad example by undue haste," as he exprest it.

Then he had taken a gondola for his ship. After a short ride he had seen it was impossible to get there through the storm of pelting shrapnel. In fact, he had been warned ashore by a soldier on the quay.

"So I came in here," he added.

"You did not choose this by any chance because it was safe?" I said. "You could not have picked out a more unsafe place." He laughed. "No," he said, "that's a fact; but I came here because it's comfortable, and I want to write some letters."

I watched him as he drew up a candle and began to write. Twice during the operation I could hear shrapnel beat like hail against the steel shutter of the open window about eighteen inches from his head. But he never moved nor gave any sign that he noticed. He glanced at his watch. It was one o'clock.

"They generally keep it going about an hour and a half," he remarked, and went back to his writing.

Another half-hour passed—an eternity of infernal din, so that whenever any words were spoken we had to shout. Again the shrapnel beat against our windows, and quite often now we could hear falling bombs, several times so close that they shook our building.

Then came a lull in the storm, the sort of lull that comes in an ocean tempest while the elements are girding themselves up to attack with renewed vigor.

During the lull the captain sealed his letters, pushed back his chair, and came and stood before me. He yawned, then ejaculated: "What a beastly nuisance!"

That was all he said, but it was such a strange commonplace for that scene that I began to laugh. He seemed to understand why, for then he laughed, too.

"Come on," he said, "let's go out and have a look." We got as far as the door and a step or so outside when a soldier suddenly loomed before us and ordered us into shelter. This soldier was greatly annoyed.

"Have you no sense?" he asked. "And don't you know that when you come out here I have to risk my life and come out, too. You —— you ——. (His voice became shrill); you ought to think of my family."

The Captain laughed and agreed with him, but we went back to the doorway.

"He is quite right," the Captain said. "There is no necessity of running risks with shrapnel and machine guns, especially when that sort of thing can usually be avoided, but as for bombs"— the Captain shrugged his shoulders and then stated a basic truth that can be applied to every raid from air or even to an ordinary artillery bombardment.

"But as for bombs," he repeated, "one must be a fatalist on that subject. Either the bomb hits you or it does not, and it does not matter where you go."

That is quite so. A bomb can go through five floors to the cellar and kill every person in refuge there, or it can strike full on a brick pavement and fail to explode.

As we stood in the doorway the anti-aircraft guns seemed to redouble their activities. We peered out from time to time and could see nothing in the sky, but there was never a second of silence. The hotel now shook to its foundations as the aero-bombs exploded in the vicinity, and the heavens seemed about to break apart, so thick were the great patches of flame from exploding shrapnel.

I forgot the moon. These shrapnel explosions looked like half a dozen moons all smashed into a dozen ragged bits and flung helter-skelter through the sky.

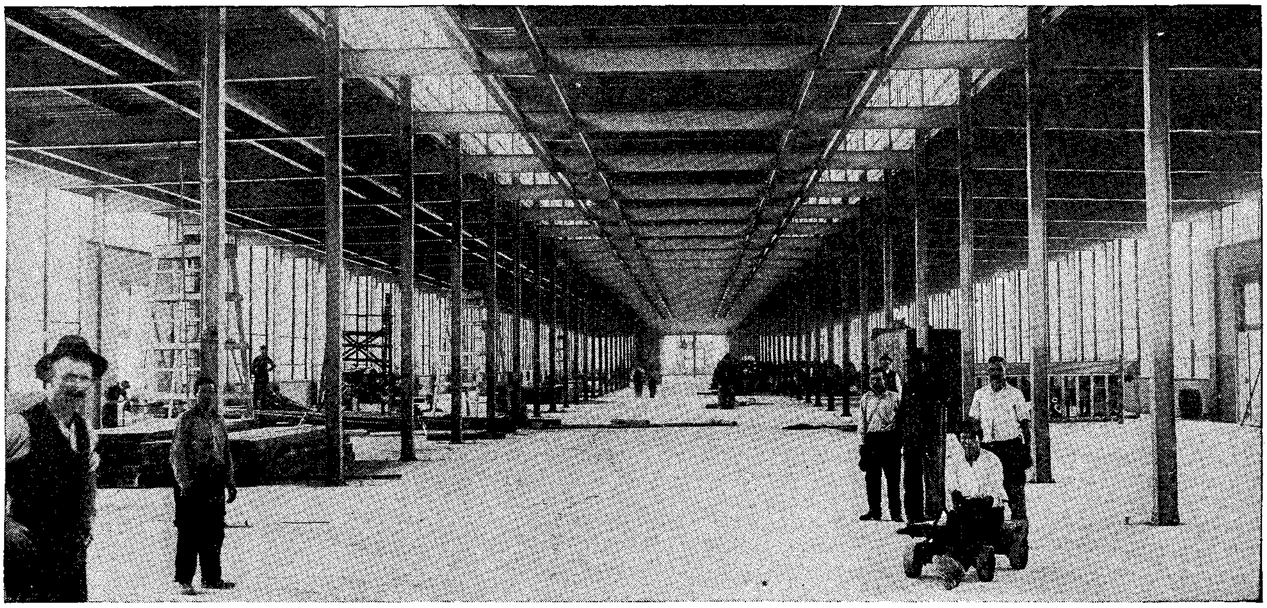
The shores of the lagoon across from us were now a constant line of streaked flame. The flashes from the shore-line of the Lido were so bright that the rigging of ships in the harbor was constantly visible, while from way out on the Adriatic and from the land batteries down the coast came the dull, sullen roars of giant guns.

Above all the conflagration and noise there entered a new and sinister note, worse even than the sound of the dropping bombs, that was so easily distinguishable from shells. The Captain seized my arm and whispered in my ear. "Listen," he said.

I listened and heard the whirring sounds of airplane motors which meant that the enemy had become braver despite the demonstration against them, and were circling down closer to the city. A bomb exploded, seemingly a few hundred yards to our right, and I thought of the Ducal palace, of the Tintorettos, of the ceiling that is one of the glories of the world.

Another bomb fell slightly further off, and I thought of the frescoes of St. Mark's, of the wonderful horses, of the Campanile, and the famous lion that guards the entrance to the Piazza that symbolizes the Venice of the past and the Venice of always.

My same thought of earlier in the night came again, only in a more poignant form and more dramatic setting than on the Grand Canal under merely the stars and moon. Truly Venice has never been seen as it was on that night, and it is not likely that it will ever be seen in that way again, for this was Venice such as even the doges had never dreamed of. My reflections came to an end when a bomb fell directly in front of us and about fifty



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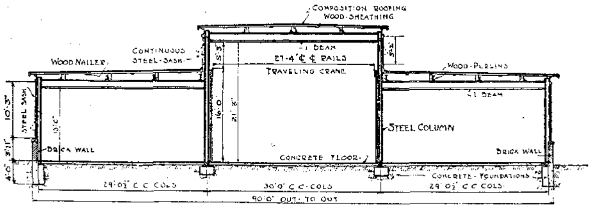
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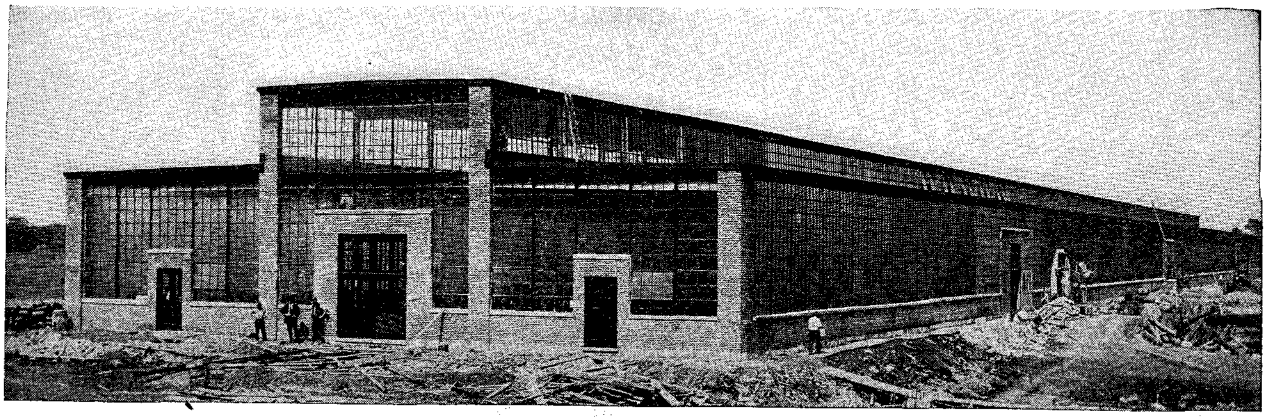

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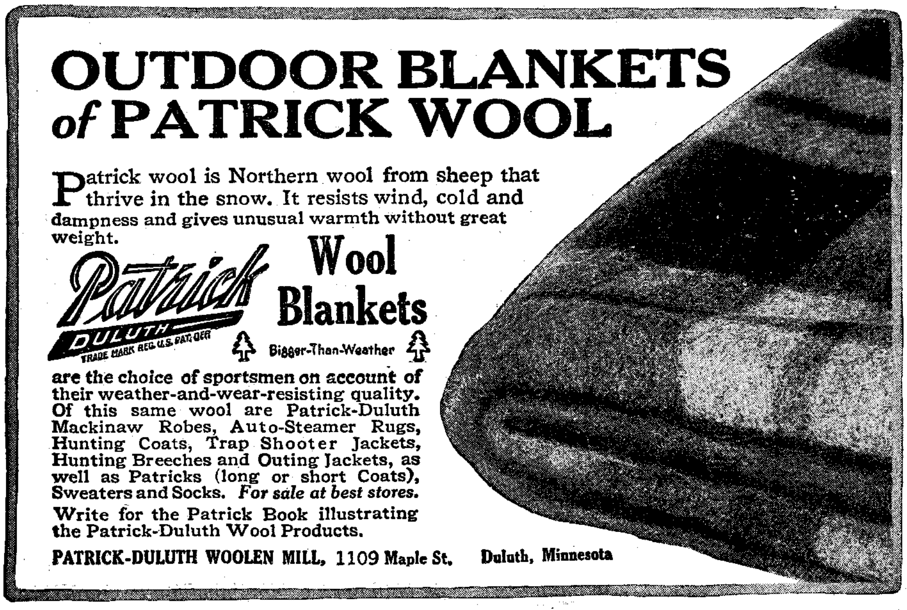

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> yards away, and splashed the waters of the canal. We could hear the whir of motors, and the batteries and machine guns all began concentrating over our heads. The result was a veritable storm of shrapnel and bullets.
>
> We crouched far back in the door. Leaden pellets fell like hail, striking a hundred sparks of fire on the sidewalk not more than a few feet in front of where we stood, while next came the vicious splash of machine-gun bullets flattening themselves against the walls of our hotel on both the right and left of the door.
>
> That settled our sightseeing, altho later, when the orchestra of fire diminished a trifle, we reached careful hands out along the ground through the door and scooped up lead and steel souvenirs.
>
> It was 2:30 and the Captain complained bitterly that such occasions as these were causing him to lose his sleep. This raid was lasting far longer than usual, he said, and would probably keep up until after three o'clock.

Then came a silence that was uncanny and profound. As Mr. Pottle describes it in telling of his experience: "At last we've our respite—our exhausted, breathless, forespent silence. The uncertain, weary stillness lengthens till the raucous whistles blow again. Venice sighs relief. It is the signal of cessation. It is over." He goes on:

> Dark little shapes glide into the Piazza from every alleyway. Knots of them gather and chatter briskly. We are all demanding eagerly, anxiously, what has been hit. A very disheveled, *blasé* young man in filthy white trousers and an astonishingly plaided overcoat spits and gives the news. He has, it appears, accomplished the remarkable feat of being simultaneously in every quarter of the city during the bombardment. His assurances are contemptuous and consoling. Nothing wrecked worth mentioning, he lightly advises us, and hums a song. Two old women dead. And a child. A roof bashed in.

In the three hours' attack described by the *Times* correspondent, it was estimated that twenty-four Austrian planes had been circling constantly over the town. He says further:

> Speaking generally of the destruction from all the raids, Venice has suffered much, but by far the greater part of Venice is still intact, including most of her historic monuments. Strange as it may seem, during the raid I witnessed, which was the longest of all, with more machines over the town and more bombs striking the land, not a soul was killed or injured. I found that out before I went to bed.

When the storm is over the people go calmly back to bed or to their early morning tasks. Says the *Times* writer:

> I looked again up and down the great square. Once more the moon held sway and seemed to settle just over St. Mark's, grotesque with its sand-bags all the way to its pearly façade and golden exotic minarets. I looked out to the entrance

at the grinning lion, still serene upon his pedestal.

Yes, the hashish dream was ended, and I could go to rest. As I entered the hotel I heard again that mournful cry: "*Per l'aria! Buona guardia!*"

And Mr. Pottle concludes:

I turn bedward with a last look toward the Piazza—the great Piazza of Venice.

Dawn's on the horizon. There's a fresh smell of morning and the sea in the air. A little lad with a basket swaggers obliquely across the great pallid rectangle. He's whistling the gayest tune.

"DAREDEVIL" WHITING, THE "HUMAN TORPEDO"

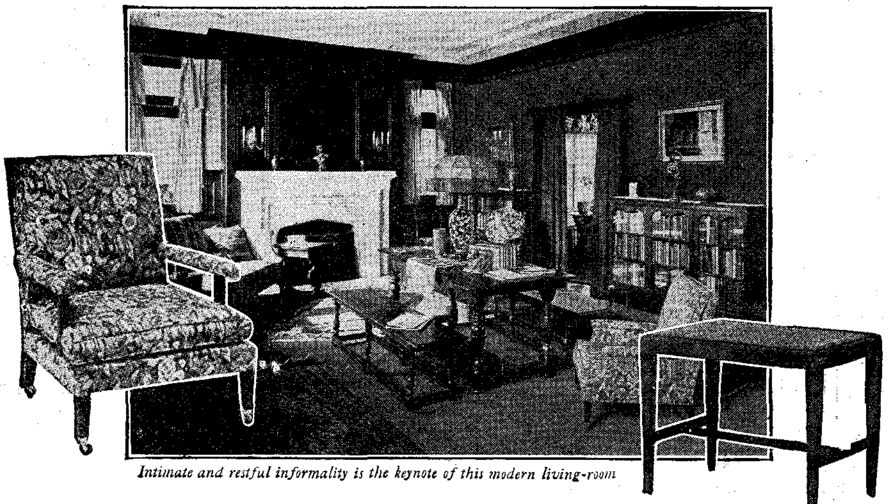
TO be shot out of the torpedo-tube of a submerged *U*-boat in order to determine if escape from a trapt submarine were possible by that means is an experiment that even the most courageous man would hesitate to try. For "Daredevil" Whiting, U. S. N., it was just an ordinary kind of stunt. Having exhausted all the undersea thrills the Lieutenant is now in France battling in the air, and it would not be surprizing to hear that he had distinguished himself by some equally sensational maneuver in the ether. Charles W. Duke, writing in the Philadelphia *Ledger*, says:

Maybe you have heard the story of the "human torpedo," who took the place of the guncotton in one of those first erratic torpedoes during the experimental days. You probably have not, for the affair was little noised about, having been forwarded to Washington at the time in a neat little red-tape memorandum and not heralded to the world in spectacular lines. Naval reports of the past formed the specifications for the formula of the present-day censors.

Whiting made his first dive through the stone-wall line of the United States Army football team—and emerged as usual to fame and glory. Coming down to Annapolis from the land of the cod and bean back in 1901, the astute young officer-to-be spent four years alternating between the trenches of trigonometry and calculus and the white-ribboned checker-board of the gridiron. In those days before the forward pass the gentleman in moleskins who could hammer his way through the line was much in demand. As a human battering-ram Whiting was considerable of a success.

The trait stuck to him. The submarine was then engaging the attention of the naval experts, and Whiting was sent soon after graduation out to the Philippines to potter around in the experimental field of submarine aquatics. The submarines then were lilliputians compared with the modern gullivers—so much so that the *Porpoise* and her sister ship, the *Shark*, were taken to the Orient in the pockets of an American battle-ship.

It was a hot job. The climate was torrid and the interior of the *Porpoise* even more torrid. Whiting tinkered around the harbor of Manila in all kinds of maneuvers that had the hair of the natives standing up like the rice-fields, and



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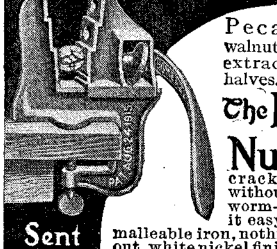

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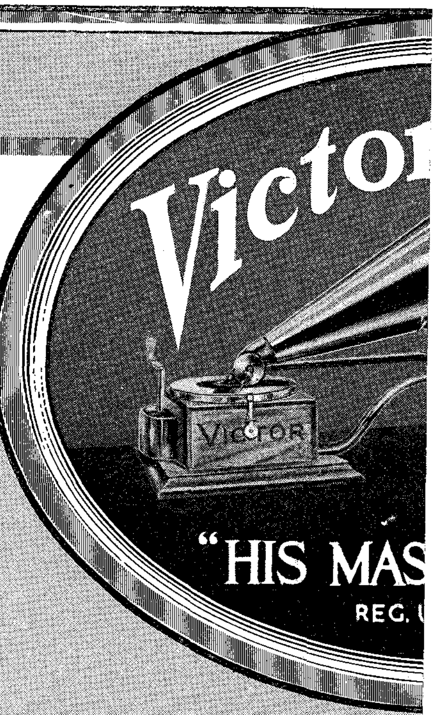

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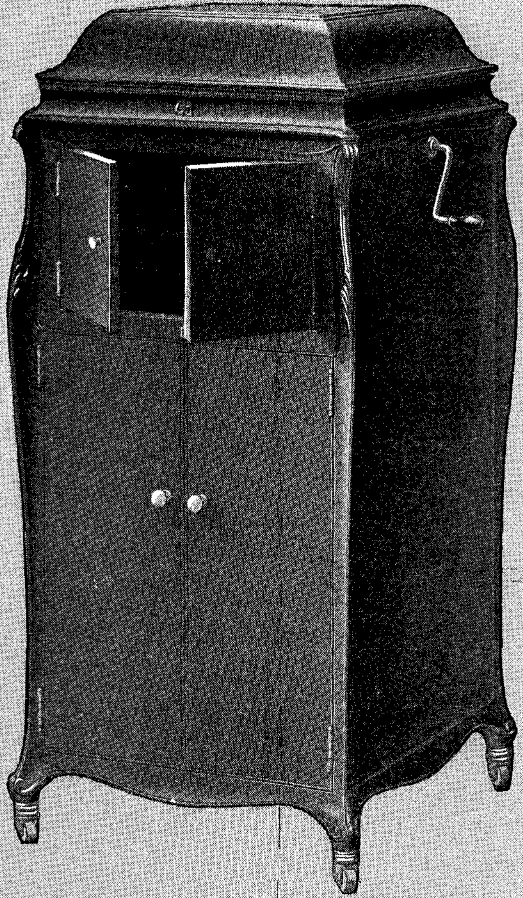

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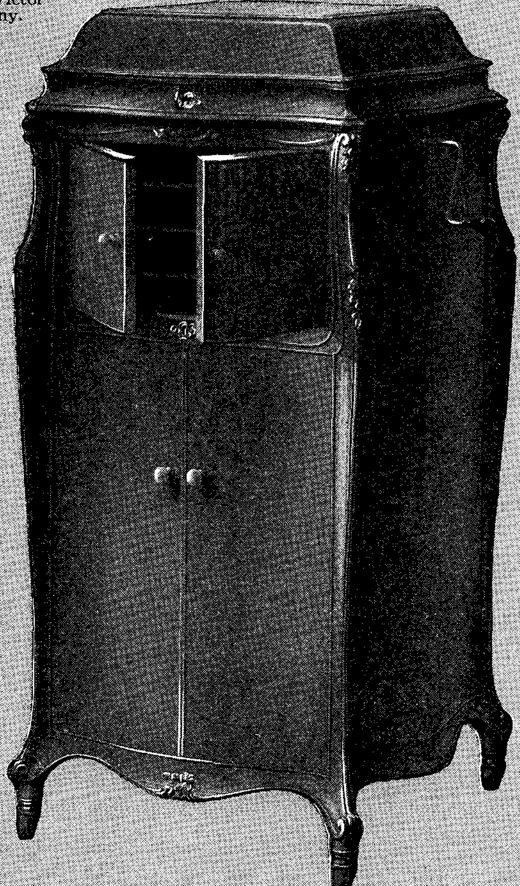

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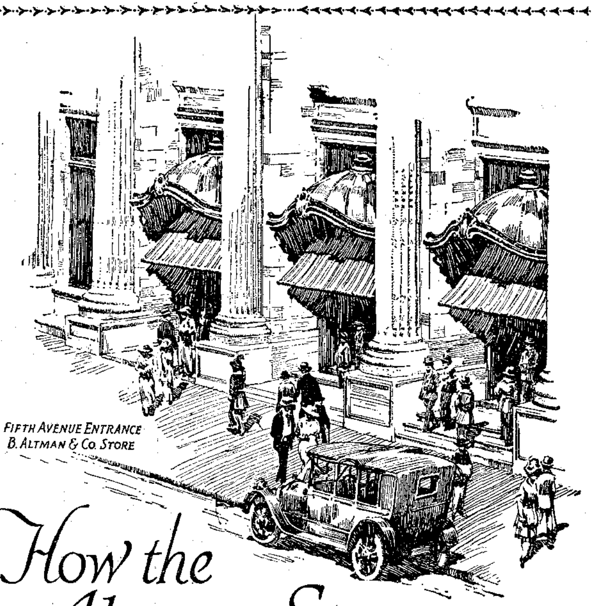

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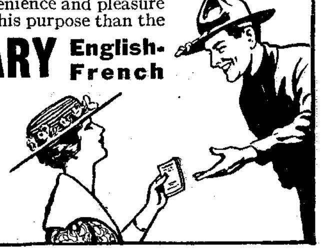


his fellow companions in peaceful arms writhing under their collars. They had to stick by their commander and Whiting knew the limit to deep-sea diving.

One night Whiting and Lieutenant Castle, commanding the *Shark*, sat out on the veranda of their bungalow pondering on the possibilities of escape from a submerged and stranded submarine. They were figuring out what expediencies could be adopted under such an extremity. The discussion lasted long. Whiting had an idea. It was something along this line: If a torpedo released from a submarine finds its way to the surface, why couldn't an imprisoned submarine sailor do the same thing? Whiting thought it could be done; Castle was sure it was an absurd impossibility.

Lieutenant Castle cited the experiment that was tried in Newport when a perfectly good dog was placed in the torpedo-tube and a little later came to the surface a broken, shapeless mass. But Whiting, who will try anything once, was determined to make the experiment, and, says *The Ledger:*

Next morning, as Whiting was prepared to put off from the quay in a launch bound for his anchored *Porpoise*, he told his chief gunner's mate that he intended during the day performing the remarkable experiment of having himself shot out of one of the submarine's torpedo-chambers. It is not recorded what the chief gunner's mate said but, in terror for the safety of his chief, the subordinate officer ran off to tell Lieutenant Castle of the "Daredevil's" announcement. Castle agreed that the thing was too preposterous, and that to save Uncle Sam a human fighting unit they must prevent the madcap venture. In fact, between them there sprang up instanter a gentlemen's agreement to the effect that the climate of Manila had affected the cerebrum and the cerebellum of the aforesaid ambitious young Whiting. They set out to thwart the venture.

In the meantime Whiting's suspicions as to the absence of his subordinate had been aroused and he put out to sea without him. Somewhere off Corregidor Lieutenant Whiting put the *Porpoise* under the water and dropt down a few fathoms to "toe the mark." Arriving at the desired point, he threw off enough water ballast to hold the *Porpoise* stationary. Then he summoned his crew about him and announced his intention something like this:

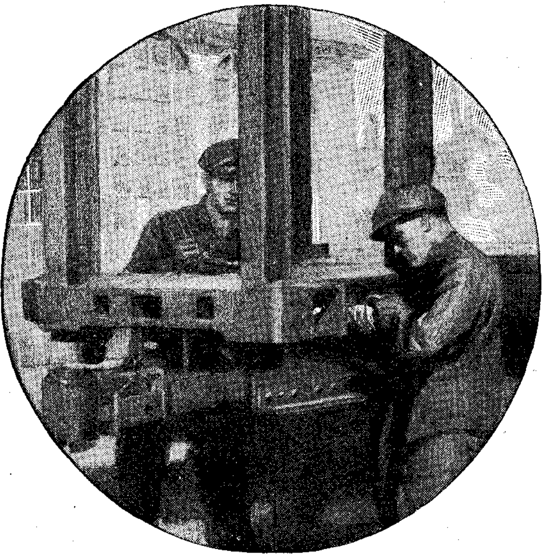
"Suppose, boys, we were stuck here and couldn't get up to the surface. What would we do? Either stay here and die or get out. I propose to show that there is a way to get out. My plan is to crawl right into this torpedo-chamber, and you boys do the rest. Shoot me right out and then come up to the surface. You will find me floating around somewhere. Ready, now!"

It is interesting first before we shoot Whiting out of the tube to tell just what such a process involves. The torpedo is a long, cigar-shaped weapon of destruction, varying from six to ten feet in length. It fits in a chamber at the bow of the submarine and is discharged by compress air with sufficient momentum to set it down in the water. The mechanism of the torpedo then is set in motion, and it moves under its own power of locomotion toward the desired target.

Whiting figured he could become a human torpedo. Given the initial impulse by the compress air, he calculated that the buoyancy of the human body would set him going upward, and that once under way he would use his arms and legs as substitutes for the rudders and propeller-blades of the mechanical torpedo.

It was a sensational scheme and required indomitable pluck, but Whiting was prompted to make the venture because the submarine and the torpedo had then become fixtures in the American Navy, and there would always exist the danger of the boat becoming unmanageable under water with her crew helpless to save themselves. The writer in *The Ledger* says:

> It was a ticklish piece of business. When the torpedo is ready for firing the chief gunner opens the bow-cap—the nose of the submarine craft. The sea rushes in upon the torpedo, being held somewhat in check by the force of the compress air. Then compress air is applied at the rear of the chamber and the torpedo is expelled into the water. This was the process Whiting set himself to. He figured on that inrush of the water at the bow-cap and believed he would be able to resist the pressure against his lungs.
>
> Opening the chamber, he started to crawl into the aperture. His great, broad shoulders—the football shoulders that had held back the enemy on the gridiron firing-line—fit pretty snugly, and he had a difficult time worming his way forward until his head touched the bow-cap.
>
> "When I say 'Ready!' close the tube, open the bow-cap, and put on the air juice," he ordered. His men were almost at the point of mutiny, but they dared not refuse. In a moment Whiting had reached the desired point.
>
> "Ready!" he bellowed.
>
> The crew slammed shut the inner plate, locking their officer in the torpedo-chamber, and opened the bow-cap. There came for an instant the swirling wash of the water that engulfed Whiting and then the whistling explosion of the comprest air as it poured into the chamber around Whiting and blew him out into the embrace of the ocean.
>
> Quickly the submarine crew opened their ballast tanks and expelled the water that made it possible for the lightened vessel to rise to the surface. They fully expected a fruitless search for their intrepid officer, but thought perhaps the body might at least be found.
>
> In the meantime came the *Shark* with Lieutenant Castle, intent upon holding up the mad adventure. The Lieutenant and crew scanned the bay in vain for the *Porpoise* and were soon imprest with the fact that the vessel was "somewhere under the Atlantic," when to their consternation the water parted a short distance off their bow—and up bobbed the head of a human being. The swimmer lay over on his back and rested for a moment. Then, noting the approach of the *Shark*, he threw up his hand in a salute just as the *Porpoise* popped out of the water.



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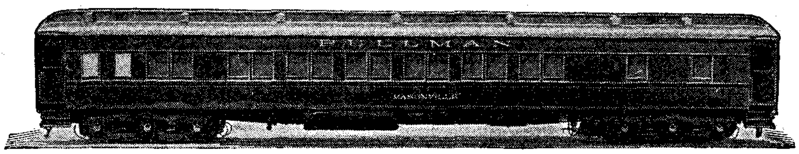

STORY OF AN ARMENIAN REFUGEE

ALMOST the sole survivor of his city in Armenia, the teller of this tale has reached America after two years. He is seventeen, and his portrait appeared last week in the department of Religion and Social Service. Simply and earnestly he pleads for the survivors of a nation which, as he points out, has made a greater sacrifice in human life than any other in the war. His name is supprest because he has still living a mother and sister somewhere in the East who might feel the vengeance of our merciless enemies. This story is issued by the Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief. The boy addresses the nation as a whole as "Dear kind Americans," and says:

I have been asked to tell you my sad story. I do not know English well and it is hard for me to express myself, but again I will try my best.

Some nations are famous for their art, some because of their literature, some for their commerce, some for their cruelties, and some for their sufferings. Armenia has become famous for her sufferings. It seems to me not good to be only known for sufferings, but I am from that nation Armenia.

But Armenians were not always suffering. Neither was I and my family always suffering. I lived with my father, mother, two sisters, and brother, and we were happy. We had colleges, schools, churches, comfortable homes, theaters, and automobiles. But that was before 1915. In March, 1915, suddenly our town was surrounded by Turkish soldiers and all of the prominent Armenian merchants, doctors, dentists, professors, and business men were imprisoned and they began to torture them. I do not like to tell you sad things, and to tell of torturings in the land of freedom seems to me not good, but again I must tell you of the suffering of my people.

They tortured the professor of history in our college—the American Missionary College. First they beat him with a stick, then they burned his hair, then they burned his fingers, and finally they crucified him, and all the time he was murmuring:

"God, all this for your sake."

They did not take my father at first, but later they took him to the prison also, and there they kept him in a room where they tortured prominent Armenians. After he saw these torturings they told him: "These things will happen to you if you do not bring your guns." But my father was a peaceful man; he had no guns. He was a professor and he had no arms with which to defend himself. He was a kind man and he could not bear to see such torturings. He became sick and they took him to Dr. Atkinson's hospital. After two months of these torturings the Turkish Government ordered all Armenians to be deported to the Syrian and Arabian deserts, and on July 3, 1915, three thousand Armenians, the most prominent men in our city, doctors, lawyers, merchants, professors with their wives and families began to move toward the deserts. Our family was in this group.

Dear Americans, in America if some one is pretty they want to be prettier, if some one is beautiful they want to be more beautiful, but it was not so in our country during the deportations. At the time of deportations they tried to spoil the beauty God gave. I saw mothers cut the long hair of their daughters. I saw my mother cut the long blond hair of my sister, but they could not take out their beautiful eyes. I heard mothers saying: "Daughter, I wish you were blind." But it is hard to spoil the beauty which God gives.

After a few days one of the Turkish officers saw my sister. We were traveling toward the deserts, surrounded by Turkish soldiers and officers, and these soldiers selected were the most cruel ones. After a few days the Turkish officer asked for my sister from my father, but my father would not do that. Neither would any Armenian do that. Never will I forget my father's words. We were standing on the bank of the River Euphrates. He said to the Turkish officer:

"You are a Turk and I am Armenian; you are Moslem and I am Christian. I can not give you my daughter. If it were not written in our Bible that suicide is a sin, I would throw myself with my daughter into the river."

After a few days we reached Malatia. This beautiful little city was my father's birthplace. Here we were suddenly surrounded by another corps of Turkish soldiers, and the men were separated from the women. I do not know English well, and it is hard for me to describe what a heartbreaking scene this was for men to be separated from women. Even if I tried to tell it to you in Armenian I could not describe the scene. Husbands could not say good-by to their wives for the last time; fathers were torn from the arms of their wives and children. I could not kiss my sister for the last time.

I was surrounded by two Turkish soldiers and they pulled me away, and 550 men, Armenians, were thrown into a great dungeon. Dear Americans, the men in the Orient do not weep very much. I have seen fathers bury their daughters and they did not weep, but in this dungeon every Armenian man was weeping. I wept, too, and I went into a dark corner, for if my father saw me weeping it would make him more sad. All the men began to pray. They did not pray for their own lives because it was better for them to die than to go out into the desert and to starve, but they prayed for those women and children who had no one to protect them or help them.

Finally a Turkish officer asked him if he would like to go to the prison of the women. It was his wish but he did not want to leave his father, who, seeing him hesitate, told him to go. The writer continues:

And it was good for me that I went, for in a few hours that same night, at midnight, the Turkish officers and soldiers took these 549 Armenians out to the nearby mountains and they killed them all, one by one, with axes and knives. One of the Turkish soldiers laughed and told me that they did not use guns because cartridges cost four cents each.

When I reached the prison of the women—only one boy, fifteen years of age, among 2,500 women and children and girls—it was a sad sight, I tell you dear Americans. Mothers were asking me about their sons and about their husbands; sisters wanted to know about their brothers, but I could only say that they will see you all again (tho, of course, not in this world).

That same night the officer who had asked for my sister from my father came and took her away. She was weeping, but there was no one to help, only a boy fifteen years of age who could do nothing. She wept and pleaded with the officer for her family, and so we were allowed to go back to our city, my mother, my little sister and brother, and I. But what happened to those 2,500 women and children and girls? I know you will ask. First they took their money, their carts, their goods, and then they took their clothes. Do you know what it means to have the women without clothes. Our Armenian ladies could not bear to be ungowned and they threw themselves into the rivers.

The prettiest girls they took to Turkish harems. Do you know what it means to be in a Turkish harem? Turkish harems are very bad for Turkish girls. Even in my native city I pitied Turkish girls who were in a Turkish harem, but Turkish harems for Armenian Christian girls are terrible.

We went back to our city, but we had no home. The Turkish Government had confiscated our home, our garden, our goods, and all that we had. My little brother was not strong enough to stand such sufferings and he died. He would wake up in the night and call:

"Brother, do you not see there in that corner they are killing my father—just there in that corner."

He was not strong to stand such suffering, so he died.

For months we lived under the protection of the American Consul and the kind American missionaries. But it was the intention of the Turkish Government to kill every Armenian student. Of the five hundred boy students in the American College where I studied, only five escaped, and it became impossible for me to live there any longer. We planned for me to escape over the mountains to the Russian Army. One night in September, 1916, with four other Armenian villagers, I bade good-by to my mother and little sister and we began our journey. It is hard to make an almost hopeless flight over mountains, sometimes covered with the snow. We slept on the hard ground, sometimes with a rock for a pillow. Many times we did not have bread to eat. Five times we were captured by Turkish soldiers, and they would have taken our lives but we gave them money and bought our freedom.

Finally we came to the Russian Army. I saw a Russian soldier standing on the hilltop, and we ran to him, and I was very glad. But I was not glad for long, for when I reached the Russian Army, there in that Christian land, I found Armenians, starving. Armenians who had escaped the sword of the Turk were starving day by day. Students like me, who had escaped over the mountains, were starving. Armenian girls who had escaped from Turkish harems were starving there in Russia, and there were little Armenian children who had escaped from being buried alive They buried Armenian children alive in Turkey. I know a place where 10,000 Armenian children were buried alive, and those little children who had escaped were starving there in Russia. The Russians were kind to them, but they did not have food enough themselves.

I do not ask your help because these are Armenians and I am Armenian. The Turks do not need your help. If one day I saw the Turks in the same condition as I saw Armenians, the Armenian refugee

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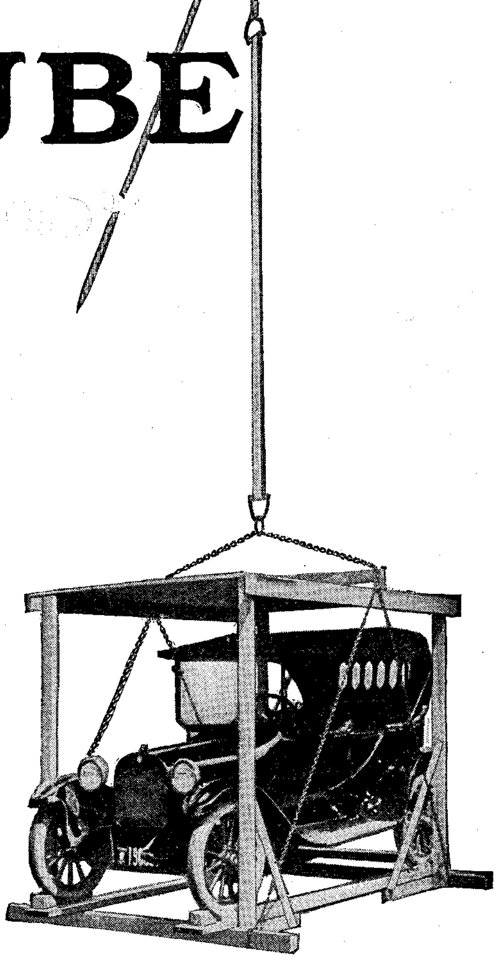

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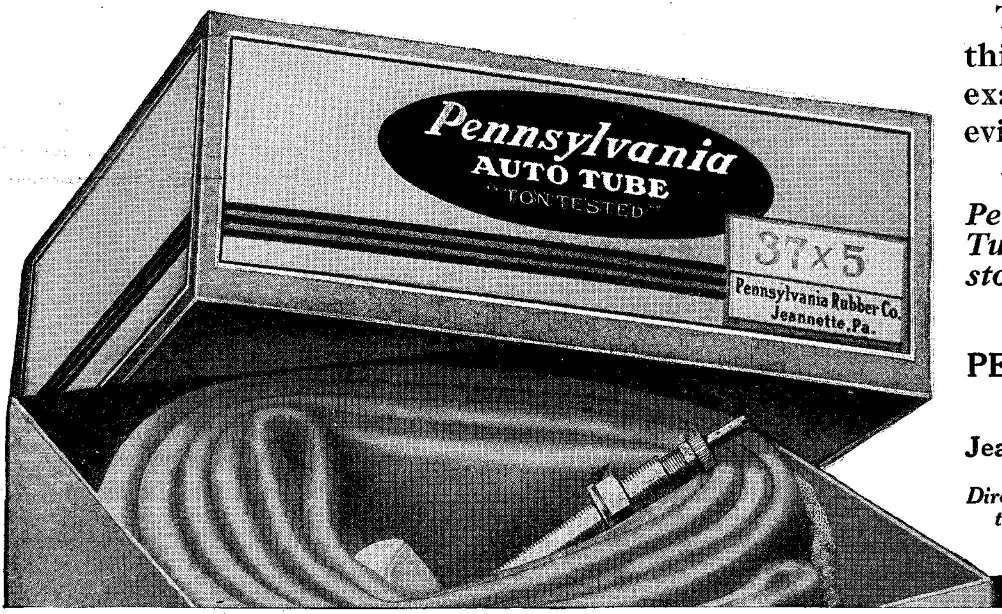

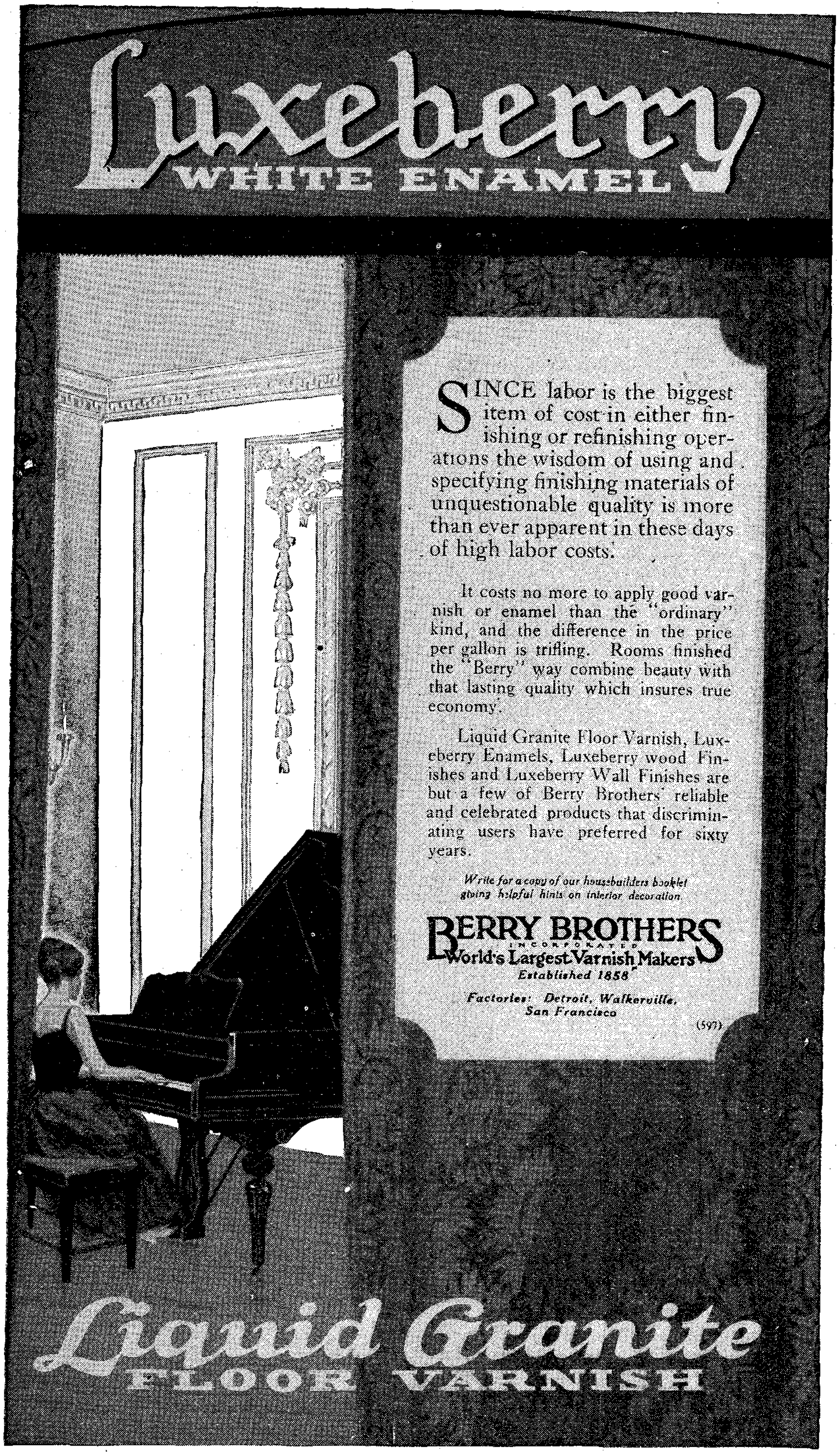

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would stand on the platforms of America and say: "Help for the Turks, for they are starving. Rich, kind Americans, give aid to the Turks, for they are starving." But the Turks do not need your aid.

I plead with you for help for my people. One million Armenians have died. Show me if you can another nation that has given one million martyrs in eight months. And now many thousands of Armenians are starving. It is for them I ask your help.

When I was traveling in Japan one night I saw the beautiful stars in the sky, and never, it seemed to me, had I seen them shine so brightly. In a few days, in one of the harbors of Japan, I saw your flag, the Stars and Stripes, and it seemed to me that the stars on your flag shone as brightly as the stars in the sky, and I murmured: "Is there any difference?" It seems to me there is one difference: The stars in the sky shine on everybody; they shine on Armenians in Turkey; they shine in Siberia, in Korea, in Japan, and they shine in America. The stars on your flag shine on America, but they do not shine on everybody. The stars on your flag are the emblem of your liberty. You are free and for that they put the stars on your flag. You are rich and the stars on your flag are the symbol of your wealth and your power. Dear Americans, don't you want the stars on your flag to shine on everybody? Then help the Armenians.

If you will help them and save them they will go back to Armenia after the war, and in a hundred years they will become thirty million as once they were. And then they will cry from the far Orient:

"Long live America! Long live the flag of freedom, for the stars on your flag are like the stars in the sky—they shine on everybody!"

BATTLING FAR FROM THE LIME-LIGHT

Here is a story of an early phase of the war that has been dimmed by the swift action and the carnage of the battles in the European theater. Down among the mountains of Africa there has been the clash of armed forces, and British troops have swept the Germans from Lake Tanganyika. True, this statement does not thrill, nor ring with import, and yet the result was accomplished only after overcoming natural obstacles that seemed almost as insuperable as those which the Italians have met in the campaign against Austria. The story is told in letters, written by a British army officer attached to the expedition, and printed in the New York *Times*. He writes of the difficulties and hardships encountered in reaching the scene of the conflict:

We have arrived at last, and it has been a very tiring task for all of us. The conditions were simply awful. For days we drank filthy mud—not water—and a bath was an impossibility. We had little sleep; were worn out with sun, dust, flies, and mosquitoes, and our hearts at times nearly failed us with the overwhelming difficulties we had to contend with. The dust from the oxen and traction-engines, in combination with a merciless sun, and then sixteen days on the Lualaba River in an open boat through a sleeping-sickness country, infested with tsetse, was an experience none of us wishes to have again. At times, when I was responsible for the safety of my boat and saw her at one moment sliding in loose earth toward a precipice, and at another, with one wheel right down in an ant-bear hole, one's feelings can be better imagined than described.

What has been done constitutes, I think, a record. We have taken *Mimi* and *Toutou* (boats) over 10,000 miles by sea and rail—200 miles through bush and forest, 400 miles by river, and again 100 miles by road. The road we took went right over a plateau 7,000 feet above sea-level, so soft that the wheels were buried and we had to haul our gear out with block and tackle, oxen and niggers. The river journey was also very difficult, owing to the sand-banks, and the last portion was so shallow that we had to put our boats on shallow-draft barges—not an easy task. According to the Belgians, we have accomplished the impossible.

However, there were compensations.

We have seen a good deal of Central Africa and have had some big-game shooting down the river, crocodiles, hippos, buffalo, buck, and two elephants being the victims. It will be an experience we shall all look back upon with a certain amount of pride and satisfaction, but we are happy to have reached the lake. Our operations will commence as soon as possible. We have a very difficult task in front of us, but for the honor of our country we are determined to give a good account of ourselves.

More than a month later he writes that nothing has been seen of the enemy, but declares it to be "hard, nerve-racking work, being out at all times of the night expecting to run into a mine-field or a tornado," but without an opportunity for a fight. He closes with the statement that they have no tobacco or cigarets, milk, sugar, or jam. The action finally began on Boxing day when the enemy was sighted in the morning. The writer says:

At 9 A. M., on Boxing day, the German boat was sighted on the horizon, steaming south. All hands were ordered to the boats and we left the harbor at 9:30. The Germans were then about six miles from us and south of us. Being so small, she did not see us until within 5,000 yards, and then she noticed the Union Jack, and turned to wipe our small craft out.

We came under their fire at 3,000 yards, but went for her at full speed and, at 2,500, opened fire. The third shot from *Mimi* hit the wireless and brought it down. The fifth shot hit her on the water-line, and she fled, but we were faster and put shell after shell into her. She turned again and fired several rounds, but missed every time. A shell of ours went through her conning-tower and killed her captain, the gun-layer, and a seaman. She was also leaking badly, and then hauled down her flag. From the time we left harbor we steamed at full speed up to her.

When we boarded, a horrible sight met us. Twelve shells had hit her, and she was yellow with lyddite, but the poor wretches who were dead were unrecog-

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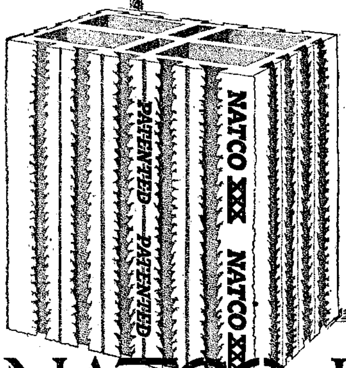

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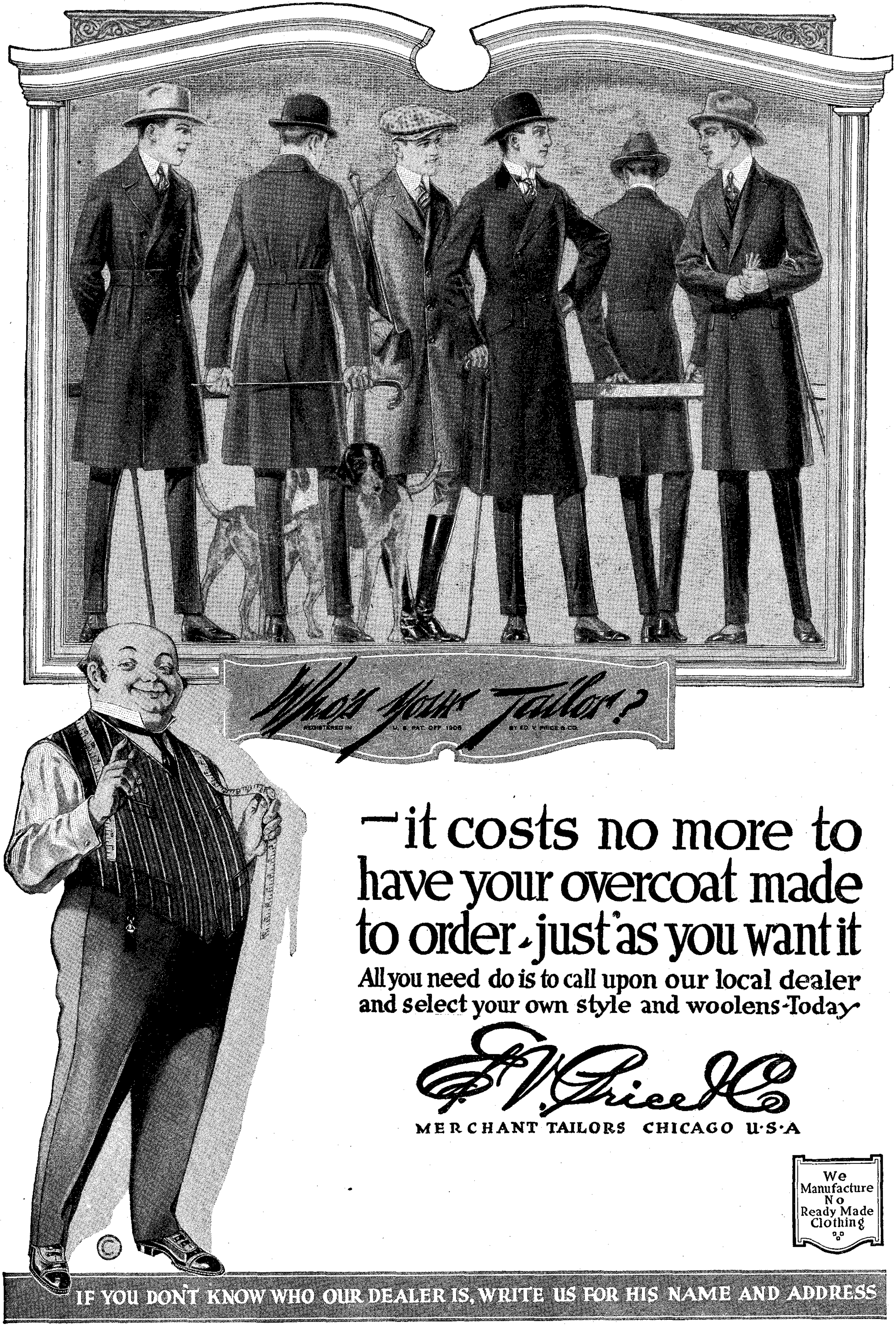
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IF YOU DON'T KNOW WHO OUR DEALER IS, WRITE US FOR HIS NAME AND ADDRESS nizable. We took four white prisoners and the black crew. The dead were buried with military honors in the afternoon.

The whole Kongo is mad with joy over this victory. The *Kinjani* was about the best boat on the lake and well equipped for fighting. A wonderful reception awaited us on our return with the prize. The Belgians had witnessed the fight through their telescopes. They sent trains down the line to bring up all the whites and the native troops to form a guard of honor on the beach.

There were 2,000 black and white soldiers with fixt bayonets, and about 2,000 niggers and their women. The scene with the shining sun was gorgeous—one mass of color and flashing steel. The Belgian officers tried to kiss us—some actually did. The niggers danced and rubbed sand in their hair, and a salute of twelve guns from the shore batteries was fired as the Union Jack was hoisted on the German boat.

This victory means so much. All throughout the Kongo the Belgians have laughed at our "toy boats," as they call them, and ridiculed the whole expedition. The toys, however, have more than justified our existence here. They have done more than the whole Belgian Fleet has done in eighteen months. Now we practically have command of the lake and shall be very pleased to meet any boat or boats the Germans like to send against us. We are delighted at our success, but the doctor regrets that there are no casualties for him to practise his "masterly inactivity" upon.

With the destruction of the steamer *Hedwig Weissman* the lake was cleared of the last German vessel, and several months later Bismarcksburg was captured. On the voyage down to Cape Town scenes of beautiful desolation, the result of the dread sleeping sickness, were encountered, of which the writer says:

On the banks of the river are to be seen crocodiles, maribou, crested crane, and about every kind of tropical bird.

This has been a wonderful experience, but there is a touch of pathos in it all. One sees beautiful plantations of palms and signs of old villages which must have had large and prosperous populations at one time, but sleeping sickness has wiped them all out. On the shore we found huge native jars of beautiful workmanship and dilapidated fortifications that were almost impenetrable. Sleeping sickness is a terrible scourge on both banks of the river.

This country is wonderfully picturesque, with the broad rivers, beautiful palms, and tropical vegetation on the banks, and the beautiful birds. It is gorgeous. If one could only do away with the tsetse and mosquito it would be a white man's paradise.

After his return to Scotland in the early part of the year the writer tells of the last lap of the journey:

We left Tanganyika on October 18 and, owing to the fact that the Kongo was at its lowest and, therefore, not navigable, we had to trek south through northern Rhodesia to the rail-head, over 1,000 miles.

Our journey took seven weeks to the railway. We walked 500 miles and did the rest by river in native canoes. The river trip was very trying, as for 300 miles we were in the Bangweolo swamps, with half the expedition down with malaria, and no doctor.

We at last managed to reach Cape Town, and, after thirty-six days at sea, reached the dear old country safe, but cold.

LORD RHONDDA, THE HOOVER OF GREAT BRITAIN

No outburst of wild enthusiasm, as far as we have noticed, has greeted what is probably the most radical suggestion in the line of food-conservation that has yet been made. It comes from Lady Rhondda. She proposes that all persons who are not engaged in work that requires physical activity shall abstain from food entirely on one day of each week. Lady Rhondda's interest in the food-problem is quite natural, as her husband is the recently appointed food-controller of Great Britain, who, it is announced, will gradually take over control of the entire provision trade.

Americans will recall Lord Rhondda better as D. A. Thomas, the millionaire Welsh colliery owner, who was among the passengers rescued from the ill-fated *Lusitania*. Mr. Thomas was then on his way to the United States to organize the engines of war here and in Canada. The Toronto *Globe* tells an interesting story of his career:

No autocrat, in or out of Germany, could have had a better training for a job where only a first-class dictator will save the people from the weaknesses of their own petty nature. He learned from youth the stuff that men are made of through endless, bitter war with the most entrenched trades-union among organized labor in Great Britain—the touchy, fiery workers in the steam-coal trade, which is the pet and handmaiden of the British Navy in war or peace.

Lord Rhondda used to be called the uncrowned king of the South Wales coal-fields. And he ruled like an old-fashioned king, who cynically declined to put too much trust in divine rights. He preferred to make his rights prevail by mundane methods. Born in Aberdare, Glamorganshire, in 1856, the son of a small coal-mine owner, he inherited two pits, which to-day would be considered mean and tiny in Wales. He inherited, too, an astuteness and a stern non-conformity which so often seem to run together. His father often told the neighbors, who were also his workmen, that he meant David to be a big figure in the coal trade.

D. A. Thomas, as he was until his barony was given two years ago, was, therefore, privately educated and went eventually to Caius College, Cambridge, and was scholar of Jesus and Caius colleges. Then he returned to the pit-head. It was itself something daring then for a Cambridge man to take to business. The example has been followed by thousands since.

The two small pits in the Rhondda Valley, one of the many which run downward to the Bristol Channel through the golden lands of priceless steam-coal, had

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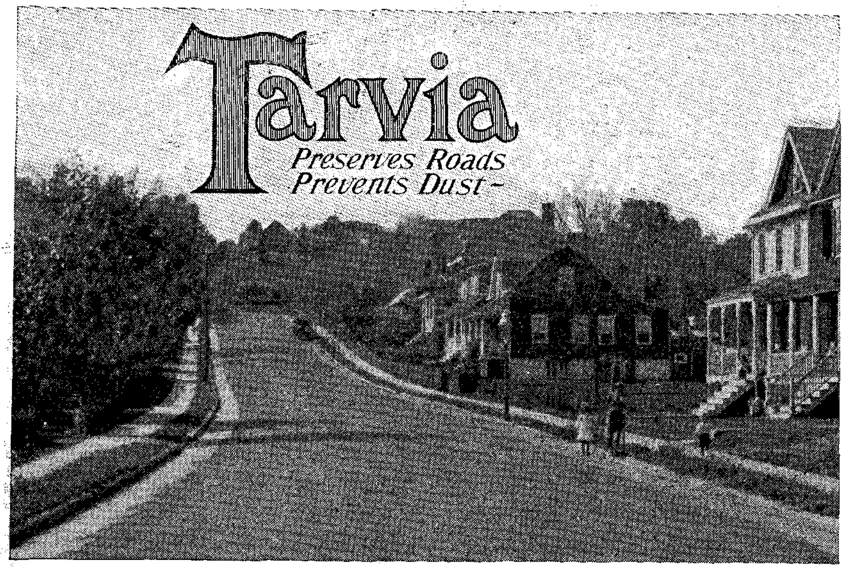

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grown and doubled. Trade, then, was to the brave and daring. "D. A." was both. He opened as his own shipper in the port of Cardiff, but soon the enormous growth of the coal trade made it better for him to confine himself to mining. To say that it flourished like the bay-tree would be as dreamy as an Eastern tale. Literally, hundreds of pits were sunk in a few years within forty miles of Aberdare, and it was only in keeping with his father's wish and his own non-conformist conscience that D. A. Thomas should be among the first to add to his holdings.

Things went on marvelously. But with industrial growth came industrial strife. South Wales has been for half a century the hotbed of the most advanced things in trade-unionism. "D. A.," individualistic and stiff-necked, fought it more than any other man. Yet he had the name of being the best "boss" to work for in the coal-field. He fought the principle his Cambridge training taught him was abhorrent; but he cared for his men as his father's old neighbors. By no single man in Great Britain were traditions of the old school, which believed in the personal touch of working conditions, better upheld. Mr. Thomas knew the family life and gossip of all his five or six thousand workers.

When industrial combinations became popular in England as well as in the United States, and after German competition began to be felt, Mr. Thomas became the head of the great Cambrian Collieries. Long before this he had entered Parliament as the representative of Merthyr Tydvil. *The Globe* says:

> For a time latterly his "junior" fellow member was none other than the late Keir Hardie. It seemed ironic that two men holding diametrically opposite views should sit for the same double constituency. Yet no one would regard it as less incongruous than "D. A." It is said that he was spurred first to enter Parliament by Mrs. Thomas, a Radnorshire lady, who has a wonderfully active record of her own. Their only daughter, Lady Mackworth, is, or was, a "wild and woolly" suffragette, able in speech and pen as few of them are.
>
> The most striking part of Lord Rhondda's career, tho, easily is his participation in the war-work. He had stated his determination to retire from Parliament in pique at the next election, and was especially incensed with his fellow countryman, now Premier Lloyd George, who had the will of his own to offer Mr. Thomas a simple knighthood. Twenty-five years in Parliament, Mr. Thomas thought, deserved something better, and he declined. Had war not broken out the retirement would have taken place, and the chances are that the Barony of Rhondda would not have been created.
>
> With the coming of the graver danger, however, all domestic differences dropt, and in a few months "D. A." was chosen for his sheer business ability to go to Washington and to Toronto to hurry up the first British munition-supplies from the States. Eventually he diverted most of the orders to Canada. In one of these trips—it is ancient history now—he and his daughter were rescued among the few from the *Lusitania*.
>
> But it was out of his excellent service to the Empire on this side of the Atlantic that "D. A." attained the ambition which

a quarter of a century's legislating in the mother of Parliaments had not been able to obtain for him. He was created Baron Rhondda—taking his name from the valley pitted with the mines of the Cambrian combine. Among his best admirers are the sturdy Welsh miners, trade-unionists gone mad, Socialists and democrats of the craziest, men who work hard, think hard, and hate and admire with the great free passions of men who come nearest to the old Communists, "fearing neither God nor man." He placated the worst by touching the patriotism of the Welshman in choosing his title from their own rugged land.

THE "MOVIE" AS AN INDUSTRY

ALMOST any grown-up would fail if asked to name the first five most important industries in the United States, it is pretty safe to say. He might get as far as agriculture, transportation, oil, and steel, but the chances are that there he would stick, or make a bad guess. And yet any schoolboy could tell him that No. 5 is moving pictures, for it is so written in the text-books of 1917. And when one considers the number of persons employed—50,000 in one big production and 18,000 in another—the trades that contribute to the making of the pictures, the varied articles that are employed, from tin cans to grand pianos, it is not so strange that the "movie" should occupy a prominent place among the American industries.

The insurance figures alone tell an enlightening story, one plant carrying $250,000 a year. Complete hardware-shops, wall-paper and furniture departments are maintained by the larger companies, and expensive bric-à-brac, china and table linen, valuable paintings and art-objects are but a small part of the properties necessary to equip an important studio to-day.

Nearly all the trades are represented among the employees, from plumbers and carpenters to artists and modelers. Cooks, caterers, and waiters are on the companies' pay-rolls, and the professions are frequently represented by physicians regularly employed, to say nothing of now and then a lawyer; but that's another story. A very good idea of the importance of the motion-picture as an industry is presented by a writer in the Los Angeles *Times*, who says:

> It goes without saying that the studios are going to continue to consume all kinds of goods. They belong in the business ledger with the really big customers. Most of the large film companies are now in the market for glass, for many of the studios are constructed entirely of glass or covered with glass roofs. Electrical supplies are probably the most expensive item of purchase in the studio itself. Each set or small stage is lit by a number of mercury vapor lamps, besides arc lamps covered in large globes. When thirty or forty stages are in use at the same time, the bills for lamps and lighting are enormous. One large iron stand equipped with a set of

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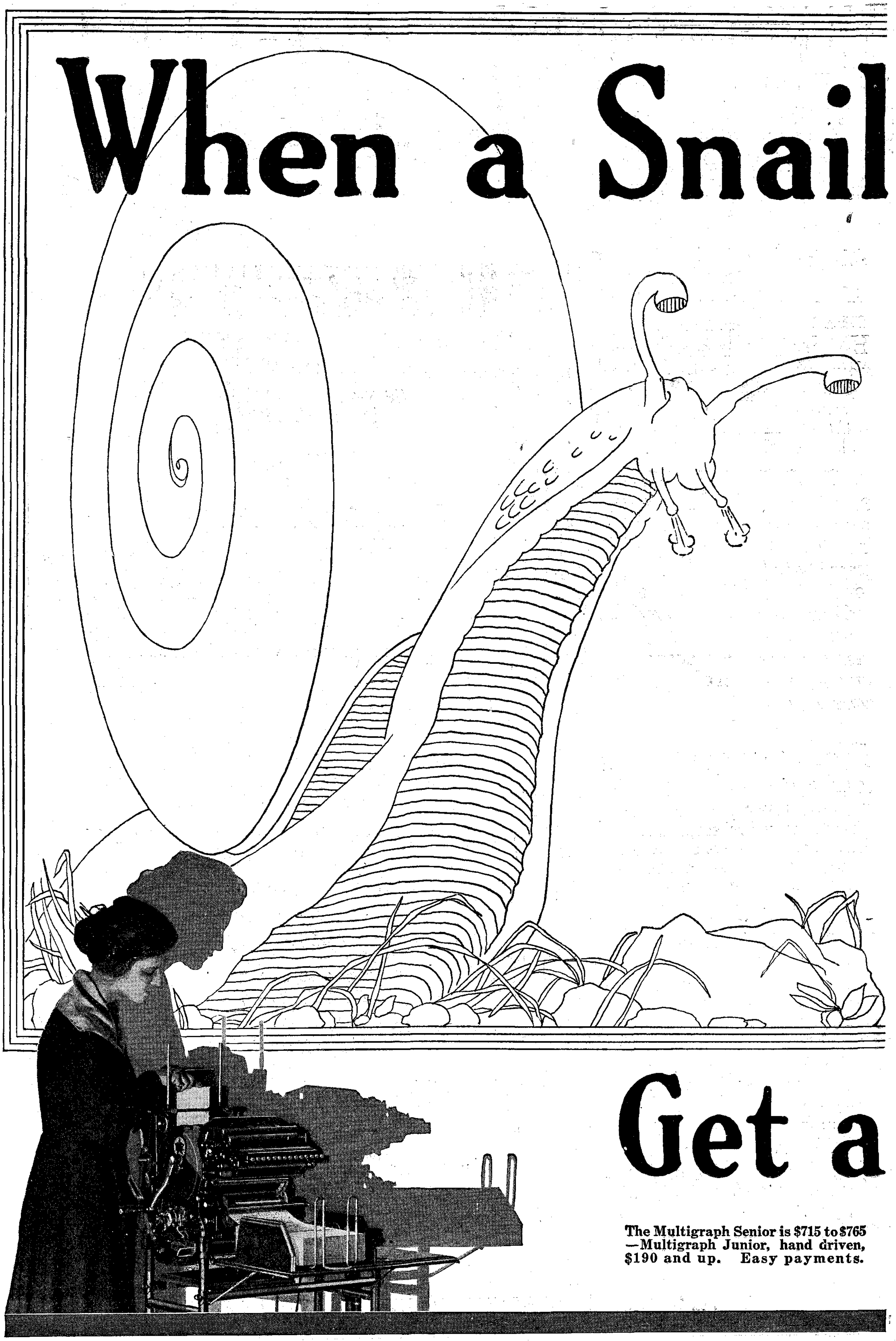
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and opens up the high speed lever and steps on the gas and uses every atom of power he's got, he makes a speed of *ten feet a day* and thinks he's breaking all records. He doesn't realize that a million other creeping, crawling, walking things are getting farther in an hour than *he does in a week.*

Likewise some business men don't realize how *slow they're going.* Some business men—not many in this enlightened age, but still a few—think if they get their printed matter ready for the mails within four days or five or six after they get it written, that *they're doing speed work too.* They don't realize that other business men by tens of thousands are doing in two or three short hours what *they take days to do.*

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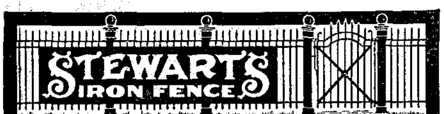

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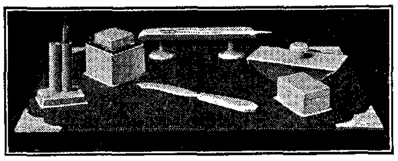

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lights costs $1,500, and often from ten to twenty-five of these are ranged around one stage. Lights are often kept burning night and day, for work on scenes must be kept up continually to meet the pressing demand for the output of pictures. Generators and transformers, to change the course of the electric current, carbons for arc lamps, conduits, condulets, fuses, stage cable, cord, and wire are among the other electrical supplies needed in the studio.

Fire equipment of every sort comprises one of the first purchases made by a moving-picture manufacturer. The film is extremely inflammable and every precaution must be taken to guard the prints and negatives of picture-stories. The insurance carried by one large plant on the Pacific coast amounts to $250,000 a year.

The making of sets is an important item in the expense of producing pictures. Sets are, in almost every case, sixteen feet in height. Pine shelving and pine strips in large quantities are purchased each month.

The hardware-shop in a moving-picture plant purchases nails, screws, bolts, corrugated fasteners, corner braces, angle irons, T-irons, brace cleats, lashing cleats, etc. All sorts of paints must be kept on hand for the painting of furniture and sets—dry paint, pulp, varnish stains, shellac, analin colors, and glue for mixing paints. Heavy linen or canvas is kept in big quantities for the painting of drops. In studios which depend on the sun for light, large overhead canvas curtains operated by pulley ropes are pulled to and fro to produce the desired softness of light. There is always a wall-paper room in every studio where a varied assortment of cheap and choice wall-papers is kept. Black velvet is used for large drop-curtains, which make an effective background for "still" photos of picture stars or for "close-ups" which occur during the course of a picture-story.

Properties and costumes have run into such an enormous figure in many cases that efficiency experts have been set to work at some of the larger plants to stop the leaks. Oriental rugs, rich furniture, and valuable works of art have been purchased by directors for the embellishment of scenes in important productions, and while much of all this has been corrected by the efficiency man, moving-picture companies still spend immense sums for "props" and costumes. Of the Triangle plant at Culver City, California, the writer in *The Times* says:

> One large building is used for furniture and props. Different types of furniture are neatly arranged in their own sections. Dozens of tables are in one section. Some of these are suited to English country houses, others to Southern mansions or Colonial homes, another would only be suitable in a business office, another in a nursery, and a decrepit and dingy one in a slum room.
>
> There are chairs of all kinds as well, and every type of desk and dresser and book-shelf. The Triangle plant employs about sixty skilled cabinet-makers. These men can make all but the finest furniture on a few days' notice. A variety of pianos are kept at the plant—handsome grand pianos for the drawing-rooms of wealthy homes and tinpanny uprights with match-scratched surfaces for dance-hall scenes. A Michi-

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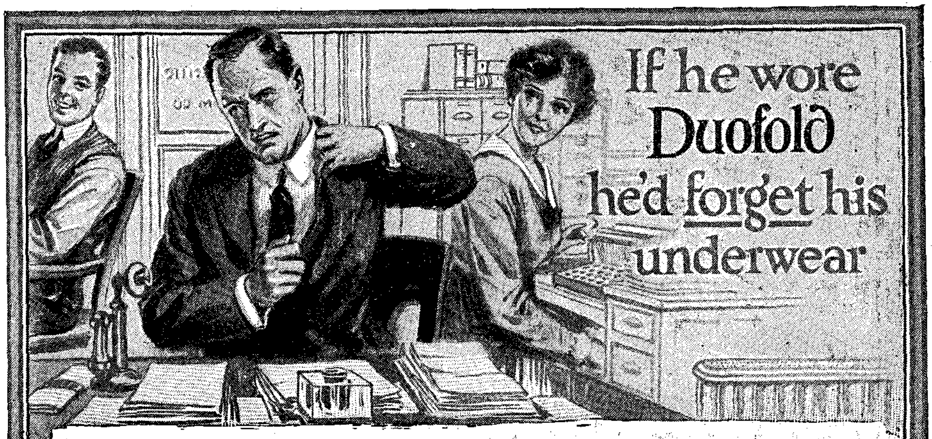
gan furniture manufacturer received a big order from the Universal Film Company a few months ago. When the order was filled it took eight freight-cars to transport the furniture to Los Angeles.

At the Triangle Culver City plant the china comprises one of the most expensive and interesting groups of props. There are dozens of tea-sets—Japanese, Colonial, and old English, wine-glasses of every sort, a silver service which is used for state dinners in stories of Government intrigue, and thick white china cups which go well in slapstick comedy restaurant scenes. Table silver is kept in the company's vaults, and linens, napkins, and table appointments are purchased anew whenever the home journals dictate new ideas in table service.

In the studio art-gallery there are expensive oil-paintings, etchings, French prints, and cheap chromos. Bric-à-brac ascends the scale from blown-glass birds in cases to Chinese vases ten feet high.

Properties are now carefully watched. At one time it was the custom of some of the moving-picture actor colony to "borrow" furnishings for their cottages from the plant. In one large Western studio the efficiency man recently discovered that the "borrowings" that had failed to find their way back to the studio necessitated a charge of $60,000 to the profit and loss account. One ingenious actor is said to have borrowed the property lawn-mower, which he hitched to his Ford and trailed to his bungalow. Now, says the *Times* writer,

> If Director Smith wants to go to Director Jones's set right next his own and borrow even so small a thing as a pillow from a sofa or an apple from a fruit dish to enhance the beauty of his own set, the item must be checked out of Jones's set and into Smith's set in the main office or there is the deuce to pay.
>
> The Lasky studio, it is said, almost supports a greenhouse-owner in Hollywood. The company consume a quantity of palms for drawing-room and conservatory sets; they use dozens of choice fresh flowers to fill prop vases and make bouquets, and they have asked this gardener to lay out many foreground gardens before a studio exterior set which they wished to use. The Triangle and Universal plants maintain their own greenhouses.
>
> Books, curtains, rugs, cretonnes, and all manner of interior furnishings are constantly being purchased by the studios. The laundries do a profitable business with the studios for the linens used in dining-room or bedroom sets; the curtains, pillow-covers, etc., must be kept spotless. Smudges of dirt are very quickly detected by a camera.
>
> Several hundred actors are often busy at work in a studio each day. The noon sunshine is quite the most valuable asset of any moving-picture manufacturer, so it is to the company's own advantage to feed the actors as quickly as possible at the noon hour and have them back "on the job." Almost every moving-picture concern runs a large cafeteria in the studio. These big restaurants make business for the greengrocer and the wholesale man takes some satisfactory orders from the movie plants. Of course, real food is used in the dining-room scenes in the movies, as well. Thermos bottles and fireless cookers



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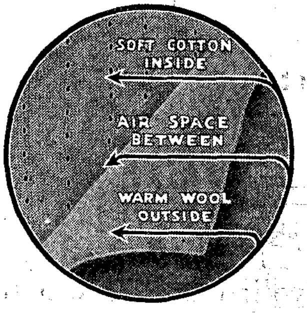

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keep this food hot until the scene has been rehearsed and the director is ready to give the camera man the order to "shoot the scene."

An item of importance that would hardly occur to the lay mind is the maintenance of the animals required in a large number of the productions. But the four-footed actors have to be fed, and in the Selig pictures this is no small item when one considers that the big elephant in the company's zoo eats a bale of hay a day, while the lions consume about twenty pounds of raw meat each. The cost of the mechanical production is immense, and *The Times* says of this branch of the work:

> Over 115,000 feet of negative and positive film a day are used by one large producing company. This film costs between 3¼ to 3¾ cents a foot. Negative is the sensitive film used for the "first taking" of a picture, and the positive film, which is not such a fine grade of film, is used for the prints taken from the first picture. The prints are made by electric light and are not subject to sunlight as in the case of the negative.
>
> The following chemicals are used in the laboratory of any film plant: Metol is used as a developing agent, also hydroquinone, edinol, pyro, potassium, or sodium carbonate, and sodium sulfite. Potassium or sodium bromid is used as restrainers in the developing solution and sodium hyposulfite in the fixing bath to remove the unreduced silver from the film. Acetid acid and alum are used in the fixing-bath to harden the film. Sulfuret of potassium or sodium is used to precipitate the silver from the hypo bath. Silver reclaimed in this way forms an important by-product of the film industry. Amyl acetate is used to polish the developing film and denatured alcohol to clean it.
>
> Dyes of different sorts are used in the studios to tint film for daylight, moonlight, fire, and other special effects. Orange, yellow, red, blue, and black dyes are used for this purpose.
>
> An air-conditioning plant is one of the most important aids to perfecting the film. The film is wrapt on large wooden wheels, upon which it is turned in order to dry after the developing process. The air-conditioning plant keeps the air about this wheel dustless and maintains a certain temperature and humidity as well.
>
> The Triangle Culver City plant has its own lumber-yard and planing-mill. Quite recently, a story called for the construction of a foreign street with houses on either side. The whole row of houses were constructed at the plant—lumber of the required dimension was planed there, the plaster covering the houses was made at Culver City, the windows and doors were made "on the lot," and even the tiles which covered the roof were baked there. Artists with long experience in sculpture made the casts which decorated some of the buildings. Many times every item of furnishing in an interior set has been made at the plant with the exception of the lighting and plumbing fixtures.
>
> Wardrobe-rooms in the studios often employ as many as fifty dressmakers, and dozens of uniforms and costumes of every age in history are fitted to actors on a few moments' notice.
>
> Auto supplies of all kinds are needed in the large garages which adjoin every moving-picture studio. The use of machines is absolutely necessary to a moving-picture concern, for the acting companies must be transported all over the adjoining country in order to take their "exteriors on location." Enterprising automobile salesmen often give a moving-picture company the use of several cars of the make they are pushing, so that these same cars will appear in the pictures and advertise the product. Bridles and saddlery of all kinds are in demand in the stables of the large moving-picture concerns.

The manufacturers of tin cans have profited by the moving-picture business. All films are shipped in cans of from one- to five-reel capacity. In some places the fire regulations compel the use of one-reel cans only. Kraft paper, wax-paper to protect the films from the humid atmosphere of Asia and South America, tissue-paper to wrap films for the domestic trade, and cord and twine are necessities of the shipping department. Of the Fox production of "Cleopatra," which cost more than a million dollars, *The Times* says:

> Tremendous "sets" were built at an enormous expense, depicting the exterior and the interior of the Roman Senate, with all its massive columns of granite. The desert scene was taken on the sands of Oxnard, a Southern California city, where were erected exact replicas of the Sphinx and Pyramids. The city of Alexandria, where was built the gorgeous and elaborate palace of Cleopatra, was located at Nigger Slough, and the elaborate scene of Antony's palace at Tarsus, and the fleet of more than eighty war-vessels which engaged in the Battle of Actium, were taken in and about Balboa, Cal.
>
> Director-General J. Gordon Edwards, Miss Theda Bara's director, established a record in finishing this production, which contains more than 3,000 scenes, and in which more than 500,000 feet of film were used, and in which he handled more than 50,000 people, in a little over nine weeks.
>
> Several months before Miss Theda Bara arrived in California, a staff of men under the direct supervision of Mr. Fox were making a study of all documents and historical books pertaining to the time of Cleopatra. In addition, Miss Bara made regular visits to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York City, and there studied the Egyptian collection, getting valuable pointers and historical facts in regard to costuming, head-dress, and gestures. Several art directors under the supervision of Director Edwards were busy looking up the exact costumes that were worn by the followers and subjects of Cleopatra, and of the Roman period of that date.
>
> More than 40,000 costumes were ordered, which were worn by the various extra people employed in the big scenes.
>
> By the time Miss Bara arrived in Los Angeles, the massive "sets" that were to comprise scenes in and about her palace at Alexandria were completed. She got in consultation with the Fox costume department, and her wardrobe was mapped out. In all, Miss Bara wore forty costumes and as many different head-dresses. A staff of fifteen seamstresses were constantly employed.
>
> For administering the affairs of this huge undertaking, a special business staff was

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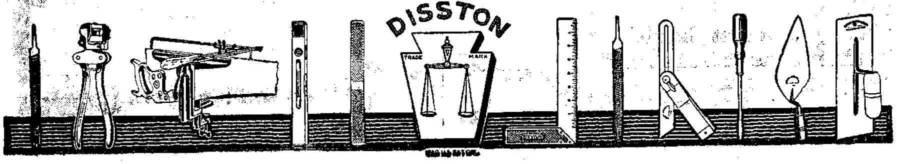


organized to handle the various business matters that came up during the taking of this photoplay.

To feed the army of extra people, who numbered from 3,000 to 5,000 in some scenes, an entire commissary department was organized, and the distributing of food was so systematized that not an extra went without lunch. In addition, a corps of doctors and nurses were always on hand to minister to any of the people who may have been overcome by the heat, or hurt during the action of the drama.

After the finish of the picture, contrary to all beliefs that the star would then earn a much-needed rest, more work was in store for her. Miss Bara is a deep student of the technique of the "cutting" of a picture. She spent hours at a time in the projection-room, in company with the director and the head "cutter," in selecting the best "shots" of the production, so that when the picture was sent to Mr. Fox, in New York, it was sent practically ready to be shown.

KING WITNESSES ROUMANIANS' HEROIC STAND

"IF we cross the Sereth, which I hope will not be difficult, Jassy and the whole of Moldavia will be ours."

The letter from which this extract is quoted was found on the body of a dead Prussian officer on a battle-field piled six deep with the slain.

For the Germans did not cross the Sereth!

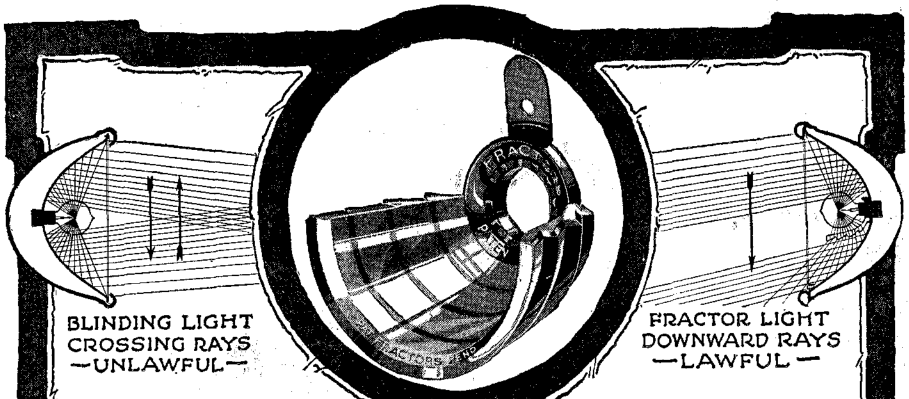
In one of the finest feats of arms of the Great War the peasant soldiers of Roumania, in the presence of their King, held firm against the fierce onslaughts of Von Mackensen's troops in a battle that lasted for two weeks, and in which twelve divisions of Germans were engaged, and nearly an entire Roumanian division wiped out. But the Germans did not cross the bridge at Cosmesti, which would have meant the division of the Roumanian Army. Of the heroic resistance against overwhelming odds the correspondent of the London *Times* on the Marasesti front writes:

> The defense of the Marasesti front, north of Focsani, has been the most glorious deed of arms ever accomplished by the Roumanian Army. The heroic fight waged by these peasant soldiers, who had to face much superior German forces, which had on their side the advantage of surprize, is not surpassed by anything in the deeds either of the Belgians or the Servians.
>
> The main objective of the enemy was to reach the bridge at Cosmesti and to cross the River Sereth. The intention of the enemy is clear from a letter which I saw, and which was found on the corpse of a Prussian officer, dated August 6:
>
> "We are going to deliver a decisive blow here very soon. If we cross the Sereth, which I hope will not be difficult, Jassy and the whole of Moldavia will be ours. If we succeed I believe we are going to be sent to Flanders, where things seem to be hot again."
>
> The time chosen by Marshal von Mackensen was August 8, when the Russian

> troops had had to be replaced by Roumanians. He attacked that day with one division. A Roumanian division was still on the left bank of the Sereth, and part of its troops was hurried across the bridge in order to stop any crossing of the river. For three days one division resisted the fierce attacks of three German divisions, which had been ordered to cross at any price. Finally, on the 12th, the enemy, finding their efforts useless, shifted the attack westward.
>
> The enemy's losses were enormous. Prisoners of an Alpine Corps confest that since Verdun they had never had such a serious engagement. The 12th Bavarian Division was practically annihilated, being reduced to 2,000 men. Naturally, the Roumanian losses were also heavy.
>
> On the following days the attack became general on the whole of the Marasesti front, where the Germans brought up twelve divisions against a much weaker Roumanian force, which, moreover, had taken over a very precarious situation. However, with the sacrifice of nearly the whole of a Roumanian division the German plan was countered. Had the enemy succeeded in crossing the bridge at Cosmesti and in pouring his divisions over the river, the Roumanian Army would have been cut in two, and the enemy would have dealt easily with each army separately.
>
> A new offensive broke loose on the 14th. An extremely violent artillery preparation started in the early morning, and, under clouds of dust and the smoke of asphyxiating gases, the German infantry were sent again to the slaughter. The Roumanian soldiers made as heroic a stand as any in this war, fighting unflinchingly, tho whole regiments were decimated by the fire of the German guns and machine guns. Officers and soldiers died in their positions, refusing to withdraw or surrender. The French Captain Verneuil, attached to a Roumanian regiment, lost his life fighting with his Roumanian comrades.

In spite of desperate efforts the enemy was unable to cross the river, and because of enormous losses the 89th Prussian Division was obliged to withdraw. The final German attack was made on the night of August 19, when, the correspondent says:

> After intense artillery-fire of all calibers, two German divisions and an Austrian brigade attacked the Roumanian positions northeast of Panciu. In the presence of their King, who, accompanied by Prince Carol, shared the risks of battle with his soldiers, the Roumanians fought with a dash and bravery beyond praise.
>
> The enemy, whose attacks were more desperate than ever, succeeded in approaching the barbed-wire entanglements when the last Roumanian reserves were brought forward and counter-attacked with such violence that the enemy fled in disorder. The German soldiers, who were surprized by such a violent attack, threw away their rifles and surrendered. The next day we saw 600 Germans and Austrians paraded before the King. While the Austrians were slack and tired, the Bavarians distinguished themselves by marching with an excellent goose-step.
>
> The battle-field is still covered with unburied corpses, which are piled up six deep. Prisoners to whom I talked declare that they had been told that the war would be



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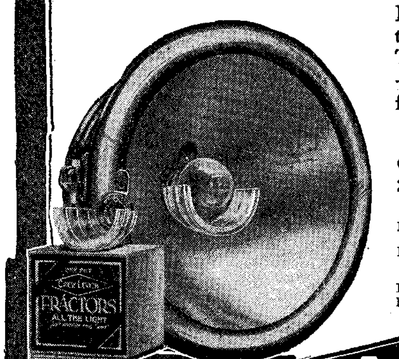

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over in the autumn, when England would be crusht.

The Army, altho numerically weakened after a fortnight's fierce fighting, has a very high morale, and is convinced now that, even if inferior in numbers, it is able to avenge its failure of last autumn.

OLD-TIME SPELLBINDERS

"SUNSHINE" HAWKS has retired after forty years as Chautauqua speaker. As a lecturer he was known all over the United States. He was christened Arthur Wells, but a little girl rechristened him. Mr. Hawks lectured at one time in the town of Plymouth, N. Y., and while there he was taken to see the child who was ill. When he went back the next day she greeted him with "Hello, Sunshine," and he has been "Sunshine" Hawks to all who know him ever since. This is his motto:

> After all
> There are only three things
> That are really worth while·
> To be good,
> To do good,
> And always to smile.

In the Baltimore *Sun* Mr. Hawks tells some interesting incidents in connection with well-known men he has met in his long experience on the lecture platform:

I am the only one of the old guard left. I remember when St. John and Daniel were heading the Prohibition ticket an old negro came up to vote. We asked him for whom he was going to vote and he said he wanted to vote the Scripture ticket. We assured him that there wasn't any Scripture ticket, only the Democratic, Republican, and Prohibition tickets. He insisted that he had heard of St. John and Daniel in the Scriptures and he was going to vote for them and the Scripture ticket and no one else. And he did.

A number of years ago I traveled with the Silver Lake Quartet, of which Henry Mead was a member. He wrote then the song that Billy Sunday has since made so popular, "The Brewers' Big Horses Can't Run Over Me." At that time I met one of the most lovable men I have ever known, Sam P. Jones. I knew the better, sweeter side of his character. Like all successful evangelists, he loved a joke and didn't mind when the joke was on him.

At Purcellville, Va., there had been for a number of years a prohibition campmeeting, and I had been on the program regularly for about five years. One year Jones came with his wife and daughter, Jones having a place on the program, of course. The first time he spoke he said: "You all came here to hear me, but I want my wife and daughter to hear Hawks. We all love Hawks; the only objection to him is that he makes his face so ugly."

This was an opening I had been awaiting for a long time, and when my chance came, I said: "My friends, I have been with you for a number of years and you know I make my face ugly, but the Lord saved Jones that trouble." I think I had the joke on Jones that time!

It has been my privilege and pleasure

in Chautauqua work to meet many of the leading men of the country and to hear them lecture. Robert Burdette was one of the most interesting men I have ever met, and I have letters from him that are filled to overflowing with sunshine and good cheer.

Dr. Willetts, originally a Presbyterian minister in Louisville, Ky., was another sunshine man. He lived to be ninety years old and lectured until within a week of his death.

One of the most popular humorists on the American platform is Strickland Gillilan. A number of years ago I was dining in Chicago with Taffy Syrs, Gillilan, and the editor of a lyceum paper. This editor was a chronic knocker and had his hammer out then using it. Gillilan stood it as long as he could, then he remarked: "Opportunity knocks once at every man's door; let other knockers take notice." There was a long and eloquent silence, but no more knocking just then.

Among platform speakers and evangelists I think the greatest is the Rev. William Ashley Sunday, better known as Billy Sunday. The first time I met him he was in Chicago working in the Young Men's Christian Association. He shook hands with me and for two weeks after that I had occasionally to count my fingers to see if they were all there. He has about the strongest grip any man ever had and he makes full use of it when he shakes hands with you.

Several years ago I was seated one night in the lobby of a hotel in Wheeling, W. Va., after an evangelical service, when a man rushed in to the telephone. I heard him say, "Yes, I left a long-distance call to Winona, Ind.," and when he got the call he said, "Is that you, mother? Yes, this is Billy. I've had a long, hard day, but lots of them hit the trail. You know I couldn't go to sleep without telling you good-night. Good-night, mother, and pleasant dreams."

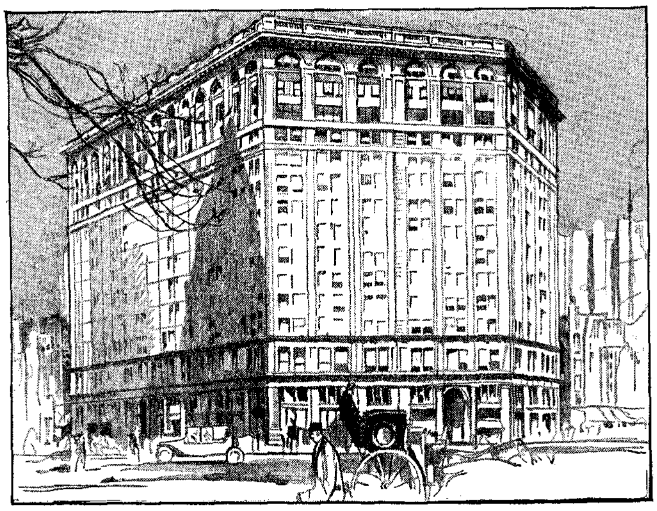
That man was Billy Sunday, and I feel that it is a delightful thing to know that one of the busiest men in the world was never too tired to call his old mother on the telephone and tell her good-night.

I have seen much growth in the lyceum business during my forty years' work and some welcome and unwelcome changes. Bishop Vincent, who originated the movement at Chautauqua Lake, N. Y., had no idea of the extent to which it would grow. There is now hardly a small town in the United States which does not have a course of Chautauqua lectures and entertainment during the year.

The greatest money-making evangelist on the platform, both for himself and for the committee, was William Jennings Bryan. A number of years ago I met him on a train *en route* to Chicago. He called me to come sit down with him, and asked me if I had ever heard his lecture on "The Prince of Peace." I never had, and so he repeated it to me. It took him an hour and a half, and when he was through I thanked him for lecturing to an audience of one, and he replied:

"The fact is, Mr. Hawks, I like to hear it myself."

At a Chautauqua meeting in Michigan one time we had a very rainy day, when Colonel Watterson, of Kentucky, was booked to deliver his famous address on Abraham Lincoln. When the hour for the lecture arrived it was pouring rain and not more than thirty people were in



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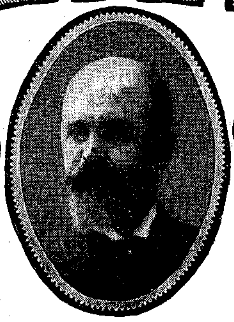

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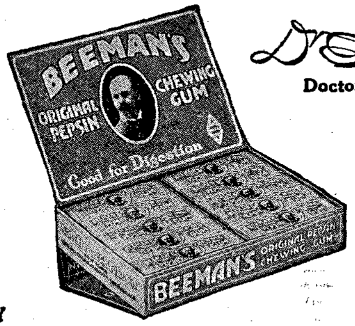
I devised a scientific formula for gum, as a food chemist.

Multitudes now use my gum to ward off headaches and troubles of the stomach.



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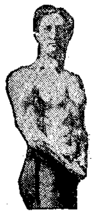

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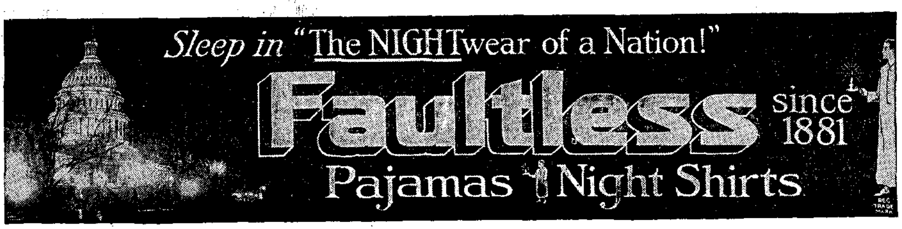
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the tent. The colonel got up to speak and said:

"Mr. Hawks, have you ever heard this lecture?"

"No, sir," I answered, "I have not."

"Well," he replied, "I'll give it for you." And he proceeded to do so.

Speaking of Colonel Watterson, I was invited to dine with him at a club in Louisville one time. At that time I would eat with anybody anything at any time, so I followed the Colonel through a long list of fancy dishes. At dessert he ordered two cantaloupes and filled them with vanilla ice-cream and sprinkled the cream with paprika. I followed him that far, but then he ordered two cucumbers and sliced one over the cream in his cantaloupe and offered me the other. I did not take it, and that is the reason why I am giving this interview to-day.

Coming back here to rest, I have had the strange experience of having old men and women come to me saying: "Mr. Hawks, I heard you forty years ago." One of them said: "I have my little granddaughter with me and I want you to tell her the same stories you used to tell me." I told him that he need not trouble himself about that, as I am telling the same stories that I told forty years ago. I think it is rather dangerous to try a new story on any audience. My four decades before the public have convinced me that they like old ones best.

BALFOUR—AN ENIGMA

"IF he is sincere, what an enigma; and if he is not, what a comedy!"

It is thus that Augustin Filon, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, sums up the character and career of the Hon. Arthur James Balfour, the English statesman who recently visited America as the head of the British War Commission. Mr. Filon is not alone in his estimate of Mr. Balfour, for England's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs is an enigma to many, and he is described by a writer in the Los Angeles *Times* as one of the most mystifying personalities of his times:

Strange anomalies have been produced by the present world-struggle between democracy and imperialism; but none is more marked than that of this descendant of the proud race of the Cecils, this product of Anglo-Saxon aristocracy who traces his lineage back jointly to Maitland and Cecil, the two most ancient imperialists that the world has known—no greater anomaly has been produced in earth, sky, or air than this great imperialist leader marshaling the forces and fighting the battles of liberty.

The life of Arthur James Balfour has been an anomaly during forty-five years of public service. He is a living problem, possessing a personality composed of seemingly irreconcilable elements; he is an imperialist who preaches democracy, a skeptic who defends and teaches theology, a politician who looks upon politics with unrepressed disdain, a lover of ease and luxury who leads the life of a Spartan, profest Unionist he holds one of the highest offices within the gift of a Liberal ministry.

Caring little for public preferment, Mr. Balfour has held the highest offices to which an Englishman not of royal blood can attain. During his long parliamentary career he has refused repeatedly to accept a title and sit in the House of Lords. This distinction was offered to him before the power of the upper house of Parliament was broken. He replied with mocking irony:

"I am not yet ready to enter an old folks' home."

When proffered a premiership in 1902 he accepted it with a yawn and relinquished it at the first opportunity.

Handsome, elegant, refined, possessor of princely estates, he is a confirmed bachelor.

Three times he has retired definitely from politics and three times he has been called back in times of crisis of the British Empire. Each time this call has come not from his party associates, but from his political and party enemies.

His consent to make the trip to the United States was regarded by many as only another phase of the enigma, but there are those who look beneath the surface, and who believe that it is his desire to make the crowning act of his life of public service a British-American alliance. The writer continues:

Few Americans are aware that this remarkable man is the real father of the present Entente. It was during his leadership in the House of Commons that the alliance of England, Russia, and France was effected. It was Balfour's great constructive policy that turned England from her "splendid isolation" to strengthen the power and the prestige of the British Empire through effecting advantageous alliances.

The Balfours have in their veins the blood of many old Scotch houses. One of his ancestors was Maitland, Secretary of State under Mary Stuart. His mother, Lady Blanche Gascoigne Cecil, descends from the famous minister of Queen Elizabeth, ancestor of the modern Salisburys. It was Maitland and Cecil who plotted together for the union of the kingdoms of England and Scotland. They have been christened inventors of imperialism and, consequently, the two most ancient imperialists that the world has known. Predestination traverses a tangled path to bring this scion of imperialism with votive offerings to the temple of the Goddess of Liberty.

Arthur James Balfour was born in that eventful year 1848, year of political tempests that gave birth to Socialism, amid storms of revolution that threatened Europe. He drew his first breath on the princely domains of the House of Douglas, where, to those who can converse with the rocks in their own tongue, the very stones of Dunbar repeat the legends of the past. There the atmosphere is saturated with tradition and authority.

Lady Blanche named him Arthur after the Duke of Wellington, and from his mother's breast he imbibed the traditions of English sovereignty and the faith of the Church of England.

But Lady Blanche was a Spartan mother. At the time when the cotton industry was menaced, and suffering was great among the working classes in Lancashire, she decided to instruct her children in the most humble functions of the household. Arthur waxed his own slippers without enthusiasm

Why a Man With a Poor Memory Is a Mental Cripple

WHAT THE PRESIDENT OF THE U. S. STEEL CORPORATION, EX-SENATOR BURTON AND OTHERS SAY

"IF I WAS STARTING out in life again to make my way in the world, there is just one thing above all others, that I would pay attention to—*first.* I would work day and night, if necessary, to develop a clear, strong memory."

The man who spoke has had an extremely active and varied life, fighting his way up step by step until he has reached the top of one of our foremost American industries.

"I am absolutely convinced from a life-time's experience that nothing else counts so much for advancement," he said further. "Memory is the bed-rock upon which all experience and knowledge rests. If it is weak, the whole mental structure is unreliable. Our memory should be an index, convenient and certain, of what we have experienced and learned; an inexhaustible storehouse of usable facts to draw upon at will. If the faculty of concentration and retention is weak, it should be methodically strengthened."

He paused, and, looking at his interviewer keenly, continued:

"Look around you—take any business, any profession—you will find that the men who have 'arrived' are usually those who have developed the faculty of concentrating upon their tasks. The average man in business or at a trade to-day is scatter-brained. By this, I do not mean that they are 'dubs' or imbeciles. Far from it. The trouble is that they have not trained themselves to grasp and retain essential facts directly related to their jobs. When an executive is giving instructions to them, for instance, they hear but do not follow him. What he says does not bite into their consciousness and stay there. It goes in one ear and out the other. Ten chances to one they will come back with 'beg pardon, but did you say.....?' I tell you a well cultivated memory will do more to advance a man to the top than anything else. If you haven't got a memory that hooks an important detail or fact and files it away for use when called for, you are a mental cripple. Of course, there are mental cripples who achieve success of a sort in spite of their handicap, but they are exceptions who prove the rule. It is safe to say, too, that they have some very dependable human crutches to lean upon."

President of U. S. Steel Corporation, James A. Farrell, has a wonderful memory

According to B. C. Forbes, in *American Magazine*, Mr. Farrell is known as a living gazetteer, a walking atlas, an international encyclopedia. Graduating from the ranks of labor, he is now President of the great U. S. Steel Corporation. As an instance of his wonderful memory, Mr. Farrell, for ten days, sat in the witness chair during the Government's suit against the Steel Corporation and, without consulting books, papers or data of any kind, answered every question fired at him. Not once did he have to reply "I don't know." He appeared to know everything, to remember everything.

Ex-Senator Burton's "Miracle Memory"

In this connection, no less well-known a man than ex-Senator Burton, of Ohio, said in an article written by James Hay, Jr., in the widely popular *American Magazine:* "A good memory is an almost incalculable asset to any young man starting out on life's work. The power to recognize faces, to recall names, to bring back into one's conscious mind, facts or figures that are pertinent to any subject that may arise—all this can be made a great part of one's personal capital stock."

Senator Burton, himself, has been described as "the man with the miracle memory." Many a member in the House and Senate has been impressed by the way he could deal in cubic feet and thousands of tonnage with the greatest accuracy while answering questions in debate. To test his ability in this, the interviewer asked him to multiply in his mind 585 by 979 while his questioner worked it out on paper. Before the calculation could be figured with pencil, the Senator said: "The answer is 572,715"—and he was right, while the interviewer missed the total by one thousand.

"The ability to enter a room containing twenty or twenty-five strangers, men and women, and after being introduced to each, to call them by their right names thereafter, is a great advantage in social intercourse," said Senator Burton, "and in politics, as every politician knows, it is of great value to be able to recall, without mistake, names and faces. The same thing applies in all business relations."

How This Man Developed a Marvelous Memory

As a good memory has helped Senator Burton, so it can be made to help any man, provided that man will take the trouble to train it and improve it. The means to that end is at every one's command.

William Berol has trained, and is training to-day, thousands of men and women in all paths of life to strengthen their memory and develop their mental resources.

Mr. Berol, himself, in early life was handicapped with what most young men are burdened with—a lack of concentration. It was almost impossible for him to remember anything. His parents took him out of school early, and sent him to learn a trade. He soon realized that if he was to get anywhere he must develop a stronger memory, and he proceeded to do so. To quote his own words: "I lived in a library, I read every book relating to the memory, and spent many months of wearisome study to master principles laid down by various teachers. I then started to bring order out of chaos, as it were, to so simplify the fundamental principles that I absorbed that I could formulate and adapt to my own requirements a method that would help me. I was at last successful and constantly applied my method to incidents of everyday life. It was not long before I was able to perform some feats of remembering that seemed to astonish my friends. Finally, I developed my system to such a state, and through it trained my memory to such a point, that in the opinion of many it was phenomenal."

How Any One Can Easily Develop a Strong Memory

When it is considered that at the present day, William Berol, through his own method, has developed his memory so that he can instantly give the population of any town in America of 5,000 inhabitants or over and is able to give, without hesitation, the dates of birth and death of most of the prominent men in the world's history, and besides has 300,000 facts and figures upon every conceivable subject stored away in his brain, it is not at all unreasonable to suppose that any average man can acquire distinct benefits from a study of the same system.

Mr. Berol is teaching his memory-training method to large classes in New York and elsewhere. Throughout the world there are thousands of men and women of all ages and in almost every profession and business who have benefited. He has incorporated his teachings in a course of simple exercises or lessons so that no matter where one resides he can secure the benefit of this instruction by mail.

Mr. Berol is the only teacher of memory-training who demonstrates what his course will actually do for any one by showing what it has done for himself. By following his instructions any average man or woman can quickly learn to recall anything they wish. Names, faces, telephone numbers, streets, price lists, speeches, sermons, the salient facts in what one reads, etc., need never be forgotten. A study of this course will not interfere with any occupation in which a man may be at present engaged. Fifteen or twenty minutes a day devoted to the study and practise will accomplish wonderful results.

The Berol Course corrects mind-wandering, compels observation and concentration; and effects systematic retention and instant recall of any desirable fact or facts.

Impressive and Helpful Information Free

Funk & Wagnalls Company, the publishers of the famous New Standard Dictionary, The Literary Digest, and many other notable publications, are promoting this Memory Course through their Educational Department. They have prepared a budget of convincing printed material, describing the wonderful feats of memory which William Berol is performing, the almost unbelievable benefits that have actually come to people who have taken up the Course, and other interesting facts. This will all be sent by mail, free, to any man or woman who will write upon a post-card, "Send me particulars of the Berol Course in Memory Training," and mail it to Funk & Wagnalls Company, Dept. 96, New York City. (*Advt*).

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and ate, with less enthusiasm still, the deplorable cooking of his sister.

This economy may not have mitigated the misery of the laboring classes during the cotton crisis, but Lady Blanche was setting an excellent example in teaching these children, born in luxury, to work with those who work and suffer with those who suffer.

Young Balfour's school days were those of the sons of the old English landed gentry. He entered Eton, where he was fag for Lord Lansdowne and comrade of Lord Rosebery. Forty years later, Lansdowne and Balfour were the leaders of the Unionist party and directing the opposition, the one in the House of Lords, the other in the Commons.

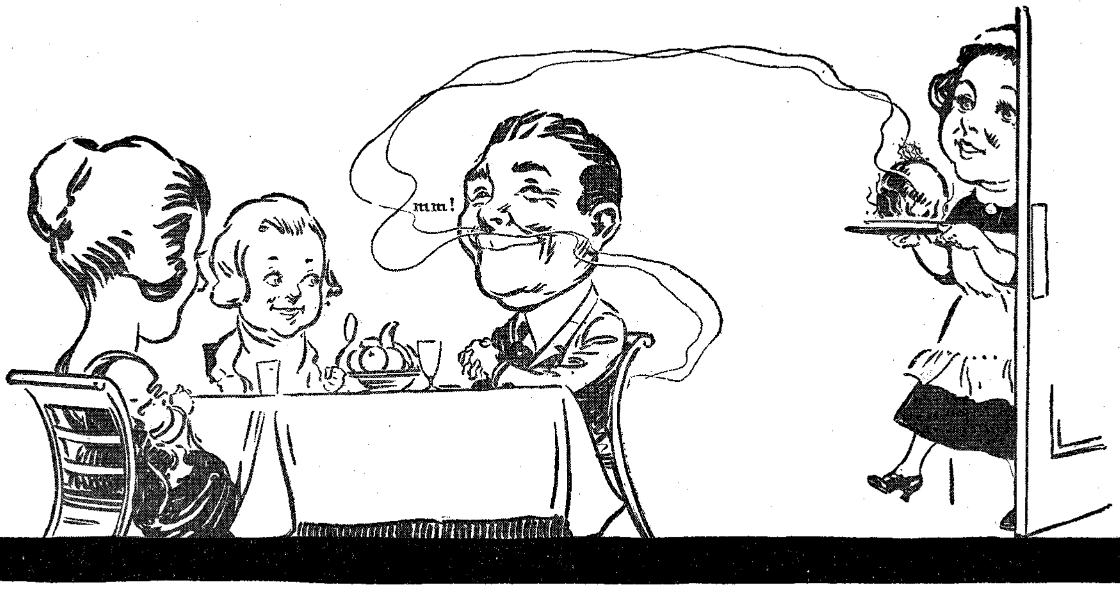
At the age of eighteen Balfour entered Cambridge University. He did not chose the aristocratic and classic King's College, preferred generally by the Etonians; but established himself in Trinity College, the great propagating station of scientists, materialists, skeptics, and atheists.

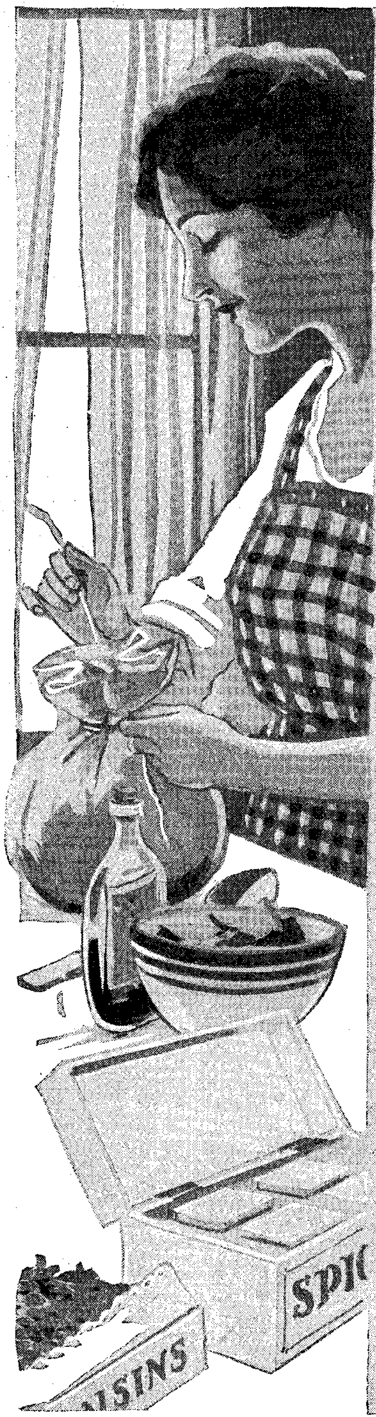
When Balfour left Cambridge in 1870 he was a polished skeptic and a dilettante. Music was his great passion, and in his country home at Whittinghame he kept a piano in his office which adjoined his living room. While he shrank from playing in public, guests would frequently hear strains of classical music floating through the old manor house at midnight. Upon the death of his mother the writer says:

> Her place was taken by his charming, scholarly sister, Miss Alice Balfour. So great was his brotherly affection that in all the years that have followed he could never permit another to take her place either in his affections or in his home. He shunned alike the titles of husband and lord and remains to-day a commoner and a bachelor, his sister still looking after his home both in London and at his country estates.
>
> In literature as in politics his life presents strange anomalies. His first article was written soon after he left Cambridge. It was a criticism appearing in *The Edinburgh Review* on sacred music. He was a great admirer of Handel and the article is an appreciation of that master's talent. "Defense of Philosophic Doubt" appeared in 1879. It is a book of one who questions and who defends the right to question all religious and scientific phenomena; but it is not the writing of an atheist.
>
> Sixteen years later he published "Foundations of Belief." From the skepticism of his youth he had progressed to a plane where he was willing to accept on faith certain phenomena which human intellects have not yet been able to understand.
>
> In all his literary work there are an elegance of diction and a perfection of form that attract and charm even when the reasoning does not convince. When one reads the collected fragments that appear in "Criticism and Beauty," published in 1909, one realizes that one greater than Ruskin was lost to English art and letters when Lord Salisbury literally threw his nephew into politics in 1874 by offering him as a candidate for a seat controlled by the Cecils.
>
> Young Balfour was bored terribly by his first term in Parliament and left for a tour of the world to escape reelection. But his family were determined that he should continue in public life. Another uncle, then a member of the House of Commons' used to bait the young aristocrat to force him to take part in the parliamentary debates. That marked the beginning of the career which has since won for him the title of "The first parliamentarian in the first parliament of the world."

In 1887, the dark period in Irish history, Balfour was appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland. His Unionist associates were shocked, for the place had already wrecked both physically and politically a number of intelligent leaders. That the "elegant and indolent Balfour" should accept such a place seemed incredible. His friends trembled for his personal safety, and—

> Parnell smiled grimly and prepared to slip the leash on his wild pack of Irish Land Leaguers. These boasted that they had made the redoubtable Hicks-Beach weep on the ministerial bench. What would they not do to Balfour?
>
> A thrill of pleased anticipation ran through the ranks of the Home Rule protagonists when Balfour arose to make his first response to an insolent inquiry. His Unionist confrères saw in him a martyr approaching the stake. But they were quickly and happily reassured when they saw him standing courteous, smiling, wholly at his ease. There was a shade of raillery in look and tone as he took no notice of the insults that had accompanied the question, but contented himself with coldly demonstrating that the inferences on which the question was based were not founded in truth. It was brief and scintillating, like the parry of a practised blade.
>
> At the outset the Irish party referred to Balfour as "the faded lily," "the sick spider," and "daddy-long-legs." Other epithets more coarsely insulting were also used. He displayed the same indifference to the abusive attacks of the Irish Nationalists that he has displayed during the last two years to the attacks of the Northcliffe string of English newspapers.
>
> When he turned to the serious business of forming a new and constructive Irish policy the epithets of derision hardened quickly to hate. He was denounced as "murderer," "assassin," "Nero," "Caligula," "monster weltering in blood," and similar epithets.
>
> Balfour stated his policy clearly and fearlessly as follows: "In that which touches repression, I shall be as pitiless as Cromwell. In reforms I shall surpass Parnell."
>
> Since his beginning as Chief Secretary for Ireland Arthur Balfour has been a world figure. In Parliament he has been a consistent Unionist. He has opposed fearlessly the encroachments of the labor-unions on the government of the empire. As a member of the opposition he has done much to check them in their ruinous course. If he held a similar position in this country he would be characterized as a member of the "Old Guard." Possibly Elihu Root is nearer his counterpart than any other man in American politics.
>
> Balfour was called into the coalition Cabinet in May, 1915, to become First Lord of the Admiralty, succeeding Winston Churchill. It was his political enemies that made the personal appeal to him to forget past insults and animosities in the hour of his country's need. He accepted nonchalantly, expressing a regret that the call of his country should interfere just at





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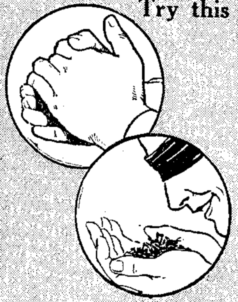

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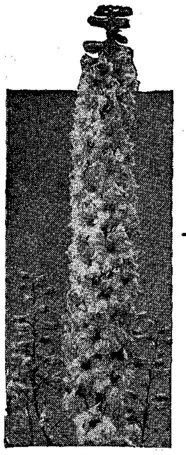
the time he was perfecting a new stroke in golf. But once into the Admiralty he brought order out of chaos in a manner that was a marvel to the younger statesmen of Great Britain.

Balfour is aging rapidly. He is now in his seventieth year; but it is possible that this "elder statesman" may yet live to see the realization of a great hope by which he has been obsessed for thirty years—a hope for an offensive and defensive alliance between the greatest empire and the greatest republic.

FACE TO FACE WITH PÉTAIN

These strong points stand out sharply in a composite portrait made from two pen pictures of General Pétain, the defender of Verdun: Simplicity, strength of character, concentration, and thoroughness. One writer declares that "he is as plain as an old shoe," and "on the job every minute." When the correspondent of the New York *Times* saw him first, in the latter part of August, he was distributing medals of the Legion of Honor or *Croix de Guerre* and receiving from the honor men a resounding kiss that could be heard fifty feet away. The writer says:

> My first impression of General Pétain was tinged with a little shade of disappointment. Men, however great, are not gods after one examines them narrowly. Pétain might be a business man, a lawyer, or a village doctor. I remember having had much the same first impression of the late E. H. Harriman. I could name half a dozen men who would look the part of General Pétain acceptably and who, indeed, while not resembling one another, have points of appearance in common with the French General—Frank P. Glass, for example, if he were a few inches taller, or Frank A. Munsey if he were forty pounds heavier.
>
> General Pétain in some ways suggests Gen. Leonard Wood. He has ceaseless energy, but is neither hurried nor strenuous. He hasn't a particle of military consciousness. He is one size smaller than General Pershing, a shade less erect, and immensely less suggestive of military starch. Pershing stands like a statue, but Pétain is just an ordinarily erect, middle-aged man. He has no studied or fixt pose at all, but he is a soldier from the ground up.
>
> He wore the plainest kind of uniform of gray, riding breeches, and tan puttees, with three tiny stars on each sleeve near the wristband, and a large silver medal pinned on his tunic below the left handkerchief-pocket.
>
> He has a good, wholesome face. I think it must have been there that I suffered the disappointment referred to. I had pictured him as thin-visaged and frowning, with a downward look. His face is much plumper than his pictures indicate. The prominent nose seemed not unlike General Pershing's, tho there the facial resemblance stopt. General Pétain's chin gives no line on his character, as chins are often supposed to do, and his head seemed of average size and shape. His cheeks have color, and his eyes are kindly and brownish. He means well to you, but no liberties



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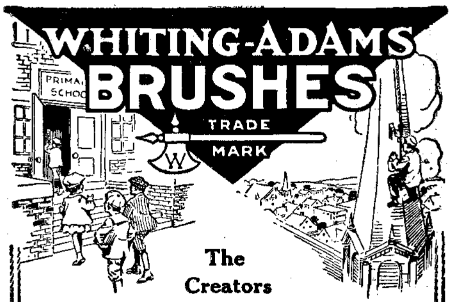

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must be taken; a glance tells you that. He wore brown chamois gloves on his hands, which were frequently in action, but there was neither extravagance nor affectation of gesticulation.

I speculated that here was a man who had reached middle life without developing any greatness at all. He was a colonel and a lecturer at the War-College; a good one, no more. The war came and smote deep into his nature and started the springs of greatness, which flowed outward in the channels which opportunity opened. But all his habits had been formed by patterns of mediocrity. There were no points stuck out by that indulgence of self which genius is privileged to practise from very boyhood.

It therefore happens that Pétain is actually as plain as an old shoe. He doesn't play to the galleries. You are sure that he is not thinking of himself, not even glimmeringly. His mind is on his number, and it isn't No. 1. In fact, the impression is always one of sincerity in what he is doing. He doesn't do one thing and think of another. He is on the job, so to say, every minute. If he is pinning on a medal, he is looking at it and thinking about that particular thing; and so when he does the kissing. I observed that he was careful to take the kiss on the cheek. Remember, by the way, that this is a French ceremonial and doesn't mean the same as kissing does with us.

The General is a good mixer, too. When the business of pinning on the medals was over he turned to the crowd that was made up of the people of the countryside, and he kissed the babies and shook hands with the mothers very much after the style of an American vote-seeker at a county fair. And, says the *Times* correspondent:

General Pétain must like it, or he couldn't do it so well. I happened to be among the crowd as the General came along. He stopt, shook hands with me, and passed the time of day, displaying a lively interest when I mentioned the name of my paper. He securely fixt my vote for any office for which he may ever stand when, hours later, at another place, he remembered me, stept out of the military circle, gave me a real handshake and an "*Au revoir.*"

General Pétain hasn't a certain mystery and magnetism that characterize Joffre, nor has he the avoirdupois. No one else can speak in that soft monotone of Joffre's, a tone in which one might read a psalm. Pétain has fixt his place as a soldier. He took over the command under most extraordinary circumstances of difficulty, and has made splendidly good.

Such was the commander-in-chief of the French as he went about his appointed tasks on the day before the latest Verdun attack. Perhaps his review of troops was in connection with that big offensive. If it was, General Pétain had gone through all the great planning without the efforts having left any mark of strain. There was no sign of excitement. He was running as cool as a big, high-powered engine.

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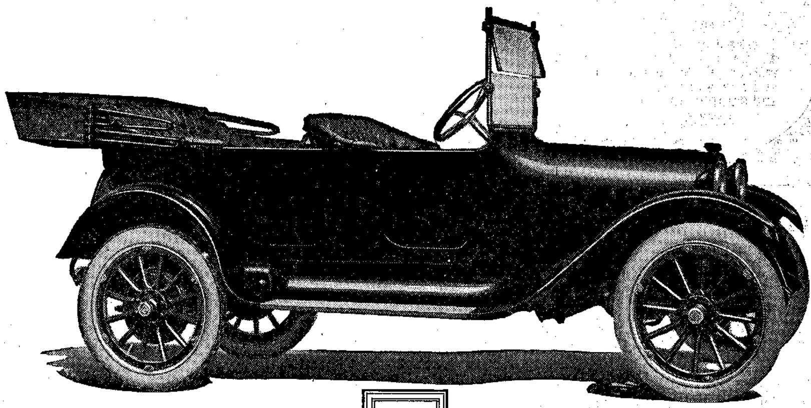

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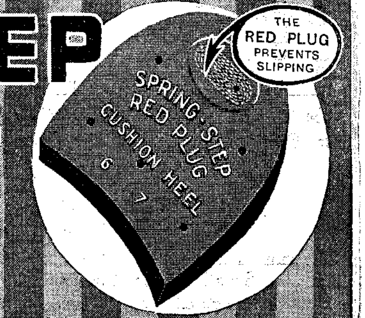

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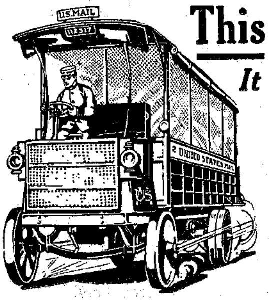

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feverish haste, and therefore no lost motion, but he is hard at it all the time.

Then here is the impression the General made upon Frank H. Simonds, who saw him under different conditions and surroundings, of which he writes in the New York *Tribune:*

> Since I saw Pétain in the little Mairie at Souilly I have seen many photographs of him, but none in any real measure gives the true picture of the defender of Verdun. He saw us in his office, the bare up-stairs room, two years ago the office of the Mayor of Souilly. Think of the Selectmen's office in any New England village and the picture will be accurate. A bare room, a desk, one chair, a telephone, nothing on the walls but two maps, one of the military zone, one of the actual front and positions of the Verdun fighting. A bleak room, barely heated by the most primitive of stoves. From the single window one looked down on the cheerless street along which lumbered the caravan of autos. On the pegs against the wall hung the General's hat and coat, weather-stained, faded, the clothes of a man who worked in all weathers. Of staff officers, of uniforms, of color there was just nothing; of war there was hardly a hint.
>
> At the door the commander-in-chief met us, shook hands and murmured clearly and slowly, with incisive distinctness, the formal words of French greeting; he spoke no English. Instantly there was the suggestion of Kitchener, not of Kitchener as you see him in the flesh, but in photographs; the same coldness, decision. The smile that accompanied the words of welcome vanished and the face was utterly motionless, expressionless. You saw a tall, broad-shouldered man, with every appearance of physical strength, a clear blue eye, looking straight forward and beyond.
>
> My French companion, Mr. Le Roux, spoke with Pétain. He had just come from Joffre, and he told me an interesting circumstance. Pétain listened. He said now and then "yes" or "no." Nothing more. Watching him narrowly, you saw that occasionally his eyes twitched a little, the single sign of fatigue that the long strain of weeks of responsibility had brought.
>
> It was hard to believe, looking at this quiet, calm, silent man, that you were in the presence of the soldier who had won the Battle of Champagne, the man whom the war had surprized in the last of his fifties, a colonel, a teacher of war rather than a soldier, a professor like Foch.
>
> No one of Napoleon's marshals had commanded as many men as obeyed this Frenchman, who was as lacking in the distinction of military circumstances as our own Grant. Napoleon had won all his famous victories with far fewer troops than were directed from the telephone on the table yonder.

Mr. Simonds also was strongly imprest with the power rather than the brilliance of the French commander, for he says:

> Every impression of modern war that comes to one actually in touch with it is a destruction of illusion; this thing is a thing of mechanism rather than of brilliance; perhaps Pétain has led a regiment, a brigade, or a division to the charge. You knew instinctively in seeing the man that

you would go or come as he said, but there was neither dash nor fire, nothing of the suggestion of *élan;* rather there was the suggestion of the commander of a great ocean-liner, the man responsible for the lives, this time of hundreds of thousands, not scores; for the safety of France, not of a ship, but the man of machinery and the master of the wisdom of the tides and the weather, not the Ney or the Murat, not the Napoleon of Arcola. The impression was of a strong man whose life was a life beaten upon by storms; the man on the bridge, to keep to the rather ridiculously inadequate figure, but not by any chance the man on horseback.

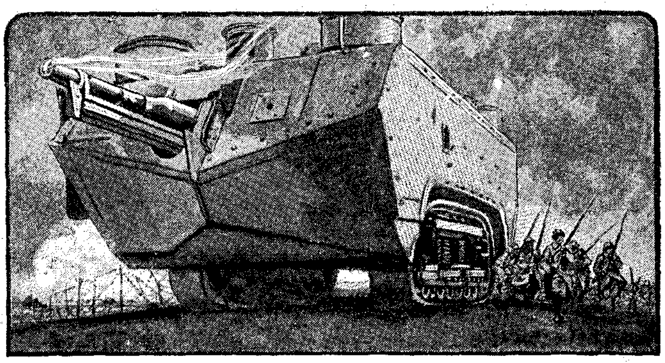
My talk, our talk, with Pétain was the matter of perhaps five minutes. The time was consumed by the words of Mr. Le Roux, who spoke very earnestly, urging that more American correspondents be permitted to visit Verdun, and Pétain heard him patiently, but said just nothing. Once he had greeted us his face settled into that grim expression that never changed until he smiled his word of good wishes as we left. Yet I have since found that apart from one circumstance, which I shall mention in a moment, I have remembered those minutes most clearly of all of my Verdun experience. Just as the photograph does not reveal the face of the man, the word does not describe the sense of strength, of responsibility, that he gives.

In a childish sort of way, exactly as one thinks of war as a matter of dash and color and motion, one thinks of the French General as the leader of a cavalry charge or of a forlorn hope of infantry. And the French soldier of this war has not been the man of charge or of dash—not that he has not charged as well as ever in his history, a little more bravely, perhaps, for machine guns are new and something worse than other wars have had. What the French soldier has done has been to stand, to hold, to die, not in the onrush, but on the spot.

And Pétain in some curious way has fixt in my mind the impression of the new Frenchman, if there be a new one, or, perhaps better, of the French soldier of to-day, whether he wear the stars of the general or undecorated "horizon" blue of the *poilu.* The look that I saw in his eyes, the calm, steady, utterly emotionless looking straight forward, I saw everywhere at the front and at the back of the front. It embodied for me an enduring impression of the spirit and the poise of the French soldier of the latest and most terrible of French struggles. And I confess that, more than all I saw and heard at the front and in Paris, the look of this man convinced me that Verdun would not fall, that France herself would not either weary or weaken.

If I were an officer I should not like to go to the defender of Verdun with the confession of failure. I think I should rather meet the Bavarians in the first-line trenches, but I should like to know that when I was obeying orders I was carrying out a minor detail of something Pétain had planned; I should expect it to happen, the thing that he had arranged, and I should feel that those clear, steel-blue eyes had foreseen all that could occur, foreseen calmly and utterly whether it entailed the death of one or a thousand men, of ten thousand men if necessary, and had willed that it should happen.

I do not believe Napoleon's Old Guard would have followed Pétain as they followed Ney. I can not fancy him in the



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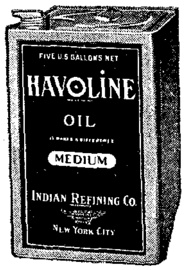

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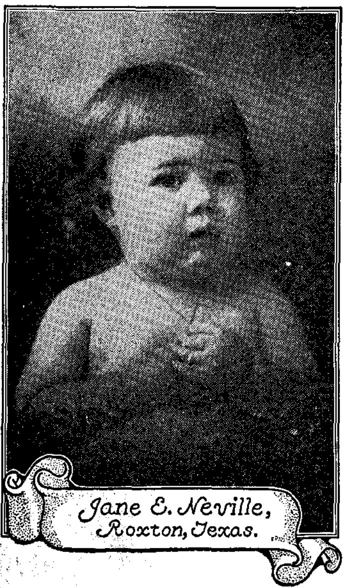

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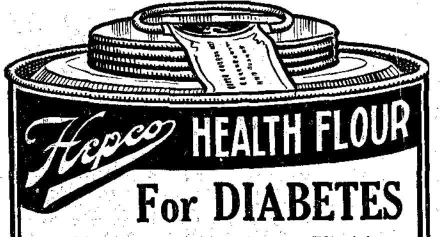

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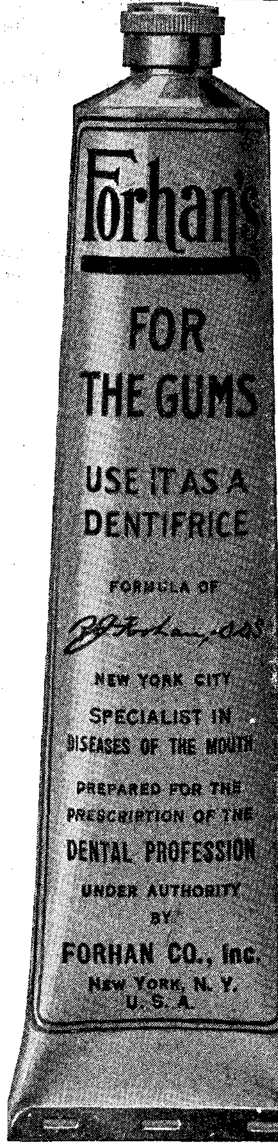
imperial uniform, and yet, now that war is a thing of machines, of telephones, of indirect fire and destruction from unseen weapons at remote ranges, now that the whole manner and circumstance of conflict have changed, it is but natural that the general should change, too. Patently Pétain is of the new, not the old, but no less patently he was the master of it.

A HOSPITAL IN ROSA BONHEUR'S CHÂTEAU

IN one wing of the Château de By-Thomery wounded French soldiers are convalescing, while in another part of the old building, in a chair in the corner, hang the gray hat and blue coat of Rosa Bonheur, and across the seat are carelessly laid her workingman's blouse and heavy gloves. It seems almost as if the artist might enter the room at any moment until one turns to the table near by, where rests her palet, and notes that the little mounds of colors are dried and dust-dulled. For many years the world-famous painter of the "Horse Fair" lived in the château, where she had her studio, and when she died eighteen years ago she left it to her friend and *confidante*, Miss Anna Klumpke, the American portrait-painter. A correspondent of the San Francisco *Chronicle* recently visited the château, now known as the Maison de Rosa Bonheur, and this is what she writes:

> By-Thomery is only a short drive from Fontainebleau. Last year Miss Klumpke arranged to take a few of the convalescent soldiers from the Fontainebleau Hospital, but this spring she decided to broaden her field by putting the part of the château formerly devoted to her studio at the disposition of the military authorities.
>
> It is called the Rosa Bonheur Hospital and is an annex of the Military Hospital, V. G. 83 (*invalides*). It is a fresh-air cure. The number of invalids cared for at one time is limited to twelve, with an officer in charge and two hospital nurses in attendance.
>
> The length of the patient's sojourn is six weeks. At the end of that period those who are fit return to the front and those who are not return to their homes. The vacated places are immediately filled by another contingent from the *invalides*.
>
> The expense of the men's commissariat is met by Miss Klumpke. The food is prepared by her own cook. The "waiters" are two mobilized Tonkinese.
>
> The garden in the rear of the château adjoins one end of the famous Fontainebleau forest, which covers 42,500 acres, the only separation being a wire fence. Paths run all through the forest, so that wheelchairs can be rolled about there, giving the patients a nature tonic exhaled from the growing pines.
>
> The original part of the château has the simplicity and symmetrical proportions of an old Colonial house. But the addition! It is of a totally conflicting style of architecture, with its tower, its red-and-white bricks "Xed" with fussy stripes of narrow green-painted boards—a

Inflamed gums—a cause of loose teeth



PYORRHEA is undoubtedly a vital danger to both gums and teeth. Tender gums indicate it, and with it come loosening teeth. Imperceptibly at first, the gums recede from the normal gum line. They inflame. They present many tiny openings for millions of bacteria to attack the unenameled tooth base, sink into the system and cause organic disease. Tooth-base decay quickly follows. Even if the cavity be filled and the tooth saved, the gums continue to recede. And the lips flatten in exact proportion.

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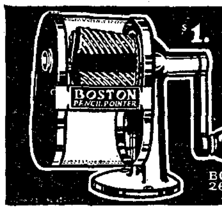

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fashion popular in many country houses in France. One ponders over the fact that an artist could mass together such an incongruous whole.

However, the wing of the newer part has an attractive interior and contains the large studio where Rosa Bonheur worked. Here, at least, all is harmony. When visiting the place recently I was obsessed with the idea that at any moment the eccentric artist in her man's dress would appear.

On the wall was her unfinished painting of active horses, life-size; underneath on a small table—her working-table—was the palet dotted with little mounds of squeezed-out paints dried by time, jars of paint, and long-handled brushes—in fact, the painters' tools were all there.

To accentuate the delusion, on a chair in the corner hung the stiff, broad-brimmed, gray-felt hat and blue-velvet coat, and across the seat lay the workingman's blouse and heavy kid gloves!—the last things worn by the artist.

While thus waiting in imagination for Rosa Bonheur one observed the stuffed head of her favorite white pony. Then there were the skulls of animals, wild and tame, suspended from nails. Hoofs of animals served as a hat-rack. Indian horse-trappings, animal sketches finished and unfinished, and—a movement at the door—ah! no, of course it could not be Rosa Bonheur. It was her American friend, Miss Klumpke, a fragile little white-haired, woman, who, on account of lameness, required the aid of a cane.

The hospital is not on this side of the building. It is in the big spacious studio where Miss Klumpke does her painting, just opposite.

Every corner of this typical little French village of By-Thomery, which consists of a cluster of about thirty houses, recalls the fame of the beloved painter. These neat, unpretentious homes of country folk are each shut in by a solid four-foot plaster-wall fence on the street side of which sturdy old grape-vines cling with pruned regularity. At fruit-bearing time the vines are alternately guarded by the country people to prevent theft by wayside stragglers.

The château itself has been renamed Maison de Rosa Bonheur. The street in the artist's day was the Rue des Arts, but on the placard now is "Rue Rosa Bonheur." A road in the forest carries her name as well.

To perpetuate the memory of her friend, Miss Klumpke several years since founded the Rosa Bonheur prize at the Salon Société des Artistes Françaises.

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When that lawyer returned to his office he gave a place of honor to his set of "The Wit and Humor of America," in which he had found the winning laugh.

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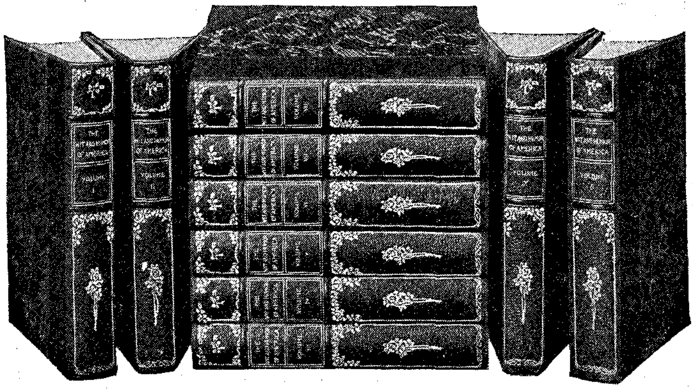

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SPICE OF LIFE

Why He Writes.—" Since he has been at college Harry's letters are all so short."

" So's Harry. That's why he writes 'em."—*Baltimore American.*

Too Many Encores.—" Dar ain' much encouragement," said Uncle Eben, " in forgivin' an enemy who starts sumpin' else every time you forgive 'im."—*Washington Star.*

Avoid This.—" What! You kicking about your food? I thought you boasted about your housekeeper's cooking so well."

" Yes, but I married her and now we keep a cook."—*Boston Transcript.*

Reassuring.—Proud Wife (to nervous friend in automobile)—" I feel so safe with George driving now he has joined the Red Cross. He is learning first aid, and knows where all the hospitals are."—*London Opinion.*

A New Proprietor.—" So you own your own house, Wiggins? "

" No."

" Why, you told me so last month! "

" Yes. We had no cook then."—*Browning's Magazine.*

Friendly Advice.—First Boarder—" I can't think how it is you manage to fare so well here. I've industriously made myself pleasant to the landlady and her daughters, and yet I'm half-starved."

Second Boarder—" Try the cook."—*Passing Show.*

Ready for Rain.—" I trust, Miss Tappit," said the kindly employer to his stenographer, " that you have something in reserve for a rainy day."

" Yes, sir," answered the young woman. " I am going to marry a man named Mackintosh."—*Christian Register.*

School Methods in the Home.—" Did your wife scold when you came home so late last night? "

" You don't know what it is to have a wife who was once a school-teacher. She simply made me write a hundred times on a slate, 'I must be at home by ten o'clock.' "—*New York Globe.*

Misplaced Sympathy.—A Jersey man of a benevolent turn of mind encountered a small boy in his neighborhood, who gave evidence of having emerged but lately from a severe battle.

" I am sorry," said the man, " to see that you have a black eye, Sammy."

Whereupon Sammy retorted:

" You go home and be sorry for your own little boy—he's got two! "—*Everybody's Magazine.*

In No Hurry to Fly.—" John, you ought to get in the aviation service," a York man told a negro last week. " You are a good mechanic and would come in handy in an aeroplane. How would you like to fly among the clouds a mile high and drop a few bombs down on the Germans? "

" I ain't in no special hurry to fly, Cap," the negro answered. " When wese up 'bout a mile high, s'pose de engine stopt and de white man told me to git out an' crank? "—*York News.*

Difficult.—MISTRESS—"How do you manage to make such a noise in the kitchen?"

COOK—"Well, just you try to break four plates without making a noise."—*Ideas.*

Figuratively Speaking.—"I suppose the young men do not regard Miss Barrowcliff as so handsome now that her father has lost his money?"

"Well, they don't think she has such a fine figure as she once had."—*Pearson's Weekly, London.*

His Financial Measure.—LADY (entering bank, very businesslike)—"I wish to get a Liberty Loan bond for my husband."

CLERK—"What size, please?"

LADY—"Why, I don't believe I know, exactly, but he wears a fifteen shirt."—*Indianapolis Star.*

Enterprising Constable.—"You're under arrest," exclaimed the officer with chin whiskers, as he stopt the automobile.

"What for?" inquired Mr. Chuggins.

"I haven't made up my mind yet. I'll just look over your lights, an' your license, an' your numbers, an' so forth. I know I can get you for somethin'."—*Washington Star.*

Furnishing a Substitute.—Bessie had a new dime to invest in ice-cream soda.

"Why don't you give your dime to missions?" said the minister who was calling.

"I thought about that," said Bessie, "but I think I'll buy the ice-cream and let the druggist give it to the missions."—*Christian Herald.*

Give Him Gas.—The beautiful young woman interviewed a fortune-teller on the usual subjects.

"Lady," said the clairvoyant, "you will visit foreign lands, and the courts of kings and queens. You will conquer all rivals and marry the man of your choice. He will be tall and dark and aristocratic looking."

"And young?" interrupted the lady.

"Yes, and very rich."

The beautiful lady grasped the fortune-teller's hands and prest them hard.

"Thank you," she said. "Now tell me one thing more. How shall I get rid of my present husband?"—*Gas Magazine.*

Rome's Quiet Unbroken.—One of the good stories in circulation is told by Joe Tumulty, secretary to the President. He likes his job, but he dislikes one thing about it: that he can't tell the boys—the friendly reporters—about all they wish to know. He illustrated his inability to give information once by quoting the case of Johnny.

Johnny was crying in the hall as his mother came along, hatted and coated. She asked what had happened.

"You are going away; and so is papa!" Johnny sobbed.

"Why, child, I shall be away two or three days, but father is not going away!"

"Yes, he is!" cried Johnny. "He's going to Rome."

"Rome? What do you mean, dear?" asked the surprised mother.

"He said to-day to Mr. Brown that he would make Rome howl when you left!"

"Indeed! Well, dear, I sha'n't leave you now."—*Philadelphia Press.*

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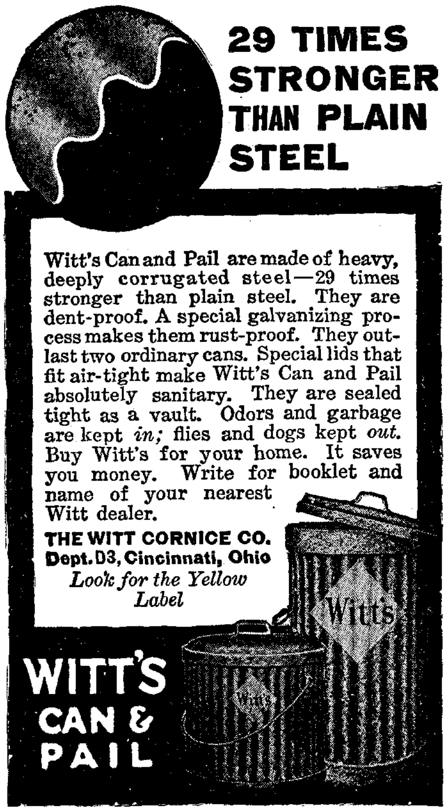
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CURRENT EVENTS

THE WAR

AMERICAN OPERATIONS

September 20.—Brig.-Gen. George B. Duncan and Maj. Campbell King are the first American officers to receive the War-Cross in the French awards growing out of the American participation in the recent Verdun offensive, when they acted as observation officers in forward artillery outposts.

The Senate unanimously adopts the conference report on the $11,538,000-000 Bond Bill, Washington announces.

President Wilson appoints a commission, consisting of Secretary of Labor Wilson, Col. J. L. Spangler, of Pennsylvania; Verner Z. Reed, of Colorado; John H. Walker, of Illinois, and E. P. Marsh, of Washington, with Felix Frankfurter, of New York, as secretary, to act as his personal representatives in discovering the cause of the industrial unrest and to devise a remedy. The commission will start at once for the Mountain and Pacific Coast States.

Judge Hough denies the application of Jeremiah A. O'Leary for an injunction restraining Postmaster-General Burleson from interfering with the circulation of *Bull* through the United States mails. The paper had been seized by the Post-office Department as pro-German and anti-American.

An additional provision of censorship is written into the Trading with the Enemy Bill by the Senate and House conferees, which is designed to prevent military information from reaching Germany through Latin-American or other neutral countries.

September 21.—Joseph P. Guffey, one of Pittsburg's foremost business men, is appointed petroleum administrator for the Government, a Washington dispatch announces. Mr. Guffey will control the purchase of petroleum and petroleum products for the United States and the Allies both at home and abroad.

The State Department at Washington makes public a secret message sent by the former German Ambassador, von Bernstorff, to the Berlin Foreign Office on January 22, 1917, asking for authority to pay out "up to $50,000" to influence the American Congress.

September 22.—Justice Daniel F. Cohalan, Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, is implicated in German operations and intrigue in America in an exposé given out by the United States Government. In a document, which was a part of the records seized by United States Secret Service agents in the office of Wolf von Igel in New York, the Justice is said to have urged Germany to aid the revolution in Ireland by aerial raids upon England, and to land troops, arms, and ammunition in Ireland to assist the revolutionists.

September 24.—The President announces an agreement between the War-Industries Board and American steel-producers, involving the reduction in prices ranging from 43 per cent. in the case of pig iron up to 70.5 for steel plates. Iron ore is to remain at the present price of $5.05 per ton, and the schedule is to be operative until January 1, 1918.

Washington announces that a list of the recipients in the United States of money for German propaganda purposes is being compiled from documents in the possession of the Department of Justice. The investigation indicates that more than $25,000,000 were spent by Germany in this country since the beginning of the war in 1914, and the names of many prominent Americans are involved, altho the Government again emphasizes the statement that it has no intention of prosecuting these persons.

September 25.—The House passes the Aircraft Production Board Bill after reducing the number of members from twelve to nine, three each from the Army and Navy and three civilians.

Frank A. Vanderlip resigns as president of the National City Bank of New York for the period of the war to assume the duties of chairman of the War-Savings Certificate Committee at a salary of $1 per year.

A strike of 12,000 members of fifteen metal-trades unions employed in Seattle shipyards and shops is ordered by the Seattle Metal-Trades Council. Three steel shipyards, sixteen wooden shipyards, and forty shops will be affected.

Declaring the time inopportune for the appearance of an American delegation at the International Legislative Conference in Paris, which was inaugurated by Great Britain, France, Russia, and Italy, President Wilson announces his disapproval of the suggestion that the American Congress be represented.

September 26.—In raids throughout New York City and neighboring New Jersey cities, agents of the Department of Justice at Washington and city detectives take between 200 and 300 enemy aliens into custody.

Twelve thousand persons in Chicago cheer Colonel Roosevelt as he denounces Senator La Follette, pacifists, conscientious objectors, and I. W. W.'s. The audience adopts resolutions demanding the expulsion of La Follette from the Senate.

The United States at the close of 1919 will have a merchant marine of approximately 2,100 ships, aggregating 14,500,000 tons, according to a statement made by Admiral Capps, head of the Emergency Fleet Corporation.

As a result of a suggestion from Washington, Hermann Sielcken is dropt from the firm of Crossman and Sielcken. Sielcken has long been known as the "Coffee King," and the reorganization of the firm is a result of the Government's efforts to eliminate German influence from trade in this country

WITH AMERICA'S ALLIES

September 20.—The British in Flanders cut a mile into the German line on a front of eight miles and take 2,000 prisoners, London reports.

Baron Rhondda, British Food-Controller, announces that if voluntary measures fail he will put the nation on compulsory rations. During the next twelve months he says that 10,000,000 tons of foodstuffs will be required from the United States and Canada.

September 21.—The British hold their gains and consolidate their positions in the third battle of Flanders, London reports, while the German counter-attacks show weakness. Berlin admits a British advance "at times" of more than two-thirds of a mile. Three thousand German prisoners in all are taken.

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The American regiment of engineers which has been turned over to the French as a unit, and has been hauling ammunition and supplies, is attacked by several enemy aeroplanes and for some time is under machine-gun fire. No casualties are reported.

General Alexieff resigns as Chief of the General Staff under Premier Kerensky, Petrograd reports, and Mr. Tcheremisoff is appointed as his successor.

September 22.—Despite violent counter-attacks by the Germans on selected points on the front of Thursday's battle, the British hold and strengthen their positions east of Ypres with heavy loss to the enemy, London announces.

Passengers arriving at an American port tell of the sinking by a squadron of German submarines, on September 4, of five British merchantmen and two destroyers out of a convoy that left Lough Swilly, Ireland, on the previous night. Two of the German craft are believed to have been destroyed in the fight. This report is later denied by Secretary Daniels.

September 23.—The British Admiralty announces that a British destroyer has been sunk in the approaches to the English Channel by a German submarine. Fifty of the crew were saved.

British official reports announce that, since the opening attack on September 20 on the Ypres front, 3,243 prisoners, including 80 officers, have been captured.

September 24.—According to dispatches from "Somewhere in France" many American troops are encamped on a battle-field that merges into the fighting-line. Some are working continually in a zone covered by German guns and two have been wounded.

Enemy attacks on almost all of the British and French fronts are successfully repulsed, London reports.

The Russian forces occupy German positions near Silzene, London announces, capturing 60 prisoners and 10 machine guns, while the Germans leave 400 dead on the field.

September 25.—Captain George Guynemer, the French aviator, is reported to have been killed during a scouting flight over Flanders, Paris dispatches state. Guynemer, who attained wide fame, had a record of fifty victories in air-battles.

Only desultory German attacks on the French battle-front are reported by London, one of which is repulsed with heavy enemy losses.

September 26.—The report of the British Admiralty shows the smallest *U*-boat toll since February last. The details as announced for the week are: Merchantmen of more than 1,600 tons sunk by mines or submarines, 13; under 1,600 tons, 2; fishing-vessels sunk, 2.

The British in a fierce attack win on a six-mile front in Flanders, advancing their positions two-thirds of a mile.

According to late Paris reports Captain Guynemer met his death in attacking single-handed five German machines of the Albatross type. Many German machines on patrol duty higher up also joined in the attack on the French aviator.

General Soukhomlinoff, former Russian Minister of War, is found guilty of high treason and sentenced to hard labor for life, Petrograd announces. His wife, who was tried jointly with him, was acquitted.

THE CENTRAL POWERS

September 21.—Copies of the texts of the German and Austrian replies to the Pope's peace proposals are received in Amsterdam. The Pope's terms in general are declared to be acceptable, and the Kaiser is said to "cherish a lively desire" that the Vatican appeal may meet with success.

September 25.—German airplanes make the second raid within twenty-four hours on London. They are driven off by anti-aircraft guns after one machine succeeds in reaching the outskirts of the city where bombs were dropt, resulting in twenty casualties.

National Liberals violently oppose the Reichstag's majority peace resolution, a delayed dispatch from Amsterdam reports, declaring that it endangers the further development of the German people.

DOMESTIC

September 20.—For the fifth time since the beginning of the war the United States Steel Company announces a 10 per cent. increase in wages. It affects 27,000 men.

Charging conspiracy in the murder of a policeman as the result of a political district quarrel, a warrant is issued for Mayor Thomas B. Smith, of Philadelphia.

Capt. Emilio Reznati, one of the seven Italian aviators now in this country, takes twelve passengers 17,000 feet in the air in a Caproni machine, flying eighty-two miles in fifty-six minutes, and breaking the world's record for altitude for machines carrying more than five passengers.

In a voluntary agreement, approved by President Wilson, the copper producers of this country fix the price for the next four months at 23½ cents a pound, f.o.b. New York.

Beet-sugar producers in conference with the Food Administrator agree to a staple retail price for sugar which will make the retail price about eight cents a pound.

September 25.—Coal-miners in the central field demand an increase of wages ranging from 25 to 70 per cent., dispatches from Washington announce. The wages in all other districts are governed by those in the central field.

FOREIGN

September 22.—The Argentine Government, according to a Buenos Aires dispatch, sends an ultimatum to Berlin threatening a declaration of war unless Germany at once makes satisfactory explanation of the Luxburg affair.

September 23.—Argentina's declaration of war against Germany is postponed on the receipt of a communication from the Berlin Foreign Office in which the ideas expressed by Count Luxburg are "disapproved."

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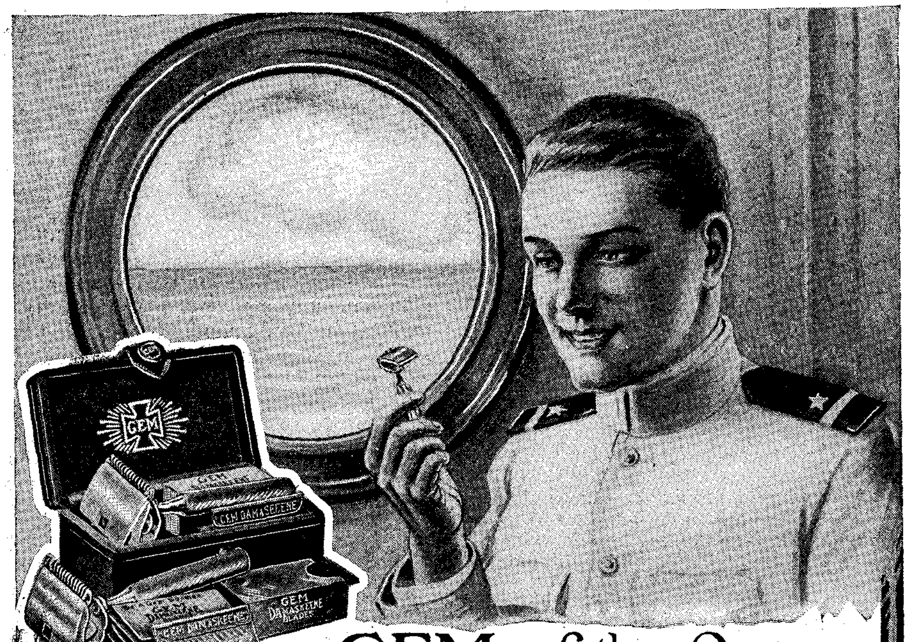

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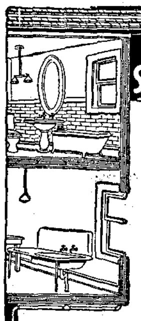

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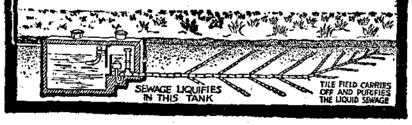
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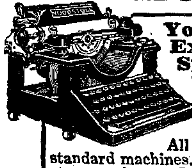

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INVESTMENTS - AND - FINANCE

INCOME TAXES AS THE SENATE FIXES THEM

THE Senate income-tax measure, as recently passed, does not do away with the existing income-tax law, but is a separate measure passed to impose an additional tax. If it should finally become law both measures would stand, and individual incomes would pay the sum of the two rates, plus surtaxes on incomes above a stated figure. Exemptions under the existing law of 1916 began at $3,000 and $4,000 respectively for non-family and family men, but under the proposed law exemptions are made to begin at $1,000 and $2,000 respectively. An income under $1,000 is not taxed. A person with no family to support pays 2 per cent. on all income above $1,000, and those with families pay 2 per cent. on all income above $2,000, unless there are minor children, in which case the exemption is increased $200 for each child. This is the normal tax under the Senate measure. *The Wall Street Journal*, after making all this clear, proceeds to say:

"After reaching incomes above $3,000 for those with no families and $4,000 for those with families, the normal tax of 2 per cent. imposed by the law now in force takes effect also. Above these latter exemptions the two normal taxes are both collectible, making the normal tax 4 per cent. above those points ($3,000 and $4,000 respectively). When the income passes $5,000, it becomes liable under the Senate measure to a supertax, which is imposed in addition to the normal. Also, under the existing law of 1916, a supertax begins on incomes at $20,000. Therefore, when incomes pass that figure there are two supertaxes to be considered in addition to the normal of 4 per cent.

"How the two laws will affect incomes may be illustrated by taking incomes of family men beginning at $3,000. Under the existing law an income of $3,000 is not taxed, but the Senate measure will lay a tax of 2 per cent. on all above $2,000, therefore he pays $20, and one without family would pay $40. A family income of $4,000 would pay 2 per cent. on $2,000, or $40. Above this the normal tax under the old law would begin in addition to the Senate normal on all above $2,000. A family man's income of $5,000, therefore, would pay $80, and a single person $20 more. Beyond $5,000 the Senate supertax takes hold and at $20,000 is joined by the existing supertax, both of which are to be added to the normal. The following table shows the total tax on some of the larger incomes:

Income	*Amount of Normal Tax*	*Supertax* *Rate*	*Supertax* *Amount*	*Total Tax*
$7,500	$180	1%	$25	$205
10,000	280	2	75	355
12,500	380	3	150	530
15,000	480	4	250	730
20,000	680	6	550	1,230
40,000	1,480	9	2,350	3,830
60,000	2,280	12	4,750	7,030
80,000	3,080	17	8,150	11,230
100,000	3,880	22	12,550	16,430
150,000	5,880	27	26,050	31,930
200,000	7,880	31	41,550	49,430
250,000	9,880	37	60,050	69,930
300,000	11,880	42	81,050	92,930
500,000	19,880	46	173,050	192,930
750,000	29,880	50	298,050	327,930
1,000,000	39,880	56	438,050	477,930
1,500,000	59,880	62	748,050	807,930

"Evidently, to encourage the propagation of incomes above $1,000,000," *The Journal* remarks, "the Senate did not increase the supertax beyond that sum, altho the House and the framers of the existing law laid additional levies upon them."

How far this schedule is likely to be modified in a conference of the two Houses has not been indicated with much clearness. On September 21, however, it was known that the House was inclined to favor still greater direct taxation on incomes and war-profits, while the Senate conferees were opposed to any greater taxation of incomes and war-profits at this session, preferring to increase the tax, should the situation demand it, at the next session. The position was taken by Senators Simmons, chairman of the committee, Penrose, Stone, and Smoot that burdensome taxation either on the individual or on the corporations would tend to discourage either investments or business ventures. They were known to have the support of the Senate in their position.

FAR FEWER LUXURIES IMPORTED IN THE WAR-PERIOD

Not only has the value of luxuries imported into this country during the war greatly declined, but this decline has been great in the face of heavy increases in the prices paid for them in foreign countries. The National City Bank of New York, in a comparison made for it, recently showed that the values of the total of luxuries imported in the fiscal year 1917 were somewhat less than in the fiscal year 1914. As prices had been greatly advanced it was "quite apparent that the quantity being imported was much below that of the prewar period." Measured by values alone, articles usually classed as "luxuries" fell below $300,000,000 in the fiscal year 1917, while in 1914 the value of the same articles imported aggregated $313,000,000. In many cases prices are now from 33 to 50 per cent. higher than they were in 1914, so that the quantities have been materially reduced. Imported articles classed as "luxuries" in this compilation are extremely numerous. In cotton laces, the imports in 1914 alone amounted to $33,866,000, and in 1917 to $16,297,000, while in laces of silk and fibers the 1917 value was again below that of 1914. Art works, which amounted to over $35,000,000 in 1914, were in 1917 below $23,000,000. Tobacco in its various forms totaled $40,000,000 in 1914, and only $30,000,000 in 1917. Other interesting items in the compilation are the following:

"These decreases have occurred in spite of the fact that prices a unit of quantity are much higher than before the war. Diamonds, for instance, have advanced approximately 30 per cent. in value a carat of corresponding quality; pearls show an even greater advance. Leaf tobacco for wrappers of cigars has advanced from $1.32 a pound in May, 1914, to $1.75 in May, 1917. Macaroni imports of February and March, 1917, were valued at 8½ cents a pound against 4½ cents in the corresponding months of 1914. Currants imported in May, 1915, came at 15.5 cents a pound, against 3.9 cents in May, 1914; figs, 7.6 cents a pound, against 3.4 cents in the same month of 1914; still

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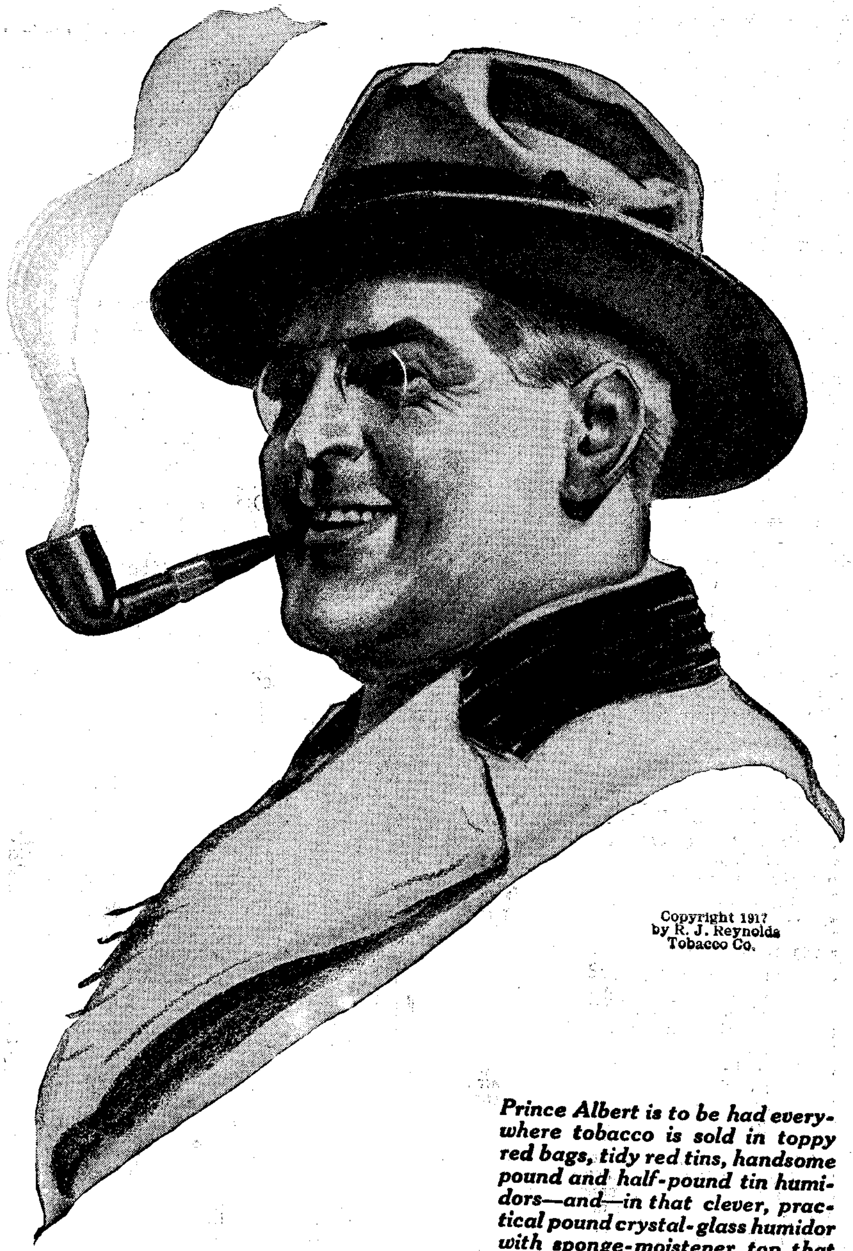

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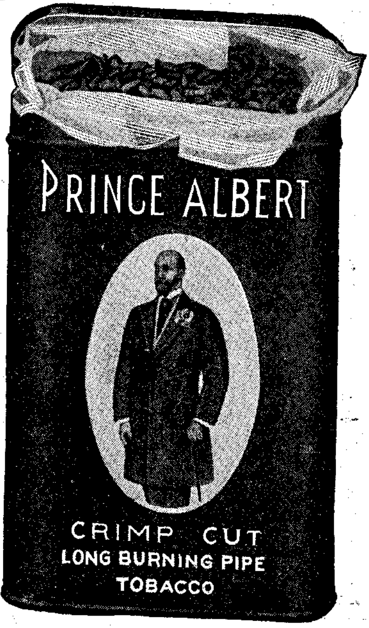

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Falk Tobacco Co. 56 West 45th St. New York.

wine in casks, 85.8 cents a gallon, against 55.7 cents three years ago. Carpets and rugs, woven whole, imported in May, 1917, averaged $6.39 a square yard, against $3.21 in August, 1915, the first month in which they were separately stated by the Department of Commerce reports. Woolen dress-goods, imported in March, 1917, averaged $1.52 a pound, against 85 cents in May, 1914, and woolen cloths in April, 1917, $1.46 a pound, against 90 cents in May, 1914.

"It is thus apparent from these figures, which indicate a marked advance in prices of principal articles forming the 'luxuries' group, that the quantities being brought in at present are materially less than those of three years ago. The Department of Commerce figures of imports in 1917 show for the great group, 'manufactures ready for consumption,' which is largely composed of luxuries, a total of $379,000,000, against $449,000,000 in 1914, a decline in stated value of nearly 20 per cent.; while the decrease in quantity must be far greater by reason of the fact that the value figures in 1917 represent merchandise imported at a much higher price per unit of quantity. Following tables show imports of principal articles of luxury, 1900–1917 inclusive (000 omitted):

	Diamonds, Etc.	*Laces and Embroid.*	*Art Works*	*Silk Mfctrs.*	*Spirits, Wines, Liquor*
1917*.....	$48,500	$22,887	$22,686	$39,511	$17,460
1916.....	45,845	27,837	20,832	31,912	16,685
1915.....	15,390	26,217	18,476	25,043	13,405
1914.....	33,963	41,739	35,010	35,455	20,348
1913.....	48,530	43,345	52,876	27,590	20,743
1912.....	41,297	44,606	36,093	24,557	19,335
1911.....	40,633	43,521	22,496	28,858	18,005
1910.....	47,800	45,966	21,089	32,888	23,384
1909.....	29,373	39,986	3,797	30,719	23,169
1908.....	16,714	39,329	4,311	32,968	20,772
1907.....	42,468	46,404	5,867	38,903	22,104
1906.....	40,381	38,717	4,909	33,138	19,257
1905.....	33,762	30,570	4,381	32,813	17,652
1904.....	23,627	29,713	3,286	32,173	16,663
1903.....	32,307	30,155	4,310	36,168	17,172
1902.....	24,134	26,994	3,517	32,888	15,247
1901.....	21,214	23,424	3,305	27,031	14,267
1900.....	14,859	22,415	2,609	31,129	12,759

	China and Earthenware	*Cheese*	*Furs*	*Champagne*
1917*..........	$5,843	$4,287	$25,620	$3,441
1916..........	5,827	7,058	20,100	3,532
1915..........	8,681	9,370	10,526	2,005
1914..........	10,629	11,011	14,133	4,419
1913..........	10,173	9,165	24,865	4,636
1912..........	9,993	8,807	25,872	4,688
1911..........	11,412	7,920	23,519	3,567
1910..........	11,021	7,054	26,677	6,302
1909..........	9,809	6,866	21,087	6,864
1908..........	13,428	5,587	15,918	5,221
1907..........	13,707	5,704	21,834	6,228
1906..........	12,878	4,304	21,856	6,127
1905..........	11,660	3,380	18,306	5,724
1904..........	12,005	3,285	14,763	4,970
1903..........	10,512	3,183	15,302	5,862
1902..........	9,680	2,551	15,624	4,931
1901..........	9,473	2,120	11,020	4,589
1900..........	8,645	1,762	12,060	4,116

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*June estimated.

GROWTH IN OUR TRADE WITH LATIN AMERICA

Attention has now and then been called to the rapid increase that has been going on in our trade with South America. The National City Bank of New York, which has established for itself within a few years a special interest in South-American trade, has made a significant statement as to what the increase in that trade has been in the last fiscal year. As commented on in *The Journal of Commerce*, this statement shows that compared with the twelve months ending with June, 1915, our exports to those countries "more than doubled, while imports from them increased by over 50 per cent." Some of this increase was of course due to an increase in prices, but "there has unquestionably been a large increase in the volume of the trade, especially that with the leading South-American countries." As to the cause for the increase the writer cites "the interruption or great reduction in the trade of these countries with the

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nations of Europe which are at war exhausting their energies and their resources in the conflict." Meanwhile Latin America "has become to an unexampled extent dependent upon the United States for manufactured goods, while much of the raw material that used to go to Europe comes here." Especially is this condition true of wool, which is largely raised in Argentina, and the import of which from Australia has been restricted. At the same time a large amount of copper has come from Chile, "notwithstanding our extensive deposits of the ore," while of tin, of which we produce practically none, "a great deal has come from Bolivia on account of difficulty and cost in getting it elsewhere." As to what all this may mean for the future the *Journal of Commerce* writer says:

"All this is gratifying for the present period of disturbed production and trade, and it suggests what may possibly be done for insuring the future. There is every reason why the United States should have an advantage in trade with Central America and South America, including in the former our close neighbor, Mexico. Comparatively little attention was given to its development while the country was busy in extending its own resources and the means of availing of them. Whatever mprovement we may make during the war in availing of the opportunity and n the means of taking advantage of it, we must seek to retain.

"This will require a good deal more attention and greater 'efficiency and economy' in our export industries and he means of transporting and exchangng products than we were accustomed o before the great European disturbance. After that is over, there will rise a new competition from over the sea, eeble at first and slow-growing, but ikely to be gradually pushed with increasing energy. We shall have to be prepared for it if we are to hold what we may consider 'our own.'"

A WAY TO INVEST $10,000

Pierre N. Beringer, in *The Investment Weekly* (formerly *Moody's Magazine*), writes of certain peculiarities possest by timid investors in times when bond prices are low and the yields on them high, and then prints a table to show prices and yields of ome of the bonds now regarded as "on he bargain-counter." He believes that the financial counters are "full of bargains now" and that prices are low and yields high. But with this wonderful array of attractions presenting themselves "a natual timidity seems to be everywhere present," the uncertainties of war having "accentuated the proverbial timidity of apital." The timid investor collectively, s like a flock of sheep. But once the word goes around again that business is not going to the dogs; that the war isn't going to stop completely all activity; that the Government isn't going to fix prices and impose taxes that will kill industry, then bargain-counters "will look more attractive than they do now; and it won't be long before the force of buying by a public that has had its backbone substantially stiffened will send prices up and yields down." The wise investor will "get into the game now before prices go up and yields go down."

Mr. Beringer then offers a table full of uggestions to "the man (or woman) with money to invest, who is wise enough to lift his mental attitude above the mistaken

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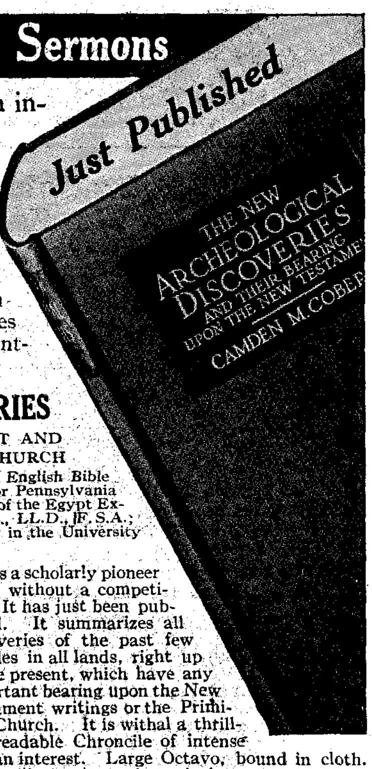
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opinions with which he is surrounded." His table includes "securities of the larger and better-known corporations where confidence has been gained by a long record of good management and square dealing and where the holdings of a single investor would constitute a hopeless minority." The prices of nearly all bonds in this list are declared to be "lower than they were six months ago," and all "are tried and proved." There are in the market to-day "many more like them." He thinks that the quicker the timid investor "rids himself of the impression that war is going to adversely affect any of these bonds, the quicker the country will reassume its normal position, and the better it will be for all concerned, particularly for the $10,000 investor who is able to take such bargains as these." In addition to procuring a present average yield of 5.62 per cent. on the securities shown in this table, Mr. Beringer believes the investor "is afforded an excellent opportunity of profit through substantial advances in market valuation of the principal amounts, entirely absent in normal times." A contrast of current selling prices with those obtaining a year or so ago will show what room there is for expansion, "so that, in addition to placing his funds in excellent securities at a time when yields, by reason of low prices, are unusually high, the investor is given a speculative opportunity that is not normally present." While prices may go lower still, "the chance of this is more than offset by the speculative possibility in the reverse direction." Following is the table:

"An equitable division of $4,000 among the following first-class corporation bonds will give an average yield of approximately 5.35%.

1 Baltimore and Ohio Convertible 4½s, due in 1933, price around 84, yield 6%.
2 Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Convertible 4½s, due 1932, price around 86, yield 5.90%.
3 New York Central Consol. 4s, due 1998, price around 78, yield 4.95%.
4 Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Adjustment 4s, due 1995, price around 80, yield 4.95%.
5 United States Steel 5s, price 104, yield 4.80%.
6 American Telephone & Telegraph Co. 4s, price 86, yield 5.50%.

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$4,000 at an average yield of 5.35%......	$174.0
7 $1,000 invested in the second instalment of Liberty Bonds that will be on the market about October 1, yield 4%..............................	40.0

"An equitable division of $2,000 among the following public utility corporations:

8 Consumers' Power Company, Michigan, 1st mort. 5s, due 1936, price 94, yield around 5.50%.
9 Cleveland Electric Illumination Company 1st mort. 5s, due 1939, price 95, yield 5.50%.
10 Southern California Edison Company Gen. Mort. 5s, due 1939, price 95, yield 5.50%.
11 Dallas Electric Corporation, 1st mort. 5s, due 1922, price 95, yield 6.00%.
12 Mobile Electric Company, 1st mort. 5s, due 1946, price 88, yield 5.80%.
13 Newark Consolidated Gas Co. Cons. 5s, due 1948, price 100, yield 5%.

$2,000 at an average yield of 5.55%......	$111.0

"An investment of $2,000 in foreign bonds as follows:

14 Cities of Lyons, Bordeaux, or Marseilles, France, 6s, due 1919, yield 8.20%.
15 Anglo-French Five-Year External Loan 5s, due 1920, yield 7.75%.
16 United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland Two-Year 5s, secured by Gold Bonds, due 1918, yield 8%.

$2000 at an average yield of 7.98%.......	159.60

"An investment in American municipal bonds:

$1,000 at an average yield of 4.2%.......	42.0
Total, amounting to an average yield of 5.26%....	$526.6

THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

In this column, to decide questions concerning the current use of words, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"E. H.," Mooresville, Ala.—"I would like to know if, 'You are gone crazy,' is *grammatically* correct."

Not yet, but there is still time. The correct form is, "You *have gone* crazy."

"C. W.," Auburn, R. I.—"Kindly give me the definition and derivation of the word *camouflage*."

Camouflage is a French word of Italian origin (*camuffare*, disguise) and as used in recent press dispatches connotes disguise by masking, as artillery, with an arbor of leaves built around a gun, or as an observer on outpost duty, a sharpshooter, etc., with whisps of straw to imitate a shock or sheaves of grain while concealing his body. The word is pronounced ka″mu″flazh′—the first *a* as in "artistic," the *u* as in "rule," the final *a* as in "art," and the *zh* as *z* in "azure."

"T: L. R.," McKinney, Texas.—"*Stagecraft* and *dramaturgy* are defined respectively as follows: 'The art of writing OR staging plays,' and 'The art of dramatic composition .and representation.' In which of the two senses is *stagecraft* chiefly used? Is the definition here given of *dramaturgy* a good one? I should like to know exactly what is meant by 'representation.'"

The dictionary defines "stagecraft" as "Skill in writing or staging plays." It defines "dramaturgy" as "The art of making dramas and placing them properly on the stage; dramatic composition and representation." One of the definitions of "representation" is "A dramatic performance." There is little difference in the current use of the two words, "stagecraft" and "dramaturgy"; but, whereas the latter word is simply the name of a special art, the former implies skill used in the exercise of it.

"R. S. H.," Pueblo, Colo.—"Will you please advise me of the meaning of the red cap on the coats of arms of the following-named countries: Argentina, Bolivia, Colombia, Cuba, Nicaragua, Paraguay, Salvador?"

The "red cap" is the "red cap of liberty," which originated with the French Revolution. It symbolizes the freeing of the various countries from Spanish domination.

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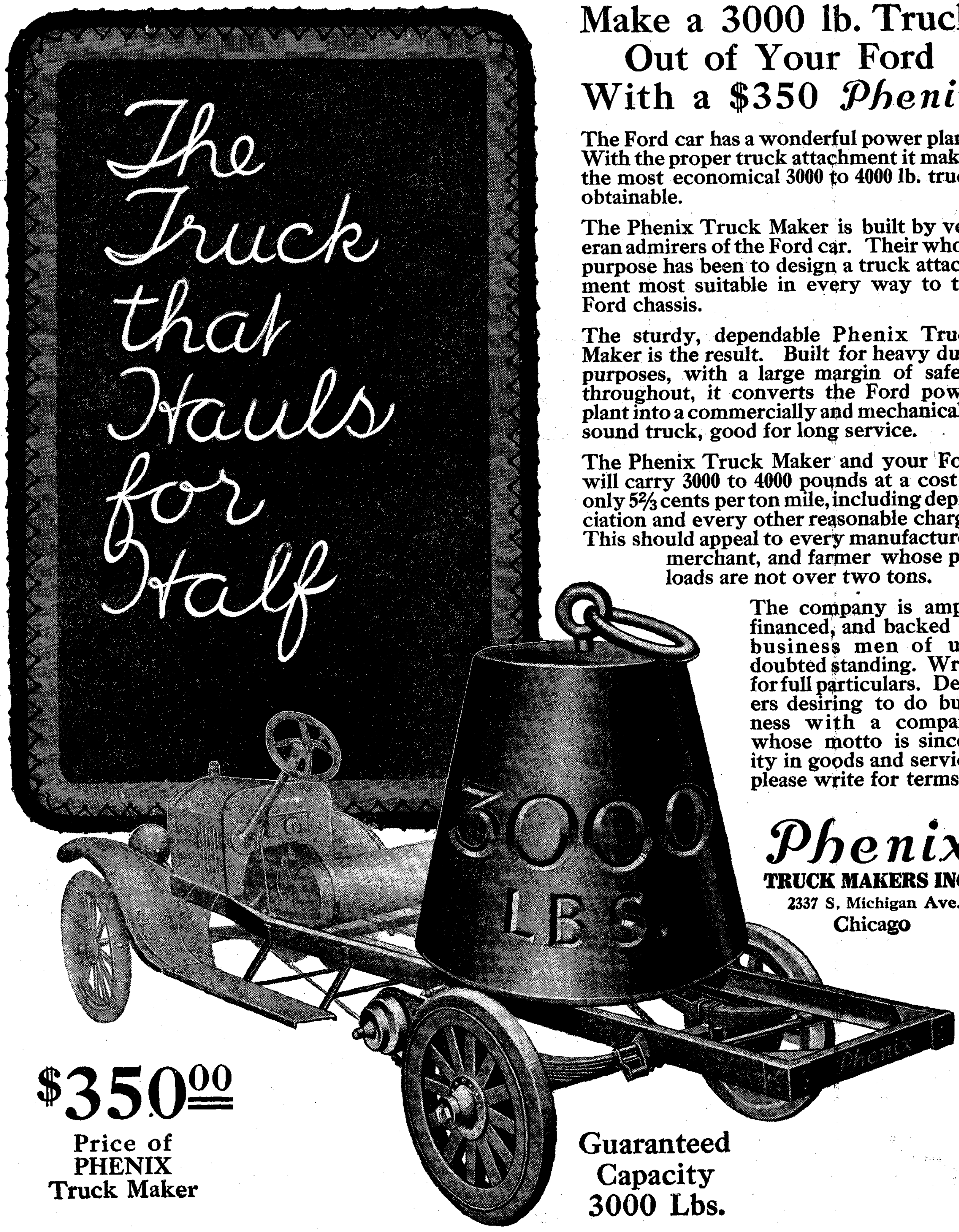
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